

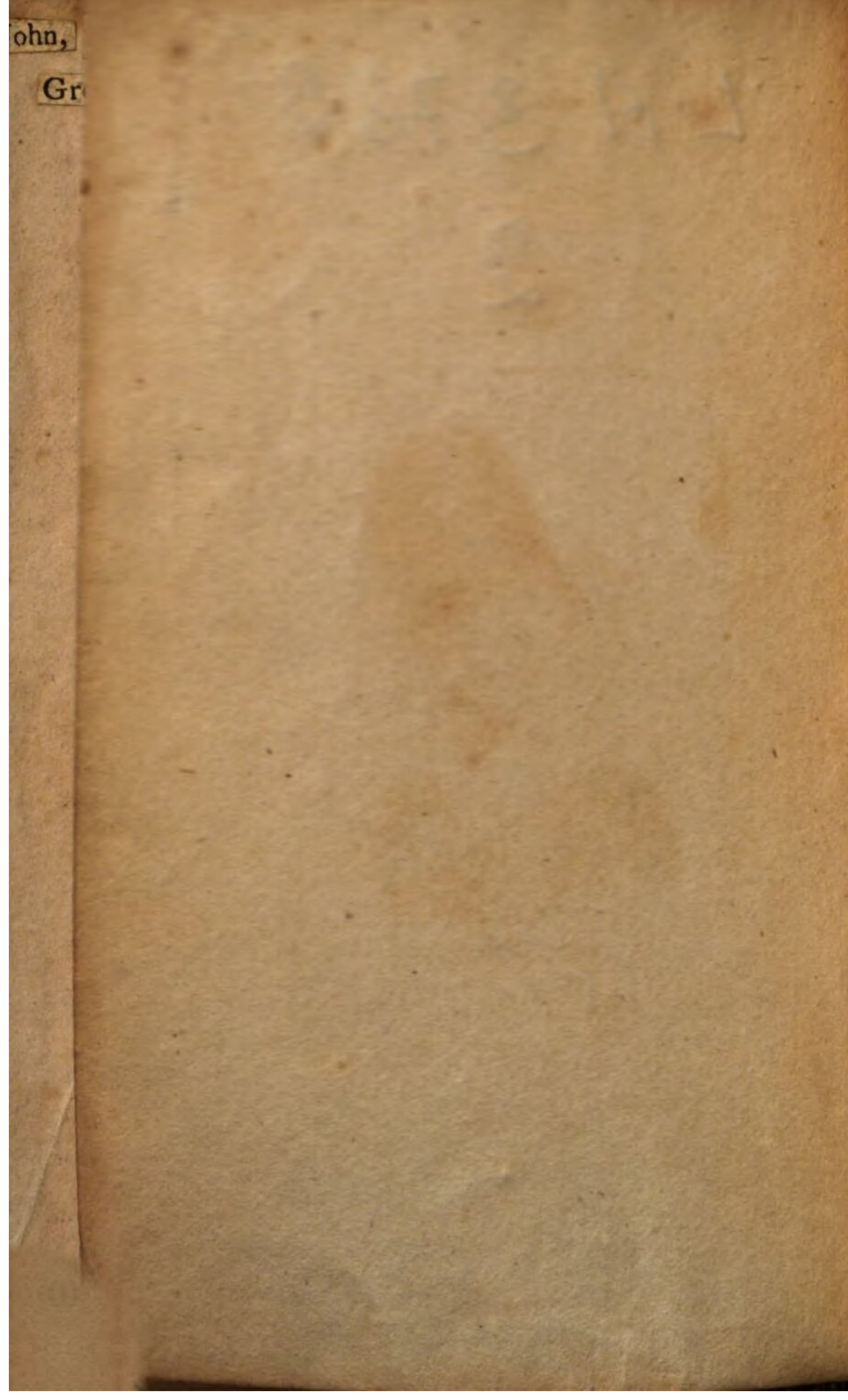
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THE
PERCY ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.



SHOLTO AND REUBEN PERCY
BROTHERS OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY
MONT BENGHER



LONDON,

PRINTED FOR T. BOYS, LUDGATE HILL.

1820.

*[Gesammelt von Thomas
Föyerly]*



Handwritten text in purple ink, likely a signature or title, appearing upside down.

TO
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, K. G.
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THESE
Anecdotes of Heroism

ARE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS
MOST DEVOTED AND
MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANTS,

*Thos Percy
Reuben Percy.*

THE MAMMALS OF AMERICA
BY J. A. REID

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
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NEW YORK

THE
Percy Anecdotes.
— [III.] —
ANECDOTES OF HEROISM.

“ On valour’s side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die,
The wretch, who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, or worse than death, eternal shame.”

POPE.

HEROES OF THERMOPYLÆ.

It having been resolved at a general council of the government of Sparta, to defend the Straits of Thermopylæ against the Persians, seven thousand foot were put under the command of Leonidas, of whom, however, only three hundred were Spartans. Leonidas did not think it practicable to defend the pass against such multitudes as the Persian king commanded ; and therefore privately told his friends, that his design was to devote himself to death for his country.

Xerxes advancing near the straits, was greatly surprised to find that the Greeks were resolved to dispute his passage. Still entertaining hopes that they would betake themselves to flight, he waited four days without undertaking any thing, on purpose to

give them an opportunity. He at length sent a herald to Leonidas, to command him to deliver up his arms. Leonidas, in a style, and with a spirit truly laconical, answered, "Come thyself and take them." Xerxes at this reply, transported with rage, commanded the Medes and Cissians to march against them; take all alive, and bring them to him in fetters. The Medes not able to stand the shock of the Greeks, soon betook themselves to flight. Hidarnes was then ordered to advance with a body of ten thousand chosen men, called, by way of supreme distinction, the *Immortals*; but when these came to a close with the Greeks, they succeeded no better than the Medes and Cissians, being obliged to retire with great slaughter.

The next day the Persians reflecting on the small number of their enemies, and supposing that so many of them must have been wounded, that they could not possibly maintain a second fight, advanced with great confidence to another assault. The Greeks, however, exerted themselves in a manner so extraordinary, that instead of giving way, they put the Persians, for a third time, to the rout. Xerxes is said to have three times leaped from his throne, so great was his apprehension of the entire destruction of his army.

Xerxes having lost all hopes of forcing his way through troops that were determined to conquer or die, was extremely perplexed as to the measures he should take; when one Epialtes, in expectation of a great reward, came to him, and discovered a secret passage to the top of the hill, which overlooked and commanded the Spartan forces. The king imme-

diately despatched Hidernes thither, with his select body of ten thousand Persians, who marching all night, arrived by a circuitous route at the mountain by the break of day, and possessed themselves, without difficulty, of that advantageous post.

Leonidas being now satisfied of the impossibility of bearing up against the enemy, desired his allies to retire, while he remained himself with his three hundred Lacedemonians, all nobly resolved to brave the extremity of fate. The Oracle had foretold, that either Sparta should be destroyed, or the king lose his life; and Leonidas did not hesitate a moment to make the sacrifice, which was to secure the safety of his country. The Thespians, with their leader Demophilus, were the only body of the allies who could not be prevailed upon to abandon Leonidas and the Spartans. The augur Megistias, who had foretold the fate of this enterprise, being pressed by Leonidas to retire, sent home his only son; but remained himself by the side of Leonidas. Those who stayed, did not feed themselves with any hopes of conquering or escaping, but looked upon Thermopylæ as their graves; and when Leonidas, exhorting them to take some nourishment, said that they should all sup together with Pluto, they set up, with one accord, a shout of joy, as if they had been invited to a banquet.

Xerxes at the rising of the sun began to move forward with the whole body of his army. On their approach Leonidas advanced to the broadest part of the passage, and fell upon the enemy with such undaunted courage and resolution, that the Persian officers were obliged to stand behind the divisions which

they commanded, in order to prevent their flight. In this onset the gallant Leonidas fell. The two brothers of Xerxes rushed forward to seize his body, anxious to carry it off in triumph to Xerxes. But the Lacedemonians covered the fallen hero with invincible resolution; four times they repulsed their assailants; and both the brothers of Xerxes, and many other brave commanders of distinction, were slain.

The force that was led on by the treacherous Epialtes, was at length espied descending from the mountain to attack the Spartans in the rear. The heroic band now retired to the narrowest part of the passage, and drawing all close together, posted themselves on a rising ground. The Persians poured in upon them on all sides, and a dreadful conflict ensued; till at length, not vanquished, but overwhelmed by numbers, every man of the Greeks was slain except one, who escaped to Sparta, where he was treated as a traitor and coward to his country!

Some time after a magnificent monument was erected at Thermopylæ, in honour of those brave defenders of Greece. It had two inscriptions. The one which was general, relating to all who died on this occasion, imported that the Greeks of Peloponnesus, to the number of only four thousand men, had there made head against three millions of Persians! The other inscription related particularly to the three hundred Spartans, and was composed by the poet Simonides. It was to this effect. "Go, passenger, and acquaint the Spartans, that we died here in obedience to their just commands."

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

No warrior was ever bolder or more intrepid in the field than Philip of Macedon. Demosthenes, who cannot be suspected of having flattered him, gives a glorious testimony on this head. "I saw," says this orator, "this very Philip, with whom we disputed for sovereignty and empire. I saw him, though covered with wounds, his eye struck out, his collar-bone broke, maimed both in his hands and feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, and ready to deliver up to fortune any part of his body she might desire, provided he might live honourably and gloriously with the rest."

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

While the Persians, after the reign of Cyrus, became enervated by luxury and servitude, the Athenians were nobly animated by the freedom they had so recently recovered. It was this that enabled Miltiades in the plains of Marathon, with only ten thousand Athenians, to overcome the Persian army of a hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand cavalry. This memorable battle, which was fought in the year 490 before Christ, reflected the highest glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being surrounded by the enemy, he drew it up in front of a mountain, extended his line as much as possible, placed his chief strength in his wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to prevent the enemy's cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians rushed forward on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running; but by their impetuosity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the attacks of the Persians. The battle was at first fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy, but the wings of the Athenian army attacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and amongst the rest, the traitor Hippias, the principal cause of the war. The rest of the Persian army fled quickly, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Animated by their success, they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more. On this occasion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand; when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being also cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so until he died. Another soldier, all covered with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens; and after crying out, "Rejoice, we are conquerors!" fell dead in the presence of his fellow citizens. The Greeks in this engagement lost only two hundred men.

THE FABII.

When Cæso Fabius and T. Virginus were consuls, Rome had several wars to sustain, less dangerous than troublesome, against the Æqui, Volsci, and Veientes. To put a stop to the incursions of the last, it would have been necessary to establish a good garrison upon their frontiers; but the commonwealth was too much exhausted of money to be in a condition to provide for so many different cares and expences. It was then that the family of the Fabii showed a generosity and love of their country, that has been the admiration of all ages. They applied to the senate, and demanded as a favour, that they would be pleased to transfer the care and expences of the garrison necessary to oppose the Veientes, to their house, which required an assiduous rather than a numerous body; promising to support with dignity the honour of the Roman name, in that post. Every one was charmed with so noble an offer, and it was accepted with grateful acknowledgment. The news spread over the whole city, and nothing was talked of but the Fabii. Every one honoured---every one admired their conduct. "If," said they, "there were two more such families in Rome, the one might take upon them the war against the Volsci, and the other against the Æqui, while the commonwealth remained quiet, and the forces of particulars subdued the neighbouring states."

Early the next day the Fabii set out, with the consul at their head in his robes. Never was there so small, and, at the same time, so illustrious an army

seen. Three hundred and six soldiers, all patricians, and of the same family, of whom there was not one unworthy of commanding an army, marching against the Veii, full of courage and alacrity, under a captain of their own name, Fabius. They were followed by a body of their friends, animated by the same spirit and zeal, and actuated only by great and noble views. The whole city flocked to see so fine a sight, and praised those generous soldiers in the highest terms. As they passed before the capitol and other temples, the assembled multitude implored the gods to take them under their protection, to favour their undertaking, and to afford them a speedy and happy return.

When the gallant band arrived near the river Cremera, which is not far from the Veii, they erected a fort, which incommoded the enemy extremely. The Veientes not finding themselves strong enough to ruin the fort, obtained considerable aid from the Heturians. In the meantime the Fabii, encouraged by their successful incursions into the enemy's country, made farther progress every day. Their excessive boldness made the Heturians conceive thoughts of laying an ambuscade for them in several places. During the night they seized all the eminences that commanded the plain, and found means to conceal a good number of troops upon them. The next day they dispersed more cattle about the country than they had done before. The Fabii being apprized that the plains were covered with flocks and herds, and defended only by a small number of troops, quitted their fort, leaving only a sufficient number to guard it. They arrived at the place in order of battle,

and were preparing to attack the advanced guards of the enemy, when the latter, who had their orders so to do, fled, without staying till they were charged. The Fabii believing themselves secure, seized the shepherds, and were preparing to drive away the cattle. The Hetrurians then quitted their skulking places, and fell upon the Romans on all sides, most of whom were dispersed in pursuit of their prey. All they could do was to rally immediately ; and this they could not effect without great difficulty. They soon found themselves assailed on every side ; and although they fought like lions, yet, as they could not sustain this kind of combat long, they drew up in the form of a wedge, and advancing with the utmost fury and impetuosity, opened themselves a passage through the enemy that led to the side of the mountain. Here they halted and fought with fresh courage ; the enemy allowing them no time to respire. Although their number was so small, they defended themselves with advantage, and beating down the enemy, who did not relax in the attack, they made a great slaughter of them. But a body of the Veientes having gained the top of the mountain by a circuitous route, fell suddenly upon them, and galled them exceedingly with a continual shower of darts. The Fabii defended themselves to their last breath, and were all killed to a man.

The Roman people were greatly affected with the loss of this illustrious band of heroes. The day of their defeat was ranked among their unfortunate days called *nefasti*, on which the tribunals were shut up, and no public affair could be negociated, or at least concluded. The memory of these public spirited

patricians, who had so generously sacrificed their lives and fortunes for the service of the state, could not be too much honoured.

THE DECII.

Decius, the consul, had with his colleague, Manlius, the command of the Roman forces. In a battle with the Latins, in which the two armies had been engaged for some time with equal forces, valour, and success, the left wing, commanded by Decius, gave way, and was thrown into confusion. The enemy improved the advantage, and victory to all appearance decided in favour of the Latins. In this disorder the consul called out to the pontiff Valerius, "We have occasion here for the assistance of the gods. Lend me the aid of your office, and repeat the words I am to pronounce in devoting myself for the army." The pontiff ordered him to put on the robe called *prætecta*; and with his head covered with a veil, one hand raised under his robe as high as his chin, and a javelin under his feet, he caused him to pronounce a few sentences, in which he implored the gods to bestow courage and victory on the Romans; and solemnly devoted himself to die for the service of the state. Having pronounced the words dictated by the pontiff, he ordered his lictors to repair to Manlius, and inform him, without loss of time, that he had devoted himself to the army. Then wrapping his cloak about him, after the Gabian manner, he threw himself impetuously into the midst of the enemy. Terror and consternation seemed to lead the way before him. Wherever he turned, the enemy, as

if thunderstruck, were seized with horror and dread. But when he fell under a shower of darts, the confusion and disorder of the Latins redoubled. The Romans at that instant, filled with the confidence of having engaged the gods on their side, renewed the fight with amazing intrepidity and vigour. The fortune of the day was no longer doubtful; the Romans carried every thing before them, made a horrible slaughter of the enemy, took their camp, and obtained a complete victory.

The courage of devoting themselves for the preservation of their country, became a kind of domestic and hereditary virtue in the family of the Decii. The father gives us an example in the war with the Latins. His son did the same in that with the Hetrurians; and his grandson, according to Cicero, maintained the glory of the family in the war with Pyrrhus.

Q. SCÆVOLA.

When Sylla had made himself master of Rome, and expelled his enemies, he summoned the senate to meet, and coming with an armed force, demanded that C. Marius should immediately be declared an enemy to the people of Rome; and yet there was none found in that grave assembly with courage enough to oppose his motion, but by their silence gave consent. At length, Q. Scævola, the augur, being pressed to declare his mind, and terribly threatened by Sylla if he shewed any reluctance, he spoke as follows: "Though, Sylla, thou thinkest to terrify me with thy armed troops that have encircled

the Senate House, and have threatened me with death itself; yet I scorn to save a little superannuated blood by pronouncing Marius an enemy to this state, by whose valour and prudent conduct not only the city of Rome, but all Italy has been preserved,

CÆSAR.

When Cæsar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions, “He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once.”

SUBRIUS FLAVIUS.

The Roman tribune, Subrius Flavius, being impeached for having conspired against the life of the Emperor Nero, not only owned the charge, but gloried in it. Upon the emperor's asking him what provocation he had given him to plot his death? “Because I abhorred thee,” said Flavius; “though there was not in the whole army one more zealously attached to thee than I, so long as thou didst merit affection; but I began to hate thee when thou becamest the murderer of thy mother, the murderer of thy brother and wife, a charioteer, a comedian, an incendiary, and a tyrant.” Tacitus says, that the whole conspiracy afforded nothing which proved so bitter and pungent to Nero as this reproach. He ordered Flavius to be immediately put to death; which he suffered with amazing intrepidity. When

the executioner desired him to stretch out his neck valiantly, he replied, "I wish thou mayst strike as valiantly."

PATRIOT MOTHERS.

A Chinese emperor pursued by the victorious forces of a prince of inferior rank, who had taken up arms in the cause of liberty, in order to extricate himself, had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer with a drawn sabre in his hand was despatched to the mother of the victor, with a command from the emperor (in whose power she was) on pain of death to order her son to disband his troops. Disdainfully smiling at the message, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred, convention between the people and their sovereigns, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the emperor who has first violated this treaty; and thou, vile tool of a tyrant, learn in such a case, from a *woman*, what is due to thy country. Then snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave!" said she, as the blood flowed from the wound, "if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son. Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper. He has now no caution to observe on the account of his mother. He is at liberty to be virtuous."

When Abdallah, forsaken by his friends and besieged in a castle, was urged by the Syrians to an honourable capitulation, he consulted his mother,

who thus replied to him. "My son, when thou tookest up arms against the house of Omniah, didst thou believe thyself espousing the cause of justice?" "I did," replied the son. "Where then is the cause for deliberation? Dost thou not know, that cowards only are swayed by fear? Wilt thou be the scorn of the Omnites? and shall it be said, that when thou wast to determine between life and duty, thou didst prefer the former?"

A Lacedemonian mother had five sons in a battle that was fought near Sparta, and seeing one that had left the scene of action, eagerly enquired of him how affairs went on? "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch!" replied the woman, "I ask thee not of what concerns my children, but of what concerns my country." "As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn that are miserable; my country is prosperous, and I am happy."

SEWARD, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Seward the Brave, Earl of Northumberland, on learning that his son had been slain, whom he had sent into the army against the Scots, demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or back part of his body; and being informed in the fore part, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wish no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

When the same Seward felt in his sickness that death was fast approaching, he quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast;" on which he died standing, an act as heroic as it was singular.

KING STEPHEN.

In the battle of Lincoln, fought between the armies of King Stephen and the Empress Maud, the most determined bravery was displayed. The troops of Maud threw away their lances, and fell sword in hand among Stephen's cavaliers ; who not being able to stand the first onset, fled in the utmost disorder. The king being thus left destitute to the right and left, was surrounded by the enemy ; and though he behaved himself with the utmost skill and bravery against great odds, he was obliged to yield to the superiority of strength and numbers. He fought with extraordinary address till his battle-axe was broke to pieces ; then drawing his sword, he defended himself singly against a large party that surrounded him. In this unequal conflict he shivered his sword ; but still continued to fight with his truncheon, till he received a blow with a stone which brought him to the ground ; yet starting up, he continued to fight on his knees with incredible obstinacy, when William de Kaimes, a knight, seized his crest, and presenting the point of his sword, threatened to kill him on the spot if he did not instantly surrender. He however refused to give himself up to any but the Earl of Gloucester (the brother of the empress), who being near the spot, came up and took him prisoner, together with four noblemen who endeavoured to rescue him.

DEATH OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Richard Cœur de Lion having invested the castle of Chalus, was shot in the shoulder with an arrow ;

an unskilful surgeon endeavouring to extract the weapon, mangled the wound in such a manner, that a gangrene ensued. The castle being taken, and the king perceiving he should not live, ordered Bertram de Gourdon, who had shot the arrow, to be brought into his presence. 'What harm did I ever do thee?' said the king, "that thou shouldst kill me?" Bertram replied with great magnanimity and courage, "You killed with your own hand my father and two of my brothers, and you likewise designed to have killed me. You may satiate your revenge. I should cheerfully suffer all the torments that can be inflicted, were I sure of having delivered the world of a tyrant who filled it with blood and carnage." This bold and spirited answer struck Richard with remorse. He ordered the prisoner to be presented with one hundred shillings, and set at liberty; but Maccardec, one of the king's friends, like a true ruffian, ordered him to be flayed alive.

EUSTACHE DE RIBAUMONT.

When Edward III. took Calais from the French, he entrusted the government of it to Aimeri di Pavia, an Italian, by whom he had been educated. This man had agreed for a secret sum to restore it, and Geoffry de Charny, the governor of St. Omer, was on a day fixed to bring the money and enter the town. On the day appointed he came, with some chosen troops, placed them near Calais, and sent in the money to the governor. A delay took place, under pretence that the money was wrong; and Edward the Third, to whom Aimeri had discovered

the whole transaction, rushed out on horseback, disguised, with some horsemen, to attack the French troops. Among them was a knight celebrated for his bravery, of the name of Eustache de Ribaumont. The king, desirous to try his strength with him, cried out, "*A moi Ribaumont.*" The valiant knight immediately flew at him with great violence, and unhorsed him; Edward remounting, attacked him with equal bravery, but could make no impression on him. At last, Ribaumont finding himself alone, his friends and companions having fled, surrendered himself to Edward, without knowing that he had the honour of being made a prisoner by a sovereign. Edward conducted him to the castle of Calais, when he thus addressed him. "Ribaumont Eustache, of all the knights in the world that I have seen, you best know how to attack your enemy, and to defend yourself. I never in my life was engaged in any combat, in which I had more to do to defend myself than I have had with you. I give you very readily the glory of it, and that of being above all the knights of my court." At the same time, the generous prince released him, and presented him with a circle of pearls, which he wore upon his own head, and put it upon that of the knight, bidding him wear it as a mark of his courage.

BLIND KING OF BOHEMIA.

When John de Luxemburg, the blind King of Bohemia, was told that the French were in terrible disorder at the battle of Cressy; that his son Charles had been obliged to retire dangerously wounded; that

the English had made a dreadful carnage ; and that the Black Prince bore down every thing before him by his irresistible valour, he commanded his knights to lead him into the hottest part of the battle against the young warrior. Accordingly four of his attendants having placed him in the middle, and interlaced the bridles of their horses, rushed with him into the thickest of the enemy's ranks, and the blind king interchanged a few strokes with the prince ; they were however soon parted, and the Bohemian monarch and his followers fell in the battle.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

When Edward the Black Prince took the city of Limoges by storm, he gave up the inhabitants to slaughter, until proceeding farther into the town, he perceived three French gentlemen, who with incredible courage were alone sustaining the shock of his victorious army. His consideration and respect of such distinguished valour immediately blunted the edge of his resentment, and he began by granting the lives of these three persons, to spare the lives of all that were in the town.

The three heroes, whose names were Jehan de Villemur, Hugues de la Roche, and Roger de Beaufort, when they saw the misery and destruction that was pressing upon themselves and their people, resolved to sell their lives dearly, as true chevaliers ought to do. When the prince in his car came to the spot where they were, he observed with great pleasure their extraordinary acts of valour. The three warriors, after having fought thus valiantly, fixing their eyes

upon their swords, said with one voice to the prince, and the Duke of Lancaster, "My lords, we are yours; you have conquered us, dispose of us according to the law." "By heaven," replied the Duke of Lancaster, "we have no other intention, and therefore make you prisoners."

THE FIRST OF THE COUPLANDS.

At the battle of Nevil's Cross, when the Scottish army was defeated at every point, King David disdained to flee or surrender; and his nobles forming a circle for his protection, prolonged the fight, till two wounds which he received brought him to the ground. Coupland, a Northumbrian gentleman, instantly sprang from his charger, to seize on the royal prey. A violent struggle ensued: Coupland lost two of his teeth; but he secured the king, and with the assistance of eight friends, carried him safely through the crowd, and rode with him to his castle of Ogle. David was conducted in great state to London. Coupland was knighted, and rewarded with the grant of an ample estate of land.

MARGARET OF NORWAY.

In the great church at Roskild, there is shown a large whetstone, which they say was sent to the celebrated Queen Margaret, by Albert King of Sweden, in derision, intimating that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor, was better answered by the queen, who replied that she would apply it to the edges of

her soldiers' swords. She was as good as her word : she fought Albert in a pitched battle ; gave him an entire overthrow ; and made him prisoner. In that situation she kept him seven years, and then only released him on very hard conditions.

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

In an engagement which the Spaniards fought under Gonsalvo of Cordova, their powder magazine was blown up by the first discharge of the enemy ; but so far was this from discouraging the general, that he immediately cried out to his soldiers, " My brave boys, the victory is ours ! Heaven tells us by this signal, that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." This confidence of the general passed to the soldiers ; they rushed to the contest, and gained a complete victory.

The same general commanded the Spanish army in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1502. The troops ill paid, and wanting necessaries, took up arms, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo in order of battle to demand their pay. One of the boldest of them urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halbert. The general, not in the least dismayed, or even seeming to be surprised, laid hold of the soldier's arm, and affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had been only in play, said, " Take care, comrade, that in playing with that weapon you do not wound me." His presence of mind, and cool and undaunted manner, saved him ; but in the night he had the seditious soldier put to death, and suspended from a window, where the

whole army saw him exposed the next day. This example of severity confirmed the general's authority, which sedition had so nearly overturned.

Gonsalvo took Naples by storm in the year 1503 ; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied, " I will repair your bad fortune ; go to my apartments, take there all you can find ; I give it all into your hands."

CATHARINA THE HEROIC.

In an ancient chronicle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "*Res in Ecclesia et Politica Christiana gesta, ab anno, 1500, ad ann. 1600, auctore, J. Soffing, Theolog. Doct.*" we find the following remarkable story.

As the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, Countess Dowager of Schwartzburg, born Princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories : in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt, on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time, she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of

the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

In the mean time, the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they despatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request made at the head of an army was not to be rejected: the answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception and a well furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger, out of breath, called the countess from the hall: his tidings informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt

and bar all the gates of the castle ; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly ; "my poor subjects must have their own again, or (raising her voice in a threatening tone) prince's blood for oxen's blood." With this emphatical declaration she gave a signal, on which the room was in a few moments filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of so many fierce looking fellows, Duke Alva changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silent terror. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do? The duke instantly despatched an order to the army, to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier, with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess of Schwartzburgh politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave.

It was in honour of this action that she received the surname of "the Heroic."

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

With all her faults, we cannot help admiring the courage of Catherine de Medicis. When at the siege of Rouen in 1562, she exposed herself like a common soldier to the cannonading of the town, and was reproved by the Duke de Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, for thus risking the sacred person of a queen; she nobly replied, "Why should I spare my person more than you do? Is it because I have less interest in what is doing, or less courage than you? It is true that I am not so strong as you are, but I am, I trust, as bold."

MILITARY BON MOTS.

A Lacedemonian was once rallied with having painted a fly on his shield, as if he wished to avoid being known, by adopting so small a mark of distinction. "You are deceived," said the brave Lacedemonian, "I shall go so near my enemies, that they will easily recognize me."

Louis VI. of France in one of his engagements was in considerable danger; a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out "the king is taken." "No, sir," replied Louis, raising his battle axe, with which he hewed down the soldier, "no, sir, a king is never taken, not even at chess."

At the siege of Ostend a soldier was holding up a loaf of bread in a boasting manner, when a shot took off the uppermost half, leaving the other in his hand; on which he coolly said, "the shot had divided fairly, and left him the better half."

An English officer in a sally from Ostend, had one of his arms shot off with a cannon ball, which taking up with him, he carried into the town to the surgeon, to whom he said, "Behold the arm, which but at dinner did help its fellow."

General Medows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the general, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his road. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed sir, I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

When the Regent, Duke of Bedford, approached within a league of Verneuil, before which the French were encamped, he sent a herald to offer them battle, and at the same time bid him tell Douglas, who had a principal command in the French army, that he was "come to take a bit with him." Douglas smartly replied, that "he should find the cloth laid."

An American soldier during the siege of Quebec, being posted as centinel in a place of some danger, requested his officer to change his situation. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He knew not how it was, but he did not *feel himself bold enough* to stay there."

CAPITULATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The catholics commanded by the Duke of Anjou, besieged Rochelle in the year 1573. There was

near the counterscarp a mill, of which a Captain Normand had obtained possession on condition of protecting it. He at first thought of fortifying it, but seeing that he would not be able to put it in a state of defence, he contented himself with holding it during the day with a small party of soldiers, which he withdrew at night, leaving only one sentinel. Strozzi, one of the catholic generals, thinking he might derive some advantage from this mill, attacked it one moonlight night with a detachment, and two culverins. A soldier of the Isle of Rhé, of the name of Barbot, the only defender of this bad station, held it resolutely. He fired with an incredible celerity a number of shots from an arquebuss on the assailants, and by varying the inflections of his voice, he made them believe that he had several comrades. Captain Normand from a battlement encouraged him, and speaking to him as if there had been a whole company in the mill, cried out, "that they had nobly maintained their position," but that he would send a reinforcement soon. Barbot, however, seeing himself on the point of being forced, demanded quarter for himself and for others in the mill, which was granted. He immediately laid down his arms, and exhibited the whole garrison in his own person.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

Sir Richard Grenville, an English admiral in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in cruising off the Azores against the Spaniards, was separated from his squadron by distress of weather, and fell in with the whole fleet of the enemy, consisting of no less than fifty-three

ships. The gallant admiral neither scrupled at the weight of their metal, or feared the superiority of numbers, but with undaunted courage, and only his own single ship, began the attack, sunk nine of the enemy, and disabled many more. At length having consumed all his powder and ammunition, lost his masts, and without hope of relief or assistance, most of his men being killed or wounded, he was requested by the surviving part of the officers and crew to surrender. The brave admiral rejected the proposal with a most generous disdain, and declared he would rather die a thousand deaths than bring the least dishonour to his queen, his country, or himself. Spent and exhausted with fatigue and wounds, he breathed his last in the following words: "I resign my life with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction. I have acted the part of a good subject and a gallant commander. I have finished my course, a course devoted to religion and honour, to my queen and country, My soul quits this earthly tabernacle with joy triumphant, and I make no doubt that posterity will reverence and perpetuate my memory, as they will pay a due regard to a brave soldier and an honest man." Thus terminated the life of the renowned Sir Richard Grenville.

CRILLON.

When the brave Crillon was desired by his sovereign, Henry the Third of France, to assist in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, he refused in a firm but gentle manner, adding, "I will attack him, sire, fairly in single combat with all my heart. I will run in upon him; he will of course kill me, and I shall kill him."

A man that is careless of his own life, you know has always that of his enemy in his power."

Crillon was not present at the battle of Arques, where Henry the Fourth gained a complete victory. But the monarch wrote to him this laconic epistle: "Hang yourself immediately, brave Crillon! We have had an engagement at Arques, and you were not there. Adieu! *Je vous aime à tort et à travers.*"

The last Duke of Guise, when he was very young, endeavoured to alarm the courage of Crillon, by once pretending that the town in which he was asleep was besieged by the enemy. Crillon awaked from his sleep by the noise, rushed out with his usual intrepidity, and finding it to be a trick, said to the duke, "Young man, I would advise you never again to think of sounding the courage of a man of honour. By death itself, if you had found me fail, I should have struck my dagger into your heart."

COUNTESS DE ST. BELMONT.

When M. de Saint Belmont, who defended a feeble fortress against the arms of Louis XIV., was taken prisoner, his intrepid wife, Madame la Comtesse de Saint Belmont, who was of a most heroic disposition, still remained upon the estates to take care of them. An officer of cavalry having taken up his quarters there without invitation, Madame de St. Belmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behaviour, which he treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved he should give her satisfaction, and sent him a challenge, which she signed, "Le Chevalier de Saint Belmont." The officer accepted it, and repaired to

the place appointed. Madame de Saint Belmont met him dressed in men's clothes. They immediately drew their swords, and the heroine had the advantage of him ; when after disarming him, she said with a very gracious smile, " You thought, sir, I doubt not, that you were fighting with the Chevalier de St. Belmont ; it is however Madame de St. Belmont, who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him, covered with shame and confusion.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Oh, fallen from glory's honour'd height !
 Who, foremost ever in the fight,
 Gave, lion-like, the hostile blow,
 Fled'st, wolf-like, facing still the foe."

It was said of Bayard by the military men of his time, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, which always retires from its pursuers with its face towards them. His device was a porcupine, with this motto :

Vires agminis unus habet.

One man possesses the power of a whole troop.

This was given him in consequence of his having singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards.

At the siege of Mezieres, which town he defended, the Comte de Nassau summoned him to surrender it. " Nay," replied he, " if I must march out of the place, it shall be over a bridge of the dead bodies of the enemy."

At the defeat of Romagnans, Bonivet, wounded

and not able to serve any longer, gave the command of the army up to Bayard, who, as usual, performed prodigies of valour ; until he was wounded by a musket shot, which broke the vertebræ of his back. He then caused himself to be helped off his horse, and to be placed at the foot of a tree, “ that at least,” said he, “ I may die facing the enemy.” Thus fell the brave Bayard the chevalier, *sans peur, et sans reproche*.

DUKE DE MONTMORENCI.

The character of the very unfortunate Duke de Montmorenci, whom Cardinal Richelieu persecuted to death, seems to have been composed of the virtues that should distinguish high rank, courage, and liberality. When after the fatal battle of Castelnadauri, he was brought wounded in many places, to be examined before the parliament of Thoulouse, he asked the officer who had taken him prisoner how he could identify his person ? “ Alas ! my lord,” replied he, with tears in his eyes, “ the flames and the smoke with which you were covered prevented me at first from distinguishing you ; but when I saw in the heat of the engagement a person, who after having broken six of our ranks, was still killing some of our soldiers in the seventh, I thought that he could be no one except the Duc de Montmorenci ; but I did not certainly know that he was the person, till I saw him stretched upon the ground, with his horse dead upon him !”

GALLANT SUITOR.

The Abbe Arnauld in his entertaining memoirs relates, that King James I. and his court being once present at one of the combats between bull dogs and lions, at that time frequent in London; one of the maids of honour to the queen was attended by a young man of fashion, who was much attached to her, but whom she treated with indifference. The lady either to prove the strength of his passion, or perhaps to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves upon the stage, and turning to the gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. He well knew what this meant, and quitting his seat very coolly, walked upon the stage with his sword drawn and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove which had exposed him to so much danger, returned to his seat, and restored to the lady her glove, to the admiration of the whole court. Having vindicated his courage, the gallant youth very properly punished the coquette who had put it to so severe a test, by taking no further notice of her.

PITCHED BATTLE.

Seigneur de Beaumanoir, a partizan of the Count of Blois, conferring one day with Richard Bembron, the English commandant of Ploermel, a small fortress in Bretagne, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their respective soldiers committed upon the peasants, quarrelled, and a challenge took place. It was agreed that the two commanders should meet

at a given spot, with thirty on each side, and settle the dispute. Beaumanoir and Bembron appeared at the day appointed, armed *cap-à-pied*, and at the head of their respective soldiers. The enthusiasm that inflamed these modern Horatii and Curiatii may easily be imagined. They charged most furiously, man against man. Ten of the English were either killed or dangerously wounded, when the plan of battle was changed, and each party formed itself into a little squadron. The English commander was thrown down, and slain upon the spot. The commander of the French, dangerously wounded, and ready to sink with heat and thirst, desired one of his companions to give him something to drink. The latter replied, "Beaumanoir, drink some of your own blood, and your thirst will go off. You must persist to the very last extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by these words, continued the struggle, and remained master of the field.

FEMALE PATRIOT.

When Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver-works at Kongsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestuewood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighbourhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage,

soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Konsberg. She immediately determined to apprize her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time the greatest attention was paid to her guests ; and, while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers ; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she dispatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

The Swedish colonel, in the mean time, enquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Steen, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door ; but she contrived to make the grooms intoxicated, upon which she put the horses in the stable and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the colonel to light a fire in the yard to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot ; for she had informed her countrymen, that a fire would be a signal for them to advance. Every thing succeeded to her utmost wishes ; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house,

without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces, or put to flight, the whole of his party : upon which, they sat down to the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during night, in the mean time rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them ; but being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitering party ; who falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away ; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked, “ Is it the order of your king to shoot old women ? ” The corporal abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. “ As to their numbers,” she replied, “ that you may easily find out, as they are at this moment mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them ; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive.” Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions ; and such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

EXTRAORDINARY DEFENCE OF NEMEZ.

The Austrians, the Poles, and the Venetians having formed a powerful league against the Turks in 1686, the Polish general entered Moldavia, and posted himself in front of the fortress of Nemez, which had been abandoned by all the inhabitants, and left to only nineteen Moldavian chasseurs who had the hardihood to remain. These brave men raised the bridges, shut the gates, and refused to surrender. The Poles, who were ignorant of the state of the garrison, cannonaded the place for four days. The chasseurs defended themselves with vigour, killed a great number of the besiegers, and in particular the master of the artillery. On the fifth day having lost ten of their comrades, they demanded to capitulate. An honourable capitulation was granted to them, with permission to go where they chose. As soon as the capitulation was signed, six men came out of the garrison, bearing on their shoulders three others who were wounded. At this spectacle, sentiments of admiration, of shame, and of rage, succeeded each other in the breast of the Polish general. He remained for a moment speechless, but the sense of honour bound him to his engagement, and he dismissed these brave men with the highest eulogium on their courage.

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose melancholy shipwreck on the rocks of Scilly is well known, was, when a boy, on board a ship commanded by Sir John Narborough,

who during an action, expressed a very earnest wish to have some orders of consequence conveyed to a ship at a considerable distance. Shovel hearing this, immediately undertook to convey it; and this he actually performed, swimming through the enemy's line of fire, with the despatches in his mouth.

LADY INGILBY.

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell returning from the pursuit of a party of the royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley, and having an officer in his troop a relation of Sir William Ingilby, he sent him to announce his arrival. The officer was informed by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such person should be admitted there; adding, she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance; and, that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings; and having told him, she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall; where sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning, the lady observed, "It was well he had behaved in so

peaceable a manner ; for that had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life."

BRITISH TARS.

When a vessel commanded by Prince Rupert had sprung a leak, and was filling with water so rapidly that there were no hopes of saving her ; his crew, consisting of about sixty men, entreated him to save himself by getting into the boat, and taking with him whomsoever he might select to row it, telling him that he was destined and appointed for future achievements. He refused for some time, but at length quitted the vessel, and took as many in the boat as it would carry, when the rest with the utmost courage remained in the vessel, and it almost immediately sunk.

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

The famous Duke of Albemarle, who was equally distinguished in naval and military exploits, possessed personal courage in the highest degree. When the Dutch fleet approached Chatham, the duke apprehending they would land, exposed himself to the hottest of their fire, that his example might keep others to their duty, and defeat the design of the enemy. When a person of distinction expostulated with him on the danger to which he exposed himself, and would have persuaded him to retire, he answered very coolly, " Sir, if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have quitted this trade of a soldier long ago."

EARL OF SANDWICH.

On the breaking out of the second Dutch war in 1672, the Earl of Sandwich went to sea with the Duke of York, and commanded the blue division. They soon encountered the Dutch fleet, when the gallant Earl, in the *James* of one hundred guns, led the van, and commenced the action by a furious attack on Van Ghent's squadron; but not being well supported, he was left almost surrounded by the enemy. After sinking one of the Dutch ships, disabling that of the admiral, shattering five others, and lastly, sinking three fire-ships that were sent against him, a fourth fire-ship boarded the *James*, and the ship was soon in flames. The earl, then in his seventy-seventh year, previous to his going into action, had expressed his determination to defend his ship to the last extremity. When he perceived that it was impossible to save the vessel, he begged his Captain, Sir Richard Hadock, who was almost his only surviving officer, and the crew, to get into the boats and save themselves, declaring that he would be the last man to quit the ship. Many of the seamen, however, with a noble disdain of death that ought never to be forgotten, refused to leave their admiral, and the ship blowing up soon after, perished with him.

SIR JOHN HARMAN.

In the engagement between the English fleet under the Duke of Albemarle, and the Dutch fleet commanded by De Ruyter and Van Tromp, the *Henry*,

commanded by Sir John Harman, was surrounded and assailed from all quarters by the Zealand squadron ; so that Admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed and offered him quarter. "No, sir," said the gallant officer, "it is not come to that yet." The next broadside killed the Dutch admiral, by which means the squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the Henry ; but the Dutch sent three fire-ships to burn her. One of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling irons had hooked, until the blaze had subsided, when the boatswain resolutely jumped on board, disentangled the irons, and instantly regained his own ship. Scarcely was this effected, before another fire-ship boarded her on the larboard side ; the sails and rigging of the Henry taking fire, destruction seemed inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea ; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill any one who should quit the ship. At length, the exertions of the remaining crew extinguished the flames. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck giving directions, and sunk another fire-ship which was bearing down upon him. In this crippled state he got into Harwich, and repaired the damages his ship had sustained.

A DOUGLAS.

A captain of the name of Douglas, who commanded the Royal Oak when the Dutch sailed up the Medway, had received orders to defend his ship to the last extremity, but none to retire ; and therefore

when his ship was set on fire, he chose rather to perish in her than quit his station, exclaiming heroically, "A Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders!"

COLOURS SAVED.

In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death, that a sergeant in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy, made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with loud clapping and repeated shouts of applause.

MARSHAL DE NEVAILLES.

At the battle of Senef, the Prince of Condé sent word to Marshal de Nevaillles to be ready to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing mass; at which the prince being enraged, muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But the marquess having performed wonders during the engagements, said after it to the prince, "Your highness, I fancy, now sees that those who pray to God, behave as well in battle as their neighbours."

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

The gallant Admiral Benbow, when engaged with the French fleet commanded by Du Casse, was shamefully deserted by the captains of several of his vessels, at the moment when there was the best prospect of a

glorious victory. Two of these captains were afterwards shot for cowardice, and the others cashiered.

In the heat of this engagement, and when he was wounded, one of his lieutenants consoled him for his misfortune. "I am sorry for it too," said the gallant Benbow; "but I would rather have lost both my legs, than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation; but hear me, should another shot deprive me of life, behave like men, and fight it out while the ship can swim." The admiral was obliged to have his wounded leg amputated, and this operation causing a fever, he died soon after, regretting in his last moments the misconduct of his captains, which had robbed him of so fair an opportunity of rendering an eminent service to his country.

VALIANT DESPAIR.

The power of fear is never more strongly manifested than when, after depriving men of all regard both to duty and honour, it is seen hurrying them back to the very line from which they were most diverging, and making them act the part of heroes out of the sheerest cowardice.

In the first pitched battle which the Romans fought against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a body of twenty thousand foot took to flight, but finding their escape intercepted by a large division of the Carthagenians, and seeing no other help for their cowardice, they threw themselves headlong upon the enemy, and with wonderful force and fury cut their way through; thus purchasing an ignominious flight at the same price which might have gained a glorious victory.

SELF-DEVOTED CITIES.

The city of Abydos being closely besieged both by sea and land by Philip of Macedon, the inhabitants being refused any other alternative than to surrender at discretion, or to fight it out gallantly, they came to the desperate resolution of perishing one and all, rather than submit to an inglorious surrender. The men shut up all their wives in the Temple of Diana, and placed their children and nurses separately in the public schools, that the yearnings of maternal tenderness might be less likely to interpose any hindrance to their awful purpose. All their silver and gold they collected into one heap in the market-place, and their more perishable furniture they put into two galleys. These arrangements made, they chose out fifty persons of the greatest bravery and trust among them, and caused them solemnly to swear, "that they would keep themselves in reserve, while the rest of the citizens defended the walls to their latest breath; that when they saw the enemy masters of the inner wall, they would kill all the women and children, set fire to the galleys, cast the gold and silver into the sea, and then seek death for themselves on the spears of the enemy, that not one of all the people of Abydos might remain to grace the triumph of the inexorable Philip.

The Macedonians now made their last assault. They were met with a heroism which astonished them; every step they gained was knee-deep in blood; wall after wall, ruin after ruin, the citizens defended with an obstinacy which would yield only to death; and when at last the inner wall was passed, what a scene

for the eyes of a conqueror to feast upon ! The harbour in flames ; the women and children perishing by the hands of their own kindred ; and the very few men who survived when they could no longer obtain death from an enemy sick of slaughter, falling on their own swords, casting themselves headlong from the tops of the houses, or rushing wildly into the sea.

Philip made indeed a conquest of Abydos ; but it was the conquest only of a name. The glory the people gained by so extraordinary a sacrifice, could leave none to their conqueror.

The Castle of Massada, built by Herod the Great, was deemed impregnable, and was in general abundantly stocked with provisions. When besieged by the Romans, it contained nine thousand and sixty men, besides women and children. It withstood for a long time every effort of the besiegers, but was at length so closely pressed, that the garrison saw no other hope of escape from the hands of the enemy but in death. The choice was soon made ; they unanimously preferred a voluntary surrender of their lives, to dragging out a wretched existence in servitude and bondage. They chose a resolute few who inflicted the melancholy doom on the rest ; the few then cast lots for one to despatch his surviving fellows ; and the man on whom the lot fell having executed this last horrid duty, fired the palace, and then killed himself. Only two women and five children, who hid themselves in a vault, escaped, to give the Romans an account of the dreadful tragedy by which they had become masters of the place.

ROMAN CAPTIVES.

Pomponius, a knight of Rome, having been sorely wounded and taken prisoner in an engagement with the troops of Mithridates, was brought into the presence of that prince, who asked him, "Whether, if care was taken of the cure of his wounds, he would become his friend?" Pomponius, with the constancy characteristic of a Roman, nobly replied, "No, Mithridates, never, whilst thou art the enemy of the Roman people; be their friend, and then thou shalt find a friend in Pomponius."

C. Mævius, a Centurion in the army of Augustus Cæsar, having after many gallant achievements in the open field, been surprised by an ambuscade, was carried to Alexandria, and presented to Antony. "How would you," said Antony, "that I should deal with you?" "Instantly," said Mævius, "take away my life, for neither by saving it, nor by the punishment of any kind of death, can I ever be brought to forget my allegiance to Cæsar, and become a soldier of thine." Antony was so pleased with this intrepid answer, that he spared his life, and would have loaded him with favours, if the integrity of Mævius would have allowed him to receive them.

INDIVIDUAL PROWESS.

At the siege of Durazo, in the war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cassius Sceva singly maintained an important position against the whole force of the enemy, until Cæsar came to his relief. He lost one of his

eyes, was wounded in the shoulder and thigh, and had no less than one hundred and thirty arrows sticking in his shield !

In the reign of William the First, a Norwegian soldier maintained the passage of a bridge for several hours against the whole of the English army. Forty of the assailants fell under his arm, and he was only overcome at last by one of them getting under the bridge, and unseen thrusting a spear through his body.

During the wars of Suabia in 1499, a Swiss named Jehan Vonvals, made head alone, and defended a pass against twenty men at arms. He had already overthrown three of them with his pike, when the others astonished at his valour, promised him good quarter, took him with them into their camp, and then suffered him to return.

In the wars of Helvetia, against the House of Austria, the brave Uric Rothac of Appenzel being surprised by twelve Austrians, fought alone against them, and killed five ; the seven despairing of victory, set fire to the cabin, on the top of which he had posted himself, and basely destroyed him in the flames.

GRENADIER COMPANY.

During the siege of Montmelian by the French in 1691, the Marechal de Catinat, who wished to know if the ditch of the place was sunk in the rock, or only faced with masonry on the side of the glacis, caused soldiers to descend in a gabion suspended by a cord.

But so many brave men had perished in this dangerous commission, that no person could be found to attempt it further. At length a young soldier had the temerity to offer himself. "What means," said the marshal, "wilt thou take to know whether it is masonry or the rock?" "I shall know it very well," he replied, "by probing it from the window of the gabion with the point of my bayonet." The soldier descended into the ditch, fortunately returned, and gave a good account of what it was of such great importance to know. "What wouldst thou have for thy recompense?" said the general. "I demand as a favour," replied he, "that I may enter the company of grenadiers."

HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

"And here," he cried, "my friends, set down
The heart that bears the wings and crown,
That heart, beneath whose holy shade
My sires have drawn their conquering blade,
Nor ever with dishonour sheath'd,
Since royal Bruce his heart bequeath'd,
And gallant James of Douglas swore
To bear it from his native shore,
And yield it up in Palestine,
Within his dear Redeemer's shrine.
Now plant it here, for whence I go
With whirlwind fury on my foe;
But mark, whatever fate betide,
I charge you, by your courage tried,
And as my knightly love you prize,
To rest in peace---who moves, he dies.
Now sound a summons to the fight,
Douglas for Scotland and the right."

The heart crowned and winged, is the ancient crest of the Douglas family. The circumstance from which it took its rise, is thus narrated by Froissart :

When the valiant King Robert of Scotland saw his end approaching, he called to him the brave Lord James Douglas, and said to him, “ My dear friend, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during my life to support the rights of my crown.

“ At the time I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness. I vowed, that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned ; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my life-time, and this last expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart in the stead of my body, to fulfil my vow. And as I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour ; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success---and I shall die more contented : but it must be executed as follows : I will that, as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed ; you

will also take as much money from my treasury, as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to have accompany you, to deposit it at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expence; and provide yourself with such company and such things suitable to your rank; and wherever you pass, you will let it be known, that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither."

All those present began bewailing bitterly; and when the Lord James could speak, he said, "Gallant and noble King, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me; and I will most willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power: never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction."

The king replied, "Gallant knight, I thank you; You promise it me then?"

"Certainly, sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The king said, "Thanks be to God! for I shall die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight in my kingdom will perform that for me, which I am unable to do for myself."

Soon after, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland departed this life on the 7th of November, 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.

The Lord Douglas immediately set about the accomplishment of his honourable mission. Hearing

that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen King of Grenada, he thought that if he should go thither, he should employ his time and journey according to the late king's wishes ; designing when he had assisted to subdue the Saracen of Grenada, to proceed forthwith to complete the duty with which he was charged. He departed from Scotland accordingly with a splendid retinue ; landed at Valentia, and joined the Spanish king, who was with his army on the frontiers of Grenada. It happened, soon after his arrival, that the King of Spain issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches nearer the enemy ; the King of Grenada did the same ; and each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, and they both began to set their armies in array. The Lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work and a more powerful effect. When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the King of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset : and as he always wished to be among the first rather than the last on such occasions, he and all his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the King of Grenada's battalion, and made a furious attack on the Saracens. They fled, and Douglas, with his companions, eagerly pursued them. Taking the casket from his neck, which contained the heart of Bruce, he threw it before him, and cried, " Now pass thou onward as thou was wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." The fugitives rallied. Surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, Douglas fell. His few surviving companions found his body in the field,

together with the casket, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers, in the church of Douglas, and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, leaving the dying wishes of King Robert still unaccomplished.

FAITHFUL GOVERNOR.

While the Moors were laying siege to Tariffa, during the reign of Sanctius King of Castile, a son of Alphonsus Guzman, the governor of the place, fell into their hands, on which they exhibited him before the walls, and threatened to put him to a cruel death, unless his father instantly gave up the town. All the garrison were much moved by the afflicting alternative presented to them ; the father and governor alone remained undaunted. Guzman called out with a loud voice to the enemy, “ that had they a hundred sons of his in their power, they would never make him swerve from the fidelity which he owed to his royal master ;” and added, “ since you are so thirsty of blood, there is a sword for you,” throwing his own over the wall to them. Having retired from the battlements, he was preparing to sit down to dinner, when a great noise again called him forth. On enquiring the cause, the people told him, “ that his son had been just put to death, with circumstances of the most barbarous cruelty. “ Is that then,” said Guzman, “ all the cause of the tumult? I thought the enemy had forced their way into the town ;” and with these words he calmly returned to his dinner. The Moors discouraged by a fortitude so extraordinary, soon after raised the siege.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

At this memorable battle, in which Henry the Fifth gained immortal honour, eighteen French knights having entered into an association to take the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle axe, which did not however penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welch captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expence of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude of such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardour. His brother, Gloucester, who fought by his side, received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and, at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assailants; but not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees; he however instantly sprung up, and laid the man who gave it, dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a sort of enthusiasm, bore down all before them. The Duc d'Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort, that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the mortification of surviving his defeat. With three

hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigies of valour, and crying out, "I am the Duc d'Alençon," he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his sword, Henry returned the stroke so effectually, that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alençon filled the French with consternation and confusion, and they betook themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed, and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed *four hundred men*. The English were, at the commencement of the action, about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welch captain, was sent to reconnoitre the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

CHEVY CHASE.

'The battle of Otterburn, which is perpetuated in one of the finest old ballads in the English language, Chevy Chase, was fought at the close of the fourteenth century, between the Scots forces, under the command of the Earl of Douglas, and the English, commanded by the famous Hotspur, Earl Percy. These two gallant heroes encountered each other on horseback, in sight of both armies. They were nearly of the same age, and rivals in reputation, so that both sides

suspended their efforts to see the issue of the combat between them. At the first stroke Percy was unhorsed, and would have fallen into the hands of his antagonist, had not his men rushed in between them, and carried him away; but Douglas had won his lance and pennon, which he waved over his head, calling aloud that he would carry it to Scotland, as a trophy of victory. Percy feeling all the horrors of mortified ambition, vowed that Douglas should never carry his lance into Scotland; and assembling a body of horse and foot, he set out in pursuit of the enemy, whom he overtook at Otterburn, and instantly attacked him with great impetuosity, although the day was almost spent before he could begin the battle. The fight was maintained with equal obstinacy on both sides, until the combatants were parted by the darkness. In a few hours, however, the English renewed the attack by moonlight, and Percy fought with such fury to retrieve his honour, that the Scots began to give way. Douglas being informed of this circumstance, rushed into the midst of the English with his battle axe in his hand, hewing down all before him, until his retreat was intercepted, and he was surrounded by his enemies, without any other second than his own chaplain, who had followed him, and being animated by his example, fought most valiantly. The friends of Douglas learning his situation, penetrated to the place, where they found him fainting with the loss of blood, from three mortal wounds which he had received, and his chaplain defending him singly against a host of foes. Having obliged the English to give way in their turn, they would have conveyed Douglas from the field;

but that valiant chief, feeling his end approaching, would not suffer himself to be removed, but with his dying breath begged they would conceal his fate, and revenge his death upon the enemy. Then his friends throwing a cloak over his body, erected his standard, and pronouncing his name as a rallying word, made such a desperate effort, that they completely routed the English, took Percy and his brother, with above one hundred gentlemen, prisoners, and left twelve hundred dead upon the field of battle.

WARWICK, THE KING MAKER.

The Earl of Warwick, commonly called the “King Maker,” from the facility with which he created and deposed monarchs, during the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, lived in a style of magnificence and hospitality, of which no period, perhaps, furnishes an example. No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have lived daily at his board, in the different manors and castles which he possessed; and the military, allured by his hospitality as well as his bravery, were strongly attached to his interests.

This distinguished warrior fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, when, owing to the mistake of one part of his army falling upon the other, during a fog, he was defeated by Edward the Fourth. In former battles, Warwick had always fought on horseback, that he might at once ride along the line, and perceive the particulars of the action; but on this occasion he determined to fight on foot, that his soldiers might see that he was resolved to share with them the

dangers of the day. It was this gallant resolution which was the great cause of his defeat ; for could he have been personally present in those places where directions and assistance were wanted, the accident would, in all probability, not have happened. After having exerted himself as an officer and a hero, in fruitless attempts to turn the tide of fortune in his favour, he rushed into the hottest part of the battle, and fell covered with wounds. His brother, Montacute, in endeavouring to save him, met with the same fate.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

In the battle of Bosworth field, which terminated the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Richard the Third, in order to animate his men by his example, advanced to the front of the battle, and there perceiving his competitor, the Earl of Richmond, he couched his lance, and spurring his horse, run against him with such fury, that he killed his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and unhorsed Sir John Cheney, an officer remarkable for his strength and prowess. Henry, though he did not seem very eager to engage such an antagonist, advanced to meet him, and kept him at the sword's point until they were separated by the soldiers.

When the king saw all his endeavours to rally the troops ineffectual, he rushed into the midst of the battle, where he fought with the most determined courage, until overpowered by numbers, he fell in the midst of those he had slain.

ENGLISH YEOMAN.

An English yeoman, of the name of John Person, particularly distinguished himself by his bravery in an engagement in France, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. After a cannon shot had carried away his foot, still sitting and kneeling, he continued to shoot his arrows until the French fled; he then cried out to one of the archers, "Have thou these six arrows that I have left, and follow thou the chase, for I may not." This brave man died a few days after.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Crantz, in his Saxon History, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, *Iron*; who was a great favourite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl not in the

least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog." At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window, to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

NASEBY FIGHT.

In the battle of Naseby, so fatal to the fortunes of King Charles the First, General Fairfax had his helmet beaten off; but, nevertheless, continued in the fight bare headed. Colonel D'Oyley told him he exposed himself to too much danger, and offered his own helmet; but Fairfax declined it, saying "Its well enough, Charles." He then ordered D'Oyley to charge a body of the king's foot, which stood unbroken in the front, whilst he would do the same in the rear, and meet him in the middle: the manœuvre was executed immediately. In this charge Fairfax killed an ensign; and one of D'Oyley's troopers having caught the colours, boasted afterwards that he had killed the ensign. The colonel chiding him for this, Fairfax said, "Let him alone, I have honour enough; let him take that to himself."

General Skippon, who was wounded early in the action, being urged to quit the field, refused, saying, "he would not stir as long as a man would stand by him."

GALLANT ROYALISTS.

The town of Colchester was besieged by General Fairfax in the year 1637 ; and after being defended with great bravery for some time, the siege was converted into a blockade, and the garrison was starved, to surrender at discretion. Fairfax sullied this victory by an act of great cruelty. In a council of war, it was resolved that Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoign, the governors, should be put to death ; but the life of Gascoign was spared, on account of his being a foreigner. When the other two were brought out to be shot, Lucas gave the word to fire, as if he had been at the head of his own company. Lisle kissed him eagerly after he was dead ; and desired the executioners to come nearer. One of the soldiers replying, " I'll warrant, sir, we will hit you ;" " Friend," said he, smiling, " I have been nearer you when you have missed me." So saying, the gallant Lisle received their fire, and fell, lamented by all good men who knew his personal bravery, the goodness of his heart, and the sweetness of his disposition.

DEFENCE OF CORFE CASTLE.

During the civil wars, Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, was most gallantly defended by Lady

Banks, the wife of Sir John Banks, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to whom it belonged. Sir William Earle, who commanded the forces sent to reduce it, wishing at first to get possession of it by stratagem, sent a party of forty seamen, to demand four small field pieces which were in the castle. Lady Banks went to the gates, and desired to see their warrant; they produced one under the hands of some of the commissioners. Instead of delivering them, however, Lady Banks withdrew, and though, at that time, there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid servants, mounted the cannon on their carriages, loaded one of them, which they fired, and thus drove the party away.

The besiegers next attempted to starve her to surrender, by preventing all supplies of ammunition from reaching the castle. Lady Banks at length agreed to give up the four pieces of cannon, on condition that she should be permitted to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness. The besiegers on this relaxed in their vigilance, and Lady Banks benefited of the interval, by laying in a stock of victuals, and getting the assistance of Captain Lawrence. The parliamentary forces, about six hundred in number, now attacked the castle, were repulsed, and the slender garrison sallied out and brought nine oxen into the castle, without the loss of a man. An attempt was afterwards made to take it by scaling ladders; one party assaulted the middle ward, defended by Captain Lawrence and his few soldiers; the other party assaulted the upper ward, which the Lady Banks, with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, defended against the rebels, heaving over

large stones and hot embers upon them as they were climbing the ladders. After losing a hundred men in this assault, the siege was abandoned.

A CHAMPION.

Guy, Earl of Warwick, returning from the Holy Land in the habit of a pilgrim, at a time when Athelstan, one of the Saxon monarchs, was in great distress for a champion to fight Colebraud, a monstrous Danish giant, who in behalf of the Danes, had challenged any person the English should bring into the field; Guy accepted this challenge, and without being known to any but the king, fought the giant near Winchester, and killed him. The Danes yielded the victory, while Guy retired privately to a hermit's cell near Warwick, and there ended his days.

HEROIC BISHOP.

The siege of Clonmell, in the year 1650, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with twelve hundred provincial troops, maintained the town in so gallant a manner, that Cromwell's temper, arts, and military strength, were fairly put to the test. Boetius M'Egan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This unfortunate prelate, who might well be called the soul of the party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentarian generals. His lordship

knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage. He knew that the influence of his prisoner over the royalists was unbounded; and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His lordship therefore offered him his life, on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid, near the field of battle. The bishop promised to use his influence: and so he did; for on being conducted to the fort, he conjured the garrison, in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned round, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold. He was almost immediately executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort. Thus perished the brave Boothghalach M'Aodhagan (as his name is written in Irish) who acted so gallantly from principle, and who undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

KING WILLIAM III.

At the battle of Seniffe, which gained him great credit with his countrymen, King William, then Prince of Orange, charged in person in a variety of places, and with too great a neglect of his safety, on which so much depended. He was at one time engaged

among a body of the French, when thinking them his own men, he bade them charge, and was answered that they had no more powder. Discovering his mistake in an instant, he flew from them, placed himself at the head of one of his own troops, charged and routed the enemy completely.

At the battle of Montcassel, after a sharp dispute, the first regiment of Dutch infantry began to break. The prince rallied them several times, but was at last borne down by the flight of his men, whom he was forced to resist like enemies. He fell in among them with sword in hand, and cutting the first across the face, cried aloud, "Rascal, I'll set a mark on thee, that I may know where to find a coward." He was carried by the torrent of the runaways to the rest of his troops, which yet made a stand, and with these accomplished a retreat, scarcely less glorious than a victory.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

King William the Third had some very narrow escapes at the battle of the Boyne, not only from the enemy, but from his own troops. One of the Inniskillen men mistaking the king for an officer of the enemy, levelled his piece at him. His majesty cried out, "What! don't you know your friends from your foes?" and so prevented the blow. Heedless of the consequences, he was rushing towards the enemy at the head of a very small party of guards, when Lord Scarborough strictly commanded that not a man should stir; his orders were so well obeyed, that the king having advanced a little way,

turned about, and found he was alone, and so was forced to return to his company.

The gallant Schomberg fell in this engagement in the eighty-second year of his age, as did also the brave Caithmote, who had followed the duke's fortunes, and commanded one of the protestant regiments. After Caithmote had received his mortal wound, he was carried back through the river by four soldiers ; and though in the agonies of death, he with a cheerful countenance encouraged those who were crossing to do their duty. " A la gloire ! a la gloire !" he exclaimed, as long as he was able to speak.

INTREPID CITIZEN.

Charles the Seventh of France having made his appearance with a powerful army before Florence, the citizens anticipating that they would experience more favourable treatment by a prompt submission, threw open the gates to him. But no sooner had Charles entered the place, than he proceeded to treat it as a conquered town, and commanded the citizens to send him a deputation of their number, to whom he might make known his sovereign pleasure respecting them. Four of the principal citizens, among whom was one Petrus Caponis, were accordingly commissioned to treat with the king ; and on their appearance before him, his principal secretary was desired to read the terms which his majesty had decreed. These were, that the government of the town should be wholly given up to the French, and that a large sum of money should be paid by the citizens as ransom for their liberties and estates ! On hearing this rigorous

sentence, Caponis was so indignant, that regardless of the royal presence, he snatched the paper from the secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, exclaimed, "And now, king, sound you your trumpets, and we will ring our bells." Charles, astonished at the resolution of the man, and awakened to a sense of the injustice he was about to commit, desisted from his purpose; and it became thereafter a proverbial saying in Italy, "*Gallum a Capone victum fuisse.*"

DON JOHN DE PADILLA.

During the civil wars in Castile, in the reign of Charles V. Don John de Padilla, a young and gallant nobleman, distinguished for his talents, his ambition, and his courage, was the chief leader of the insurgents. In an engagement between the two parties, which a combination of circumstances had rendered disadvantageous to the rebels, Padilla determined not to survive a defeat and the ruin of his party, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and being wounded and dismounted, fell into their hands. His execution quickly followed, and he submitted, but with the dauntless spirit of a man and a hero. One of his companions having expressed some indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, Padilla calmly observed, "that yesterday was the time to have displayed the spirit of gentlemen; the present day to die with the meekness of christians." Being permitted to write to his wife, and to the community of Toledo, his native city, previous to his ascending the scaffold, he addressed and consoled the former in a strain of virtuous and manly tenderness, and the latter with the exultation of a martyr to freedom.

INDIAN WIDOW.

When Hyder Ali invaded the kingdom of Calicut, an Indian widow, about the age of thirty, braved in person all his efforts. She had upon her estate, near, the confines of Carrara, a miserable fort, called Bailary into which she went, and took with her twelve hundred horsemen, her subjects and labourers, who determined to perish by her side. They sustained two violent assaults, and each time rushing into the midst of the enemy's troops, repulsed them with considerable loss. An incursion from the Mahrattas at last gave Hyder Ali an opportunity of abandoning the siege. Her gratitude was as eminent as her courage. A young gentleman of the name of Brown was, as a free trader, negotiating for the purchase of some goods for the European market; he went with her into the fort, and assisted in the defence. After the siege had been abandoned, she made him presents which enabled him to return to his native country, and enjoy a fortune acquired by his virtue and spirit.

CAPTAIN DEATH.

In the month of December, 1756, the Terrible privateer, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men, commanded by Captain William Death, engaged the Grand Alexander, a French vessel of four hundred tons, twenty-two guns and one hundred men, and after a smart fight of two hours and a half, in which Captain Death's brother and sixteen of his men were killed,

he took her, and put forty men on board. A few days after, the Vengeance privateer of St. Maloes, thirty-six guns and three hundred and sixty men, bore down upon her, and retook the prize. The Vengeance and the prize then both attacked the Terrible, which was between them, and shot away her main-mast at the first broadside. One of the most desperate engagements ever recorded ensued, which lasted one hour and a half, in which Mons. Bourdas, the French captain, his lieutenant, and two thirds of his crew on one side, and Captain Death, almost all his officers, and the greatest part of his crew, on the other side, were killed. The Terrible was ultimately taken and carried into St. Maloes, in a shattered and frightful condition, having no more than twenty-six of the crew alive, sixteen of whom had lost legs or arms, and the other ten were all wounded.

As soon as this heroic feat was known in England, a subscription was set on foot, which produced a very handsome sum for the widow of Captain Death, and for the surviving seamen of the gallant crew.

A SAILOR'S LAST REGRET.

In the attack on Goree, in 1759, an English sailor being on the foretop, and having one of his legs carried away by a shot, with the heart of a lion he let himself down by a rope, saying at the same time, "he should not have cared for the accident, if he had done his duty; but it gave him pain to think that he should die without having done any thing on that day for his country."

GENERAL WOLFE.

When the immortal Wolfe received his death wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. "Support me," said he, to such as were near him, "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours. Oh! keep it," and with these words he expired.

HEROES OF QUEBEC.

At the siege of Quebec, Captain Ochterlong and Lieut. Peyton, both of General Monckton's regiment, were wounded, and fell before the breast-work near the falls; the former mortally---the latter severely in the knee. Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with their knives. The first seized on Captain Ochterlong, when Lieut. Peyton, who lay reclining on his fusee, discharged it, and the savage dropt immediately on the body of his intended prey. The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Lieut. Peyton, who had no more time than to disengage his bayonet, and conceal its disposition. With one arm he warded off the purposed blow, and with the other laid him lifeless by his side. A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlong, and readily offered him his services. The captain, with the spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied, "Friend, I thank you! but with respect to me, the musket, or scalping knife, will only be a more speedy deliverance from pain. I have but a few

minutes to live. Go ; make haste, and tender your service, where there is a possibility it may be useful." At the same time he pointed to Lieut. Peyton, who was then endeavouring to crawl away on the sand. The grenadier took Lieut. Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to the boat, but not without each receiving a wound ; Lieut. Peyton in his back, and his rescuer near his shoulder.

FAITHFUL ADHERENTS.

During the war between the Turks and the Russians, in 1769, Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Vizier on his march ; that general, for what real or supposed cause is not known, flew into a most violent passion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off. The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and at the same time drawing his sword, defended himself bravely ; but being soon surrounded and overpowered by numbers, he was cut to pieces. In the mean time his selictar or sword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the situation of his master, suddenly drew a pistol, with which he attempted to shoot the Vizier. It happened fortunately for the Vizier, that a faithful domestic having seen the motion of the selictar's arm, stepped suddenly between his master and the shot which he received in his body, and fell dead at his feet.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

When Admiral Keppel was sent to the Dey of Algiers, to demand restitution of two ships which the pirates had taken, he sailed with his squadron into the bay of Algiers, and cast anchor in front of the Dey's palace. He then landed, and attended only by his captain and barge's crew, demanded an immediate audience of the Dey; this being granted, he claimed full satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrance, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the English King's insolence in sending him a foolish beardless boy." A well-timed reply from the admiral, made the Dey forget the laws of all nations, in respect to ambassadors, and he ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstring, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took the Dey to a window facing the bay, and showed him the English fleet riding at anchor, and told him, that if he dared to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint. The admiral obtained ample restitution, and came off in safety.

GENOESE BOY.

In the year 1777, a vessel called the St. Michael was brought to by a Spanish guarda costa, just as she was entering the bay of Gibraltar, on pretence of searching for contraband goods. After much abusive

language to the master of the vessel, he was desired to pull down the English colours. A young lad of Genoese parents, but a native of Gibraltar, with a spirit truly heroic, answered, "No: pull down the English colours! For what? Old England for ever! They shall not be pulled down." One of the Spaniards in the guarda costa cried out immediately, *Mato este Pero---* kill that dog; upon which, four of them levelled their pieces, and killed him on the spot.

The Spaniards boarded the vessel, and stretched away for Algesiras; and being followed by the boats from an English frigate, the Spaniards ran the vessel on shore. The English sailors came up with her, and though on the enemy's coast, which was by this time lined with Spaniards, boarded her, seized every bag of money, and brought it safe to the garrison.

GALLANT INTERPOSITION.

In the battle between Lord Hawke and the French, the gallant admiral finding so much to depend on the capture of the French admiral's ship, the *Soliel Royale*, desired to be laid along side her; but the pilot hesitatingly replied, that he feared to do so, from the rocky shoals of the coast off which the battle raged. Hawke, however, was not to be dissuaded, and bore down upon her, with every gun double shotted. The captain of a French seventy-four gun ship, the *Surveillante*, aware of Hawke's design, gallantly threw his ship between Hawke and the French admiral, in time to receive Lord Hawke's fire, which saved the French admiral, but sent the *Surveillante*, and every soul on board, to the bottom.

DYING SCENES.

In an action with the combined fleets of France and Spain, about the year 1782, John Addington, a seaman on board the Royal William, received a cannon shot a little below his right hip, which severed his thigh from his body, except a small part of the skin by which it hung. In this situation he was brought into the cock-pit. The surgeon was endeavouring as much as possible to soften the rigour of his fate, when a wounded officer and another seaman were brought down; on which Addington said with the utmost composure, "Don't regard me; I'm past recovering; but do what you can for those who may be serviceable again." He then lay bleeding for about half an hour without uttering a groan, when he heard an officer come down, and call out to the people on the lower gun deck, that the French admiral had hauled close to the wind, and was making sail from them; the seamen immediately gave three cheers, in which Addington nobly joined, and then expired.

In the memorable battle of Trafalgar, William Chambers, master of the Royal Sovereign, had part of his side carried away while steering the ship towards the close of the action. He just lived until the firing ceased, when with a feeble voice he exclaimed, "Oh, could I but read the Gazette of this glorious day!" and with the remaining breath still left him, gave three feeble cheers, in which he

was joined by another dying man, and both immediately expired.

SAILOR'S WIFE.

During an action of Admiral Rodney with the French, a woman assisted at one of the guns upon the main deck, and being asked by the admiral what she did there, she replied, "An't please your honour, my husband is sent down to the cock-pit wounded, and I am here to supply his place. Do you think, your honour, I am afraid of the French?" After the action, Lord Rodney called her aft, told her she had been guilty of a breach of orders, by being on board, but rewarded her with ten guineas for so gallantly supplying the place of her husband.

AUSTRIANS AND SWISS.

Leopold, third Duke of Austria, having invaded Switzerland in 1386, determined to risk every thing on the issue of one engagement. Having pitched upon a narrow and rugged plain, where cavalry could have been of little service, he obliged all the nobility and men at arms who surrounded him to dismount. These chosen troops placed themselves in the first rank, determined to bear the brunt of the day. Several of the duke's friends wished to persuade him to remain on horseback, a spectator of the battle; but the gallant chief refused. "I fight," said he, "for my friends and my inheritance---God forbid that you should die, and I live in prosperity; I will divide with you the good and the evil---to day I will

either die with my knights and my subjects, or enjoy the victory with them." The two bands advanced. The Austrian consisted of four thousand men, the flower of Germany; their cuirasses were proof, and their long lances kept the enemy at a distance. Forming an oblong battalion, they advanced slowly, in close array, like a moving citadel of steel. The Swiss were only about thirteen hundred men, ill armed, without cuirasses, having only a short halbert and sword, and a little target on their arms to parry the first blows. They drew up in a triangular figure; and presenting one angle, they began the attack; but all their attempts to penetrate the hostile battalion were in vain, as they were transfixcd by the long lances of the Austrians before their short halberts could reach them. They had already made several unsuccessful attacks, sixty of them had fallen, and not one of the enemy had perished. Helvetic liberty would perhaps have for ever perished, had not Arnold Winchelried turned towards his countrymen and exclaimed, "I will die for you and for our country! take care of my wife and children---remember me, and follow!" At these words he put himself at the head of the triangle, threw down his arms, caught hold of as many lances as he could grasp, and suffered himself to be transfixcd to the spot where he fell, to open the path of victory to his countrymen. The Swiss then pierced the Austrian battalion, wielded their halberts on all sides, and soon put the foe to rout. The Austrians, heavily armed, overcome with lassitude and heat, and encumbered with their long lances, had in their turn the disadvantage; the nobles regretted the want of their horses when it was too late; they were now

abandoned to the mercy of the enemy. They conjured the duke at least to retire ; but the magnanimous prince replied, " God forbid that I should fly ; have so many brave men, counts, lords, and knights, and infantry, exposed their lives for me, and shall I abandon them ? No, I would rather die with honour than live without it." Then seeing the Austrian banner in danger of being taken, and hearing the standard-bearer call for assistance, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, ran to his banner, and perished in its defence. Such was the glorious end of this prince in the thirtieth year of his age. Near seven hundred gentlemen remained stretched around him on the field of battle. Many great houses were annihilated, and there was scarcely a family in Upper-Germany, Alsace, and Swabia, which was not plunged in mourning. The standard-bearer was found dead with part of the flag still in his mouth, having swallowed the rest to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

When the first Prince of Condé was imprisoned through the intrigues of the Duke of Guise, his consort gaining admission into his prison, dressed him in her clothes, and thus suffered him to escape while she remained in his stead. The prince on his release fled for refuge to the fortress of Montargis, belonging to the Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., who had greatly interested herself in his behalf. The Duke of Guise unable to discover his retreat, released the Princess of Condé, not doubting but that

she would hasten to the prince, and thus afford his emissaries the opportunity of discovering him.

The duke guessed rightly ; and having thus learnt that it was the Duchess of Ferrara who had afforded shelter to the prince, he despatched orders for her to deliver him up. The messenger returning with an absolute refusal, the king, Francis II. was so irritated, that he directed all his troops in the neighbourhood of Montargis to assemble under the Count de Malicourt, whom he ordered to invest the castle, and bring him the prince dead or alive.

The count proceeded to execute these commands, and suddenly appeared before Montargis with a large body of troops and a formidable train of artillery. A trumpeter was despatched to the duchess, with threats of instantly laying the castle in ashes, if she did not put the troops in possession of her illustrious guests. This spread such an alarm among her guards and dependants, that they all crowded around her, and strenuously intreated her to acquiesce in the count's demand. She repulsed them with indignation ; when the gallant Condé hearing their request, rushed from his chamber, and addressing himself to the duchess's followers, said, " You tremble, and Condé is at your head ! Since you have not courage to defend him, his death shall relieve you from your apprehensions." At these words he proceeded to mount the ramparts, determined to stand the fury of the first discharge of the cannon. He called with a loud voice to the commanding officer of the artillery under the walls. " Behold," said he, " the object of your search ; direct your vengeance upon him only, and let him die, as he has lived, with honour."

The officer was astonished at the circumstance, and sent to the Count de Malicourt, who was at a small distance, for his instructions. The latter immediately rode up, and bade him fire according to the prince's request; when the Duchess of Ferrara appeared upon the walls, and taking the prince by the hand, threw herself before him. "Turn your fury against me," said she to the count, "and destroy at one instant the illustrious Condé, and the daughter of your long lamented king."

The memory of Louis XII. was idolized by the soldiers; they called out almost with one voice to the engineer, who was putting the match to the cannon, to stop, and then bid the count respect the daughter of him who had been the father of his people. Malicourt saw with amazement his men turn their backs upon the castle, and sullenly march to their different quarters.

The Prince of Condé the same night, with a few friends, departed from his benefactress, joined a large body of the Hugonots, and afterwards defeated the king's troops in several battles.

MARLBOROUGH.

At the siege of Nimeguen, Marlborough, then a very young man, attracted the notice of the celebrated Turenne, who from that period spoke of him by the familiar title of "the handsome Englishman," and shortly afterwards put his spirit to the test. A lieutenant-colonel having scandalously abandoned, without resistance, a station which he was enjoined to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, "I will bet

a supper and a dozen of claret, that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it." The wager was instantly accepted, and the event justified the confidence of the general; for Captain Churchill, after a short but desperate resistance, expelled the enemy and maintained the post.

DEATH OF TURENNE.

In the year 1675, the Council of Vienna sent Montecuculi to oppose Turenne, as the only officer that was thought to be a match for him. Both generals were perfect masters of the art of war. They passed four months in watching each other, and in marches and counter-marches; at length Turenne thought that he had got his rival into such a situation as he wanted, near Saltsbach, when going to choose a place to erect a battery, he was unfortunately struck by a cannon shot, which killed him on the spot. The same ball having carried away the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son, who was near, could not forbear weeping. "Weep not for me," said Hilaire, "but for the brave man who lies there, whose loss to his country nothing can repair."

DEFENCE OF CREMONA.

In the defence of posts, there are so many circumstances in favour of the attacked, that it is surprising that they do not hold it out longer than they commonly do. The example of Cremona, surprised by

Prince Eugene in 1702, will remain a lasting proof what determined bravery can do; and shew that though an enemy is master of half the ramparts and part of the town, he is not master of the whole.

Prince Eugene having formed the design of surprising this town, got some thousand Austrian soldiers admitted at a secret passage by a priest. These troops seized the two gates, and a great part of the town; the garrison, buried in sleep, were roused by the assault, and obliged to fight in their shirts; but by the excellent manœuvres of the officers and bravery of the men, they repulsed the Imperialists from square to square, from street to street, till Prince Eugene was at last obliged to abandon the town of which he had so nearly made a conquest.

DEFENCE OF ANGUILLA.

A French squadron attacked the small Island of Anguilla in the West Indies, in the year 1745, and landed *six hundred and fifty* men. The governor, Hodge, had only a company of *twenty-two* men to oppose this immense force, but not at all daunted by their superiority, he mustered his little band, and thus addressed them:---

“Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger to all manner of military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you, but load and fire as fast as you can, and stand by one another in the defence of your country; so God bless ye.”

This address was not lost on these brave fellows, for they immediately shook hands, and solemnly bound themselves to each other, either to drive away the French

or die in the attempt. They then marched forward, and meeting the French in a narrow path, attacked them from a small breastwork prepared for the purpose, and killed and wounded above a hundred of their men. The survivors hastened on board their vessels, and immediately sailed. It is remarkable, that not one of Governor Hodge's men was either killed or wounded.

CAPTAIN HORNBY.

Mr. Richard Hornby of Stokesly, was master of a merchant ship, the *Isabella* of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk for the Hague, June 1, 1744, in company with three smaller vessels recommended to his care. Next day they made Gravesant Steeple, in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly came against them, singling out the *Isabella* as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped. The strength of the two ships was most unequal; for the *Isabella* mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the *Marquis de Brancas*, commanded by Captain Andre, had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy-five men and three hundred small arms. Yet Captain Hornby nothing daunted; having animated his little crew by an appropriate address, and obtained their promise of standing by him to the last, hoisted the British colours, and with his two swivel guns, returned the fire of the enemy's

chace guns. The Frenchmen, in abusive terms, commanded him to strike. Hornby coolly returned an answer of defiance, on which the privateer advanced, and poured such showers of bullets into the *Isabella*, that the captain found it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters. While he lay thus sheltered, the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard quarter; but by a dextrous turn of the helm he frustrated both attempts, though the Frenchmen kept firing upon him both with guns and small arms. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer running furiously in upon the larboard of the *Isabella*, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her. Captain Andre now bawled out in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike." Captain Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he dared. The exasperated Frenchman instantly threw in twenty men on the *Isabella*, who began to hack and hew into the close quarters; but a general discharge of blunderbusses forced the assailants to retreat as fast as their wounds would permit them.

The privateer being now disengaged from the *Isabella*, turned about and made another attempt on the starboard side, when the valiant Hornby and his mate shot each his man as the enemy were again lashing the ships together. The Frenchman once more commanded him to strike; and the brave Englishman returning another refusal, twenty fresh men entered, and made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and pole axes, with which they had nearly cut their way through in three places, when

the constant fire kept up by Captain Hornby and his crew, obliged them a second time to retreat, carrying their wounded with them, and hauling their dead after them with boat hooks.

The *Isabella* continuing still lashed to the enemy, the latter, with small arms, fired repeated and terrible volleys into the close quarters; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect, that the Frenchmen repeatedly gave way. At length Captain Hornby seeing them crowding behind their mainmast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead. In an instant, however, he started up again, though greatly bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the *Isabella*, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, and a quantity of pole axes, pistols, and cutlasses, behind them.

The gallant Hornby now exultingly fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern. The indignant Frenchman immediately returned, and renewed the conflict, which was carried on yard-arm and yard-arm, with great fury, for two hours together. The *Isabella* was shot through her hull several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign was dismounted, and every mast and yard damaged; yet she still bravely maintained the combat, and at last, by a fortunate shot, which struck the *Brancas*

between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and careen. While the enemy were retiring, Hornby and his little crew sallied out from their fastness, and erecting their fallen ensign, gave three cheers.

By this time both vessels had driven so near the English shore, that immense crowds had assembled to be spectators of the action. The Frenchman having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*, when Captain Hornby was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. The sight of their brave commander streaming with blood, somewhat disconcerted his gallant companions, but he called to them briskly to keep their courage, and stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous. On this their spirits revived, and again taking post in their close quarters, they sustained the shock of three more tremendous broadsides, in returning which, they forced the *Brancas*, by another well aimed shot, a second time to sheer off and careen. The huzzas of the *Isabella's* crew were renewed, and they again set up their shattered ensign, which was shot through and through into honourable rags.

Andre, who was not deficient in bravery, soon returned to the fight, and having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby, with terrible menaces, to strike his colours. Captain Hornby turned to his gallant comrades. "You see yonder, my lads," pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valour." It was unnecessary to say more; they one and all assured him of their resolution to stand by him to the last; and finding

them thus invincibly determined, he hurled his final defiance at the enemy.

Andre immediately ran his ship upon the Isabella's starboard, and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, so that he was obliged to cut the lashings and again retreat.

Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with one parting gun; and this last shot fired into the stern of the Brancas happening to reach the magazine, it blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep, except three, who were picked up by the Dutch fishing boats.

This horrible catastrophe excited the compassion of the brave Hornby and his men; but they could, unfortunately, render no assistance to their ill-fated enemies, the Isabella having become unmanageable, and her boat being shattered to pieces.

Mr. Hornby afterwards received from his sovereign a large gold medal, in commemoration of his heroic conduct on this occasion; conduct, perhaps, not surpassed by any thing in the annals of British naval prowess.

TOM BROWN.

At the battle of Dettingen on the 16th of June, 1743, a private in Bland's dragoons, of the name of Thomas Brown, who had not been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished himself by his

intrepidity. After having had two horses killed under him, and lost two fingers of his left hand, seeing the regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, in consequence of a wound received by the cornet, he galloped into the midst of the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard; and having seized it, and thrust it between his thigh and the saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks; and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with three cheers. In this valiant exploit Brown received eight wounds in his face, head, and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted.

The fame of Tom Brown soon spread through the kingdom; his health was drank with enthusiasm; his achievement was painted on sign posts; and prints, representing his person and heroic deeds, were sold in abundance.

He recovered of his wound so far as to be able to serve for a short time in the life guards; but being ultimately found disqualified for further service, he retired on a pension of £30 a year, to the town of Yarm, (where there is still a sign that commemorates his valour) and died in this retirement in January, 1746.

THE LION MAN OF WAR.

In the year 1745, his majesty's ship the Lion, of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, engaged with two French vessels; one a man of war of sixty-four guns, and the other a ship of sixteen

guns. The Lion ran alongside the large ship, and fought her within pistol shot for five hours, when her rigging being cut to pieces, and her masts shot away, so that she lay muzzled in the sea, and could do nothing with her sails, the French ship escaped. Forty-five of the Lion's men were killed, and one hundred and seven wounded. Every person quartered at the guns was killed upon the spot, except two men and a boy. Captain Brett was wounded in the arm, in the foot, and was knocked down with splinters several times. His lieutenants were all wounded two hours before the close of the action, but still would not leave the deck, but continued to encourage the men to the last. It is singular that, with such examples of bravery, a coward could be found in the vessel; but yet this was the case. The captain of marines, though called upon several times during the action, could not be found. At last, one of the midshipmen discovered him concealed under a large bag of hay, with one of his corporals by him. The charge which this recreant so basely deserted, was taken by the Rev. Mr. Leach, the chaplain, who bravely put himself at the head of the corps, rallied them thrice on the poop of the ship, and encouraged them to behave like Englishmen, until he was shot dead on the spot.

COLONEL GARDINER.

The day before the battle of Preston Pans, Colone Gardiner rode through the ranks of his regiment, and addressed his men in the most respectful and animating manner. Perceiving a timidity in part

of his troops, he determined to set them a spirited example. "I cannot," said he, "influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." They continued under arms all night, and in the morning, by break of day, perceived the approach of the rebel army, under Prince Charles. The highlanders, though half armed, charged with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes after the battle began, the king's troops were broken and totally routed. After Colonel Gardiner's own regiment of dragoons had forsaken him, perceiving a party of the foot continuing to oppose the enemy without an officer, he immediately headed them, though already twice wounded, exclaiming, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing." At the instant, he was cut down by the scythe of a highlander fastened to a long pole, and fell covered with wounds.

When the engagement was over, Colonel Gardiner was pointed out to Charles among those who had fallen in the field. The Pretender stooping over him, gently raised his head from the ground, and exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner, would to God I could restore thy life!"

BATTLE OF MINDEN.

The most prominent achievement in this memorable battle, the cause of so much military controversy, was one which can never fail to call forth, in military as well as ordinary readers, an unmingled expression of admiration and surprise. Six regiments of British infantry, assisted by two of Hanoverian guards, were

detached from the right of the line of infantry, to charge the enemy's centre, which consisted of sixty squadrons of horse; they obeyed this order; and to their eternal honour, by half an hour past eight, drove the enemy before them, without any other assistance than from the artillery of their own country. In vain did the French cavalry attempt to rally; they could not look this little corps of infantry in the face. In vain was it taken in front and flank by their artillery; its resolution was not to be daunted; the ground over which they marched was strewn with slaughter and blood, and carnage paved the path to glory.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Before the battle of Rosbach, which led to the most celebrated of all the King of Prussia's victories, Frederick addressed his little army, not amounting to more than twenty-five thousand men, in nearly the following words:

“My brave soldiers---The hour is come in which all that is, and all that ought, to be dear to us, depends upon the swords that are now drawn for the battle. Time permits me to say but little, nor is there occasion to say much. You know that there is no labour, no hunger, no cold, no watching, no danger, that I have not shared with you hitherto; and you now see me ready to lay down my life with you and for you. All I ask, is the same pledge of fidelity and affection that I give. Acquit yourselves like men, and put your confidence in God.”

The effect of this speech was indescribable. The

soldiers answered it by an universal shout, and their looks and demeanour became animated to a sort of heroic phrenzy.

Frederick led on his troops in person, exposed to the hottest of the fire. The enemy for a few moments made a gallant resistance ; but overwhelmed by the headlong intrepidity of the Prussians, they at length gave way in every part, and fled in the utmost disorder. Night alone saved from total destruction the scattered remains of an army which in the morning was double the number of its conquerors.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN.

When the King of Prussia entered Bohemia in 1757, at the head of thirty thousand men, the Austrian army, though consisting of one hundred thousand men, fled before them. At Auwal, a village about two miles from Prague, however, Count Brown, the Austrian general, determined to make a stand, and wait the arrival of the Prussians. His camp was fortified by every advantage of nature and every contrivance of art ; his centre was an eminence, his left was covered by Prague, and his right by a morass. The King of Prussia soon came up, and on the 6th of May, 1757, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a battle began. Marshal Schwerin, with the left of the Prussians, attacked the Austrians with amazing intrepidity in the very front of the enemy's batteries, climbed precipices till then thought insurmountable, and with this daring resolution, charged, sword in hand, forces much superior to his own. He was repulsed ; but not without a very ob-

stinate struggle, which occasioned a terrible carnage. The troops were soon rallied, and the brave Schwerin attempted to lead them on again; but the men hesitating about passing the morass, which was enfiladed by the enemy's batteries, he snatched the standard from the officer who bore it, and rushing foremost into the morass, cried out, "Let all brave Prussians follow me." At that instant he was struck dead by a cannon ball.

SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

In the month of February 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they were obliged to retire a great way, without being able to offer any resistance. When they began at length to recover themselves, and to recoil on the allied army, Sir William Erskine, with the 15th regiment, was stationed in a village in the advance. In a very foggy morning, soon after the patrols reported that all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vidette's having seen a large body of cavalry coming to surprise him. He instantly mounted his horse, and sallied intrepidly forth, at the head of the picquet of fifty men, leaving orders for the rest of the regiment to follow as fast as they could mount, without beating a drum or making any noise. He attacked the enemy's advanced guard in the cursory manner of the light cavalry, and continued to do so while his men were joining him by tens and twenties, and the French cavalry were forming to resist an attack, till he collected the whole regiment, and then retired in good order, without the loss of a man.

The presence of mind which distinguished Sir William Erskine on this occasion, was still more strikingly shown in another instance. After a repulse, and a hard march of seventy-two miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and scarcely a horse able to trot, he came unexpectedly in sight of a French regiment, drawn up with a morass in their rear. Sir William left his own corps, and advancing to the French, desired to speak with the commanding officer, whom he entreated to surrender, to prevent their being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were advancing. The French commander requested leave to consult with his officers; on doing which, they refused to surrender; but upon Sir William telling them, in an animated and confident tone, that their blood must be on their own heads, and turning to move off to his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms, surrendered to his harassed troops.

DASHING EXPLOIT.

In the campaign of 1761, when the French army under the command of Marshal Broglio, and the Prince of Soubise, were retiring towards Hoxter, where they passed the Weisser, Prince Ferdinand followed close after them for several days; and on the evening before they gained the pass over the river, one of Prince Ferdinand's aides-de-camp desired the grenadiers and highlanders who were in front to push on, and take some of the enemy's baggage, which was but a little way before them, and weakly guarded.

They immediately formed, and hastily marched over a plain with a thick wood in front, which they were told was clear, and had got within four hundred paces of the enemy's baggage, when several squadrons of French dragoons rushed suddenly out upon them from the skirts of the wood on both flanks, and began to hew them down without mercy. At this critical moment Cornet Nangle, with an advanced party of twenty horsemen, coming up the hill, got sight of the attack, and instantly rushing on, charged the French cavalry, regardless of their superior numbers. Startled at the briskness of an attack which they were little expecting, the French immediately retired back, when the rest of Nangle's regiment getting in view, came on, and joining in the attack, drove them off with considerable loss. The gallant intrepidity of this young officer with his twenty men, was the salvation of the grenadiers and highlanders, great numbers of whom must have been otherwise cut to pieces.

SIR JAMES WALLACE.

In 1780, Sir James Wallace in the *Experiment* of fifty guns, conducted a predatory warfare on the French coast. Having driven several large frigates into the Bay of Concalles in Normandy, until they had run close under cover of a battery, and his pilots not venturing to take further charge of his ship, he immediately took the risk and management upon himself, boldly passed up the bay, and laid her ashore abreast of the battery. In that situation he engaged until he silenced the battery, and compelled the French crews to abandon their ships, which were immediately boarded and

brought away. Two other frigates, an armed cutter, and a number of small craft, were set on fire, or otherwise destroyed.

FAIR PLAY.

In the attack on the strong fortress of St. Fernando de Omas, in the year 1780, an English sailor who had scrambled singly over the wall, had for the better annoyance of the enemy on all sides, armed himself with a cutlass in each hand. Thus equipped, he fell in with a Spanish officer just roused from sleep, and who in the hurry and confusion had forgotten his sword. This circumstance restrained the fury of the British tar, who disdaining to attack an unarmed foe, but unwilling to relinquish so happy an opportunity of displaying his courage in single combat, presented one of the cutlasses to him, saying, "I scorn any advantage; you are now upon an equal footing with me." The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity and the facility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing else from the uncouth and hostile appearance of his foe, than being cut into pieces instantly, and without mercy, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relation of the story excited in his countymen.

IRISH CORPORAL.

A corporal of the 17th Dragoons named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina during the American war, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the

enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing but duty, he seized the despatch, and continued his route till he sunk from the loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

“ Within his wound the fatal paper plac’d
Which prov’d his death, nor by that death disgrac’d.
A smile benignant on his count’nance shone,
Pleas’d that his secret had remain’d unknown ;
So was he found.”

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct ; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

FIGHTING QUAKER.

In the late American war, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic quaker, who though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was mani-

fested by the French, which was very soon put in execution ; and the quaker being on the look out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

Colonel, afterwards Sir John Moore, had the command of the party, which stormed and carried Fort Mozello, the principal outlet to the city of Calvi in the island of Corsica. Day break was the time chosen for the assault; and that no alarm might be given to the garrison, the soldiers were ordered not to load, as it was resolved to attempt it by the point of the bayonet. Colonel Moore, with a chosen body of troops, had proceeded about half way, when the enemy, whose attention had been diverted by a false attack, at last perceived their danger, flew to arms, and discharged a volley of grape shot, which however did little execution. Colonel Moore continued to press forward at the head of his men, leaving behind the wounded and dying, and was entering the walls, when a bomb-shell bursting struck him to the ground. Fortunately, however, he instantly recovered himself; and notwithstanding the great effusion of blood, he pressed on, and after a most obstinate and sanguinary conflict, the enemy was compelled to surrender. Nothing but the most consummate skill and determined bravery could have stormed a fortress garrisoned by some of the best troops of France, commanded by an old experienced general, and furnished with every necessary for

a vigorous resistance. When General Stewart, the commander in chief, who was a witness of the attack, perceived the grenadiers ascending, he rode up to the fort, and quitting his horse, mounted the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of Colonel Moore. The surrounding soldiers shouted, and threw their hats into the air for joy.

DEFENCE OF THE TYROL.

After the battle of Aspern, Bonaparte detached a force of nearly 40,000 men, under the command of General Lefebvre, to subjugate the Tyrolese, who headed by the brave and enterprising Andrew Hofer, had opposed a desperate resistance to all their attacks. The account of this expedition, as related by a Saxon major, who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days, presents one of the most striking instances of national and individual heroism that history records.

“We had penetrated to Inspruck,” says the officer, “without great resistance. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by a small corps, which continued falling back, after an obstinate though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full eighty years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted, Hurrah! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, *in God's name!* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

“Marching onward, we heard resound from the

summit of a high rock, *Stephen, shall I chop it off yet!* to which a loud *nay* reverberated from the opposite. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who notwithstanding ordered us to advance; at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of four thousand Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard halloed over our heads, *Hans!* for the *most Holy Trinity!* Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed, *In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose below!* and ere a minute was elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. We were all petrified: every one fled that could, but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were re-assembled by the duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from him, they gave a general fire, then flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands, and like enraged lions killed all, French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter. By doing so, I, with three hundred men, was spared and set at liberty.

“When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse,

fell upon their knees, and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven ; a scene so awfully solemn, that it will ever be present to my remembrance. I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently."

FRENCH GAIETY.

In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons on consulting, declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him, he observed his valet-de-chambre, who shewed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master smilingly to him. "It is a fortunate thing for thee, you will have only one boot to clean in future."

YOUNG CASABIANCA.

On the fatal explosion of the Orient at the battle of the Nile, the conduct and death of admiral Casabianca's son, a boy whose age did not exceed thirteen, were singularly remarkable. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors ; and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heart of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age ; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care

that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the *Orient*, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father to tell him, if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of *Casabianca*, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated him and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain wished to render him this last service. "I must die, I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor; "I shall have a great difficulty in saving myself; adieu." The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up, with the young *Casabianca*, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, on landing at Alexandria.

PATRIOTIC FANATICISM.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of

Figueiras at Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior, with some of the monks, came out to meet the general, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted; Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior, that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, eat of every dish first, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world? adding with emphasis, "This, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the Judgment Seat of God!" Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had

poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physician were in vain : in less than an hour every man of them had ceased to live.

AUGUSTINA SARRAGOSSA.

At the siege of Sarragossa in the year 1809, Augustina Sarragossa, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of people, whilst carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo, at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to reman the guns ; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder ; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege ; and having stimulated her fellow citizens, by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy.

For her heroism on this occasion, she afterwards received the surname of “ Sarragossa,” a pension from the government, and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

FATHER SASS.

Another extraordinary character, unexpectedly developed during the siege of Sarragossa, was Father St. Jago Sass, curate of one of the parishes. In every part of the town where the danger was most immi-

nent, and the enemy most numerous, there was Father Sass to be found. As General Palafox made his rounds through the city, he often beheld Sass alternately playing the part of a priest and a soldier ; sometimes administering the sacrament to the dying, and at others, fighting in the most determined manner against the enemies of his country ; from his energy of character and uncommon bravery, the commander-in-chief reposed the utmost confidence in him during the siege : wherever any thing difficult or hazardous was to be done, Sass was selected for its execution ; and the introduction of a supply of powder, so essentially necessary to the defence of the town, was effected in the most complete manner by this clergyman, at the head of forty of the bravest men in Sarragossa. He was found so serviceable in inspiring the people with religious sentiments, and in leading them on to danger, that the general placed him in a situation where both his piety and courage might continue to be as useful as before. He made him both captain in the army, and chaplain to the commander-in-chief.

COUNTESS BURITA.

During the same siege, the Countess of Burita formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions and wine to the soldiers. Many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Sarragossa declare, that they have frequently seen this young, delicate, and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot

and shells ; nor were they even able to perceive, from the first moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose.

HONOURABLE EMULATION.

When the Portuguese were overrunning and subduing the New World with astonishing rapidity, a large army of Indians besieged them in a citadel of which they had gained possession in 1546. The Portuguese defended themselves with a courage which scarcely appeared human. Their impetuosity and ardour were carried so far, that a soldier in the heat of the action tore out several of his teeth, and put them in an arquebuse instead of balls, of which he was in want.

This siege exhibited a singular example of emulation. Two young gentlemen, Juan Manoel and Juan Faucon, had gone out to fight a duel, but learning that the order was given to drive the besiegers from their entrenchment, they changed instantly the object of their challenge to the glorious contention of who should appear first on the enemy's entrenchments. Manoel reached them the first, and was on the point of mounting, when a blow from a sabre cut off his right hand, so that it fell upon the wall ; another blow equally disabled his left hand, and as he was still endeavouring to mount, and supporting himself on his two wrists, a third blow nearly struck off his head. Faucon, his rival, who mounted at the same time, shared a similar fate.

A RAGGED REGIMENT,

In 1690, the French attacked and defeated the Prince of Waldeck at Fleurus. During this action, a lieutenant-colonel of a French regiment, whose name well merited preservation, was on the point of charging. Not knowing how to animate his men, who were very discontented with having commenced the campaign without being clothed, he said to them, "My friends, I congratulate you, that you have the good fortune to be in presence of a regiment newly clothed. Charge them vigorously, and we will clothe ourselves." This pleasantry so inspirited the soldiers, that they rushed on the regiment, destroyed it, and completely dressed themselves on the field of battle.

COUNT SCHULEMBOURG.

The Turks, masters of the Morea, in 1716, attacked the Isle of Corfu, at that time in possession of the Venetians. The Comte de Schulembourg, after having exhausted all the expedients for defending the capitol that valour and experience could suggest, found himself driven to the last extremity by the loss of his outworks, which the enemy had carried with extraordinary vigour. In a state apparently so hopeless, this brave and active officer thought to regain possession of what he had so recently lost. His reflections presented to him but one means of accomplishing it, that of scaling the most considerable work on which the safety of the place depended, before the besiegers were able to establish themselves in it. He

prepared the ladders without delay ; and putting himself at the head of the most determined soldiers, marched onward, scaled the works, and rendered himself master of the place.

ADMIRAL KING.

In the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781, the *Exeter* was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Towards the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the *Exeter*, already a wreck, the master asked the commodore what he should do with the ship ? To which he bravely replied, " There is nothing to be done but to fight her till she sinks."

LORD HOWE.

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine. " If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, " we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, " You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished." " Afraid !" exclaimed Howe, " what do you mean by that, sir ? I never was afraid in my life ;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, " Pray how does a

man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

In Earl Howe's engagement with the French fleet, on the 1st of June, 1794, the Marlborough by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the Marlborough's poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor of the name of Appleford, to be beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their forecastle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety into the waist of the ship; a French officer observing the uncommon behaviour of the British tar, rushed from the quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and to convince them of his own honour, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who however was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen; with this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

During the confusion of the battle, the Marlborough was taken by several English ships for a Frenchman, more particularly so, as the whole of her colours had been shot away, but one white ensign which was then

hoisted. This circumstance occasioned much destruction from the fire of those ships which fell into the mistake. At length the solitary ensign was also shot away ; and by this circumstance, the honour of Old England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French, an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The English colours shall never be dous'd where I am !" Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head ; he instantly stripped off his red coat, stuck it on a boarding pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the Englishmen would not desert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoist blue jackets. The singularity of such conduct infused fresh spirit into the hardy sons of Neptune, and they bravely fought till the glorious moment when the terrific struggle ended in victory.

FORTUNATE TEMERITY.

The Portugeze being besieged by a body of Indians in Brazil, one of them of the name of Rodriguez took a barrel of gunpowder in his arms, and called out to his companions, "Stand out of the way. I carry my own death, and that of others." He then threw it in the middle of his enemies with a match so lighted, as to explode the moment he threw it down. It burst immediately, and blew to atoms more than a hundred Indians. It is most surprising, that Rodriguez escaped unhurt, and continued to distinguish himself by similar actions of valour.

LADIES OF BEAUVAIS.

Charles le Temeraire, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the City of Beauvais in the year 1472. After investing it closely for twenty-one days, his troops made a general assault, and were on the point of carrying the place, when a band of women, headed by a lady of the name of Jeanne Hachette, rushing to the walls, opposed such a resistance with showers of stones and other missiles, that the tide of fortune was instantaneously turned. A Burgundian officer, who attempted to plant the duke's standard on the wall, was fiercely attacked by Jeanne Hachette, who, snatching the standard from his hands, threw him headlong over the wall. The assailants, in short, were completely repulsed; nor was the distaff, once thrown aside, resumed till the ladies of Beauvais had forced the Duke of Burgundy to retire in shame from their walls.

In memory of this gallant achievement, the Municipality of Beauvais ordered a general procession of the inhabitants to take place every year, on the 10th of July, the day on which the siege was raised, in which the ladies were to have the privilege of preceding the men. As long as Jeanne Hachette lived, she marched in this annual procession at the head of the women, bearing the standard which she had captured from the Burgundian officer; and at her death this standard was deposited in the church of the Dominicans, and a portrait of the heroine placed in the Town Hall of Beauvais.

MILITARY DEVOTION.

In 1760, the Prince of Brunswick, Commander in Chief of the Hanoverian army, had made every disposition to surprise, by night, the French army. Louis d'Assas, captain in the regiment of Auvergne, was posted with his regiment near the wood of Klostercamp, in the Department of Roer; and wishing to assure himself of the position of the enemy, he went alone to explore the wood. He had not advanced many steps when he was surrounded by a troop of the enemy, who, pointing their bayonets at him, threatened to kill him on the spot if he uttered a word. D'Assas, superior to all personal considerations when duty called, cried out with all his might, "*A moi d'Auvergne !*" The enemy are at hand. He was on the instant bayoneted to death; but his last words by giving the alarm, saved the army.

An instance of similar devotion occurred at the siege of Dantzic, in 1807. One Fortunas, a private in the 12th French light infantry, happened to stray in the dark into the midst of a column of Russians, who cried out to an advancing body of French, "Do not fire; we are Frenchmen!" Although threatened with instant death if he spoke, he boldly called out, "Fire, fire, my captain; they are not French, but Russians!"

RUSSIANS CROSSING THE ALPS.

In the campaign of 1799, Suwaroff having passed St. Gothard with the Russian army, found himself environed by difficulties of the most appalling description. His soldiers, worn out with cold and fatigue, found new enemies to contend with in every direction. The cossacks were compelled to dismount, as their horses became useless, or falling over precipices, were lost in the snow; and the horrors of their situation were powerfully increased by the absence of all intelligence of what was passing elsewhere.

Suwaroff then attempted to push forward into the valley of the Reuss, and arrived at what is called the Urnerloch, a dark cavern, eighty yards long, through which it was necessary for his troops to defile, in order to reach the Devil's Bridge, by a steep declivity. This bridge connects by a single arch the rocks which run along the two sides of the valley, and over it the way leads to the left bank of the Reuss. The arch was sprung; and the French posted on the opposite mountain, by a continued fire, rendered its repair impossible, and commanded not only the outlet, but also the entrance of the Urnerloch. The first Russian battalion gallantly advanced to the cavern, and were completely swept away. The rest of the column followed, and as the shot of the enemy poured in thick upon them, all were hurried pell mell into this natural vault. The foremost were thrust forward by those in the rear, and thus became exposed to the murderous fire kept up from

the other side, or fell over the rocks into the abyss beneath. At last Suwaroff resolved to do what a general, less regardless of his soldiers' lives, would have done at first; namely, to turn the enemy's flank by a circuitous rout, an attempt which seldom fails among mountains, as the adversary rarely has sufficient time, or advantages of ground, to guard himself against it. A ford above the bridge was accordingly tried by the Russians; they threw themselves breast high into the impetuous stream, gained the heights on the opposite side, and drove the French from their positions. The Devil's Bridge was repaired by trunks of trees and planks, and Suwaroff reached Wasen in the evening of the same day.

GENERAL DESAIX.

At the battle of Marengo, General Desaix was struck by a ball, at the first charge of his division, and died almost instantly. He had only time to say to the young Le Brun, his aide-de-camp, "Go, and tell the first consul, that my only regret in dying is, that I have done nothing for posterity." Thus modest to the last, was one of the bravest and best of men the French revolution has produced. The Austrians were wont to call him the *brave, the indefatigable general*. The Germans, over whom it was his frequent lot to exercise the rights of conquest, revered him as *the good Desaix*; and the ferocious Arabs, subjugated not more by his valour than by his wisdom, decreed him the sublime title of the *Just Sultan*.

The day before the battle in which his race of

glory was thus so early terminated, he observed, somewhat prophetically, to one of his aides-de-camp, "It is a long time since I fought in Europe. The bullets won't know me again; something will happen."

When the tidings of his death were brought to the first consul, in the midst of the hottest of the engagement, he was much affected; and it was one of his earliest commands after the victory, that a splendid monument should be erected to the fallen hero, on the top of Mont St. Bernard.

GENERAL VALHUBERT.

At the battle of Austerlitz, it was the French order of the day not to weaken the ranks, in order to give assistance to the wounded. General Valhubert was among those who fell, severely wounded by a cannon shot in the thigh. His soldiers stopped to raise him up. The gallant general waved to them to begone, exclaiming, "Remember the order of the day; you can pick me up after the victory!" He was afterwards removed, and met death with the most heroic tranquillity. "In an hour," he wrote to the emperor, "I shall be no more. I do not regret life, since I have participated in a victory which will ensure you a happy reign. When you think of the brave, who were devoted to your service, remember me."

SCOTCH PIRATE.

A Scotch corsair, of the name of Le Breton, having been attacked by some English vessels in 1512, defended himself with extraordinary courage ; but being at last mortally wounded, and no longer able to contend with the enemy, he bid one of his men bring him his hautboy, or flute, on which he played for their encouragement, as long as his breath would permit him.

AN INCIDENT AT BAROSSA.

At the battle of Barossa, the first battalion of the 87th regiment was engaged with the 8th Imperial ; and after a severe contest, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to the sergeant, " Do you see that, Masterman ? " He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt ; the sergeant instantly revenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle ; which was subsequently brought to England, and deposited with others in the chapel of Whitehall.

The gallant Masterman was afterwards rewarded for his brave achievement, by a commission in the second battalion of his regiment. On once hearing the action singularly commended by a gentleman, who was not aware that he was addressing one so nearly interested in the eulogium, he replied with

great modesty, "The sergeant merely did his duty; and only accomplished what hundreds of his comrades would have done had they possessed an equal opportunity; it was the fortune of war; the sergeant fortunately succeeded in the attempt, which had cost the poor ensign his life."

AN INVINCIBLE.

In a sortie made from Dunkirk in 1793, a severe contest was maintained for some time with a part of the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Towards the close of the action, and during the retreat of the French, an officer of cavalry belonging to the garrison, perceived a national standard lying on the ground, either dropped in the flight, or fallen from the hands of an ensign who had been killed or wounded. Though he was himself, at the same time, most closely pressed by a detachment, after having twice valiantly cut his way through bodies of Hanoverian infantry, he leaped from his horse, and seizing the standard, remounted. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself, when his pursuers came up, and a grenadier of the British cavalry demanded him as his prisoner, with the surrender of his flag. The French officer replied, that he was determined to carry it to the fortress, or perish in the attempt. He fought bravely in defence of his charge; and when, at last, fortune had given the advantage to his adversary, he persisted in declaring that he would neither be made prisoner, nor give up the colours; that he knew how to die, but not to dishonour himself or the nation. He continued to

fight most gallantly until he was shot through the head, and the standard fell into the possession of the English.

MAGNANIMOUS PEASANT.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who thus, with his whole family, remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the bank stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the danger was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the current; of being dashed against a fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that no one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant passing along was informed of the circumstance, and of the promised reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended

by means of a rope. "Courage," said he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is your recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

COLLAPISSA INDIANS.

M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who held a considerable command at New Orleans in the middle of the last century, relates the following striking instance of patriotism and heroism in his *Nouveaux Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*:

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation," says he, "who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves; one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans, to demand from the French governor the head of the savage who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain: they

threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission ; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner :

“ The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and, agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose : ‘ I am a true man ; that is to say, I fear not death ; but I lament the fate of my wife and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age ; I lament too my father and my mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting ; them, however, I recommend to the French, since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.’

“ Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to his audience : ‘ My son is doomed to death ; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children ; it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them : as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough ; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up his tender infants ; I am no longer good for anything ; a few years more or less, are to

me of small moment: I have lived as a man; I will die as a man. I therefore take the place of my son.'

"At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man; he embraced them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. 'My death,' concluded he, 'I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.' Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsmen of the deceased Chactaw: they accepted it; he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

"By this sacrifice all animosities were forgotten; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed. The young Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father: in taking it up, he addressed to it these few words: 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.' The French who assisted at this tragedy could not restrain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son. The young man was most cruelly tortured, in order to force him to discover his father, who not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous should thus suffer on his

account, went and presented himself to the murderers, and begged them to kill him, and save his son; the son conjured them to take his life, and spare the age of his father; but the soldiers, more barbarous than savages, butchered them both on the spot."

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.

On Sunday, the 13th of February, 1819, a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence river. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on to the ice from the shore; and Mr. B. having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, giving up the reins to his brother, who, from inattention, or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had recently been an air-hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong to bear; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sunk, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprung from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost!" and fortunately reached the firm ice: the young man who was driving was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B. who retained his hold upon the solid ice. This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. B. throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt; and accordingly plunged into the water in search of those most dear to him. The first that he found was the child, which grasping, he rose to the surface, and brought it within reach of

his brother ; then drawing himself again on to the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and finding his wife, rose a second time with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, leaving her in the care of his brother, who was calling aloud for assistance from the shore. After taking breath for a moment, he a third time plunged into the water in search of his sister, whom, after groping on the bottom, he found : but in rising again to the surface, he struck his heel against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture, with a degree of presence of mind seldom equalled, straining every nerve, he redoubled his exertions, and was so fortunate as to again reach the opening, bringing with him the insensible and apparently lifeless body of his sister : both were drawn from the water by the assistance of some persons who had arrived from the shore, alarmed by the cries of his brother. They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the women and child were with some difficulty resuscitated. Upon measuring the depth of the water where the sleigh had broken through the ice, it was found to be fourteen feet.

SINGULAR CAPTURE.

English history does not record a more daring action than that of Edward Stanley, an English officer, at the attack on one of the forts of Zutphen in the low countries, in the year 1586. Three hundred Spaniards defended this fort, and when Stanley approached it, one of them thrust a pike at him to kill him ; he seized hold of it with both his hands, and held it with such force,

that the Spaniards unable to wrest it from him, drew him up into the fort. He instantly drew his sword, and dispersed all that were present. This so astonished the garrison, that it gave Stanley's followers time to storm the fort, and establish themselves in their conquest.

VICE ADMIRAL DE VIC.

Dominique de Vic, governor of Amiens and Calais, and Vice-Admiral of France, lost the calf of his right leg by a gun-shot wound in the year 1586, and though the part was well cured, yet he could not attempt to ride on horseback without experiencing the most excruciating pain. In consequence of this, he retired from public life and settled at Guyenne. He had lived there about three years, when he was informed of the death of Henry the Third, and the embarrassments of Henry the Fourth, and the great need in which he stood of all his good servants. He directly had his wounded leg amputated, sold part of his estates, entered into the king's service once more, and rendered him the most signal service at the battle of Ivry.

Two days after Henry the Fourth was assassinated, De Vic going through the Rue de la Ferronnerie, and seeing the spot on which this horrid murder was committed, fell senseless to the ground, and died next morning,

CONSTANCE DE CEZELLI.

During the troubles of the League in 1590, Barri de Saint Aunez, governor of Leucate for Henry IV. left the garrison to communicate a project to the Duc de Montmorenci, who commanded in Languedoc.

He was taken prisoner on the road by the Leaguers, who immediately marched with the Spaniards towards Leucate. They pressed the governor to deliver up the place. They threatened, at the same time, to kill him, if he did not persuade Constance de Cezelli, his wife, who had put herself at the head of the garrison, to open the gates. He was immoveable. Constance, informed of the danger of her husband, replied, "that if the Leaguers would do an act of injustice, she could not restrain them, but that she would never purchase the life of her husband, by giving up a fortress for the preservation of which he would glory to die." The besiegers made several other attempts to persuade her, which were ineffectual. Irritated at this courageous resistance, which a generous enemy would have admired, they put in execution their cruel threat, and then raised the siege. The garrison wished to retaliate on the Seigneur de Loupain, who was of the party of the League, and who had been made prisoner; but our heroine opposed it. Henry IV. who knew how to recompense great actions, sent her the brevet as governess of Lucate, with the reversion of it to her son.

MAYOR OF ROCHELLE.

When Rochelle was besieged by the royalist armies in 1627, the inhabitants elected for their Mayor, Captain, and Governor, Jean Guiton. This brave man at first modestly refused the office; but being pressed by all his fellow townsmen, he took up a poignard and said, "I shall be mayor since you wish it, but on the condition that I may be permitted to strike this poignard to the heart of the first who speaks of surrendering. I

consent that you shall do the same to me, if I mention capitulating; and I demand that this poignard lie always ready on the table, when we assemble in the Town House." Cardinal de Richelieu, who conducted the operations of the siege, had raised a mole before the gate of the city, which shut up the entrance, and prevented provisions from reaching it. Some one saying to Guiton, that many of the people had perished of hunger, and that death would soon sweep away all the inhabitants, "Well," said he coolly, "it will be sufficient if one remains to shut the gates."

SIEGE OF TREMBEWLA.

When the Turks, masters of Sbarras, besieged Trembewla in 1675, the nobles of the neighbourhood who had taken refuge in this fortress, seeing the pressing danger, and despairing of succour, proposed to the garrison to surrender the place. The wife of the governor, who without being perceived had heard the resolution that they were about to take, went immediately on the breach to inform her husband of what had passed. Chrasonowski flew instantly to this council of cowards. "It is doubtful," said he, "if thy enemy can take us; but it is certain that if you persist in your pitiful resolution, I will burn you alive in this very hall; the soldiers are at the doors--the match is lighted to execute my orders." This firmness had its effect on the most discouraged, and the defence of the place was continued. The Turks on their side redoubled their efforts. Repulsed four times in succession, they prepared to redeem their defeat by a more vigorous attack. Chrasonowski appeared

alarmed. His wife, who regarded this inquietude as a weakness, instantly seized on two poignards, one of which she presented to her husband. "If thou surrender thyself," said she to him boldly, "the one shall be against thee, and the other against myself." A moment after, the Polish army arrived, and obliged the Turks to raise the siege.

AGED INDIAN.

The French, in the year 1696, attacked the Iroquois Indians in Canada, whom they surprised and dispersed. An illustrious warrior of that nation, who was more than a hundred years old, disdaining to fly, or unable to do it, was taken prisoner, and abandoned to the savages attached to the French force, who following their barbarous customs, made him suffer the most horrible torments. The old man never suffered a sigh to escape him, but boldly reproached his countrymen with rendering themselves slaves to the Europeans, of whom he spoke with great contempt. These invectives aggravated one of the spectators, who gave him three or four blows with his sword to finish him. "Thou art wrong," said the prisoner coolly, "to shorten my life; thou wouldst have had more time to learn how to die like a man."

EMPEROR SIGISMUND.

Some noblemen of Hungary entered the chamber of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, with an intention of assassinating him, or at least of taking him prisoner. The emperor advancing towards them with a look of

great dignity and intrepidity, exclaimed, "Is any one amongst you bold enough to attempt to lay his hands upon me? What have I done to deserve death? If you want to kill me, let any one of you approach me, and I will defend myself."

SURPRISE GALLANTLY MET.

General Visconti, who served in the army of the Imperialists in 1702, being detached with three regiments of horse to observe the enemy, encountered the Duke de Vendome, who with twenty squadrons of horse, and twenty-four companies of grenadiers, had undertaken to surprise him in person. The Imperialists were in so little expectation of an attack, that the greatest part of their horses were at grass. No sooner however did they discover the enemy, than they collected them together, and in a short time were mounted. Vendome advancing with his cavalry, took possession of a stone bridge on the Crostolo to cut off the retreat of the Imperialists, but so far were the latter from demanding quarter, that their officers cried out, "This, my boys, is the time to do your emperor service, and support the glory of Prince Eugene." It is impossible to describe the effect of this short speech upon the soldiers. General Visconti, with his three regiments, thrice defeated the twenty squadrons of the enemy, and one of them dismounting, dislodged them from the bridge, and took possession of it. The French grenadiers now arrived, and made such a terrible fire on the Imperialists that they were obliged to give way. They retired to a building on the side of the road, where they rallied and renewed the combat with double

fury. Their retreat being cut off, they were at last obliged to yield a dear-earned victory to the enemy. Visconti had three horses killed under him, and his men defended themselves with the most determined bravery. The Prince of Commerci, who was sick in bed at Guastalla, having heard of the engagement, hastened to it with such ardour, that he put his boots on without stockings ; but neither he nor the King of Spain, who was no less eager to be present, arrived till the action was over.

MARSHAL VILLARS.

Louis XIV. observed of Marshal Villars, that wherever danger was, he was sure to be present. Being pressed to wear a cuirass, during an action which was likely to prove very sanguinary, he refused, and exclaimed in the presence of the regiment, "I do not consider my existence to be more valuable than that of any of these brave men now standing before me." On another occasion, being exhorted to take care of a life so precious, he replied, "that a general ought to expose his own life, as much as he exposed the lives of others."

The marshal's confessor having told him on his death bed, that the Duke of Berwick had perished by a cannon ball while visiting the trenches ; he immediately exclaimed, "I always deemed him more fortunate than myself," and then immediately expired.

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.

In September, 1777, there happened at St. Petersburg a sudden inundation of a very considerable extent. The empress seeing from her balcony that the water came within reach of the sentinel placed before the palace, called out to him to retire within doors, which the soldier refused to do. The empress asked him if he knew her; the man replied in the affirmative, and that though he knew her majesty, no one but his corporal could relieve him. The waters increased, and reached the sentinel's knees. The empress sent several messages to him, but all to no purpose. It now became requisite to call the corporal, who was found asleep in the guard-house, and he was almost obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head and shoulders above water, and would composedly have suffered himself to be drowned, notwithstanding the formal and repeated orders of his sovereign.

FIRST GRENADIER OF THE FRENCH
ARMY.

Captain La Tour d'Auvergne made the campaign of Savoy in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Augoumois; in the army of the Western Pyrenees, he commanded all the grenadier companies who formed the advanced guard of the army; and this column, surnamed the *Infernal*, had almost always achieved the victory ere the body of the army arrived on the field of battle.

The Directory, as a reward for d'Auvergne's signal services, sent him the appointment of colonel of a regiment; but this promotion he declined, rather than separate himself from his brave grenadiers, with whom he renewed a solemn compact to serve and die together.

When Bonaparte became first consul, he conferred upon the man whom no promotion could reward, the honorary title of "First Grenadier of the French Army." All France confirmed the flattering distinction; and d'Auvergne himself was not insensible to the noble pride which it was so well fitted to inspire.

After the cessation of hostilities, d'Auvergne retired to Passy. When the trumpet again sounded to arms, he generously quitted his retreat, to supply the place of a young conscript, the son of an intimate friend, M. Lebrigant, and entered as a private grenadier into those ranks where he had so many years figured as one of the most illustrious of captains.

On the 21st of June, 1800, d'Auvergne joined the army of the Danube. He was placed at the head of the grenadiers of the 46th demi-brigade, and fought with them at the affair of Oberhausen. Perceiving a hulan who carried a standard, he rushed forward to snatch it from him, but was at that instant attacked by another of the enemy, who coming upon him at a disadvantage, pierced him through the heart.

Thus fell amidst the battle strife, the pride of the French grenadiers. For three days the drums of all the grenadier companies were covered with crape. The 46th demi-brigade still carry the heart of the hero enclosed in a small leaden case, suspended to their colours; and at every appeal to the company of

grenadiers, his memory is recalled to them by these words : "*La Tour D' Auvergne died on the field of honour.*"

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

Dr. Duncan, the chaplain to Lord Duncan, relates the following anecdote of Covey, a marine, who lost both his legs on board the Venerable, his lordship's flag ship at the battle of Camperdown : " You are not," says the doctor, " to imagine that I was circumscribed to the narrow bounds of my clerical office ; in the day of blood I was on triple duty ; alternately acting as a sailor, chaplain, and surgeon's assistant, when the battle might be truly said to bleed in every vein. I was now called to minister to the recoverable, now to the irrecoverable. A marine of the name of Covey was brought down to the surgery deprived of both his legs ; and it was necessary some hours after to amputate still higher. ' I suppose,' says Covey, ' those scissars will finish the business of the bullet, Master Mate ? ' ' Indeed, my brave fellow,' cried the surgeon, ' there is some fear of it.' ' Well, never mind,' said Covey, ' I've lost my legs to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life ; but we beat the Dutch, my boy, we have beat the Dutch ; this blessed day my legs have been shot off, so I'll have another cheer for it---huzza ! huzza ! ' " Covey recovered, and was cook of one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth, where he died in 1805.

GENERAL DUMOURIER.

Dumourier, when a young man, served in the French army, under the command of Marquess de Castries, and was taken prisoner the evening before the battle of Closter Camp, about the year 1760. Being assailed by a score of the enemy's hussars, he defended himself with great bravery, and at the same time called on some of the French troopers who had just fled to come to his assistance. He disabled two of the hussars from continuing the combat; but his horse fell down dead under him; and to increase his misfortune, his left stirrup, which happened to be formed of untempered iron, was bent close to his foot by the weight of his charger. He disengaged his leg, but his foot was still fast; notwithstanding this, he sustained a combat for five minutes against his furious antagonists, until Baron de Behr came up, to whom he surrendered himself a prisoner.

PRINCE OF TALMONT.

The Prince of Talmont (of the house of Tremouille) being driven, after the general rout and dispersion of the Vendean forces, to wander about in the disguise of a peasant in the environs of Laval and Fougere, was at length taken up on suspicion, and conducted before General Beaufort. Disdaining further concealment, as soon as he was asked who he was, he threw off his peasant's bonnet, and undauntedly answered, "I am the Prince of Talmont; sixty-eight combats with the republicans have given me no reason to fear them." An officer

enquired what motive had induced him to embrace the cause of the king? "I am a prince," he indignantly replied, "the Lord of Laval and of Vitre; it was my duty to serve my king; and I will shew by my death that I was worthy of defending the throne." As he spoke he acted; for never was a cause honoured by a martyrdom more heroic than that of the Prince of Talmont.

FRENCH PILOT.

In the year 1793, a vessel was shipwrecked in sight of the French port of Saint Nazaire, in the department of La Loire Inferieure. It had struck on some concealed rocks at the distance of about a league and a half; a dreadful tempest raged at the time; and the crew and passengers, amounting in all to forty-one persons, saw no other prospect than that of perishing in the waves. A pilot of Nazaire, of the name of Matthew Christiern, who had already thrice distinguished himself on similar occasions, resolved once more to risk his life in the cause of humanity. Having prevailed on five other sailors to join him in the brave attempt, they left the shore together in a stout shallop, and after struggling for four hours against the winds and waves, they reached the wreck, and took on board thirty of the crew, being all that the boat could contain. Christiern as he shoved off from the wreck, called out to those who were necessarily left behind, "Have courage till the morning, when you will see me again!"

Christiern landed his precious cargo in safety, and immediately prepared for a second trip. By day

break he was again by the side of the wreck, and before the people of the village were awake, had landed the remainder of the unfortunate crew. Nor did the intrepidity of this brave man stop here. The captain of the shipwrecked vessel being heard to lament the loss of a casket which contained eighteen thousand franks, Christiern ascertained whereabouts it was deposited, and set off a third time for the wreck. After incredible exertions, he got possession of the casket, and returning to the shore, delivered it into the hands of its owner ; of the extent of whose gratitude we are sorry to find no record.

A SON'S DISGRACE NOBLY REPAIRED.

Jolibois, a veteran, having learnt that his son had deserted the first battalion of Paris, felt so indignant at this disgrace to his name, that he instantly resolved to go and supply the recreant's place. He joined the army just before the battle of Jemappe, in which he fought with great gallantry, exclaiming at every shot he fired, "O my son ! why should the painful remembrance of thy fault embitter moments so glorious?"

GENERAL CAMBRONNE.

In an engagement during the late war, a body of troops commanded by the French General Cambronne, after a brave but ineffectual resistance were routed, and himself with a few men left to oppose the efforts of a multitude. The allies justly respecting the courage of this officer, called on him to surrender, and thus preserve a life which could not be sacrificed with

advantage to the cause he defended. Notwithstanding the hopeless situation of his brave officer, he had been too long accustomed to victory to surrender tamely, even when further resistance was useless. Pointing with one hand to his dying comrades, and with the other placing his sword before him, he exclaimed: "*La garde meurt, mais elle ne se rend pas!*" "The guards know how to die, but they cannot surrender." The reply of the general was appreciated as it deserved, and he was saved by his generous foes almost in spite of himself.

THREE-FINGERED JACK.

The famous negro robber, *Three-fingered Jack*, was the terror of Jamaica in the years 1780 and 1781. He was an obi-man, and by his professed incantations was the dread of the negroes, and there were also many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. He had neither accomplices nor associates; he robbed alone; fought all his battles alone, and always either killed his pursuers, or retreated into difficult fastnesses where none dared to follow him. It was thus that he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia at defiance for two years.

At length allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation dated the 12th of December, 1789, and by a resolution which followed it of the house of assembly, two negroes, Quasher and Sam, both of Scot's Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher before he set out on the expedition, got

himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and the whole party crept about the woods for three weeks, but in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of warfare, resolved on proceeding in search of Jack's retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy of spirit, and who was a good shot, and then left the rest of the party. These three had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise, and soon discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war, and came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene in which it was not for ordinary actors to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrific. He told them he would kill them. Reeder instead of shooting Jack, replied that his obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder, and as if paralysed, let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass. Jack and Reeder had a desperate engagement some years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost two fingers, which was the origin of his name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him.

Jack would easily have killed both Sam and Reeder, who were at first afraid of him, but he had prophesied that *white obi* would get the better of him; and from

experience he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder. Without further parley, Jack with the cutlass in his hand threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire, but Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but with his cutlass in his hand plunged down headlong after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts began their bloody struggle. The little boy who was ordered to keep back out of harms way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a circuitous way to get to the field of action ; but when he arrived at the spot where it had commenced, Jack and Reeder had closed and tumbled together down another precipice on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, but he also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes. When he came up to them, he found that though without weapons, they were not idle. Luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and Sam came up just in time to save him, for Jack had caught him by the throat with a giant's grasp. Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his wounds ; both were covered with gore and gashes. In this state, Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. The little boy soon came up, and with his cutlass they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, which they

carried in triumph to Kingston, and received the promised reward.

FIGHTING ENTHUSIASM.

During one of the engagements in the late war in Spain, a private soldier, named William Bisket, had his thigh perforated by a musket ball. With his musket in his hand he quitted the field, the blood flowing from his wound as he passed to the rear. He had proceeded about two hundred yards, when turning round, he beheld his companions supporting the conflict with undiminished ardour. At the sight his bosom was fired anew ; he returned to the gory field, to assist his handful of friends against the numerous legions of their enemies. Being asked what motive induced him to rejoin his company ? he replied, " To have another shot at the rascals, sir, before I leave you." The gallant soldier fired once, and was in the act of presenting his piece a second time, when another ball penetrated his arm above the elbow, shattered the bone, and compelled the hero to retire from the field of honour, regretted by his admiring countrymen.

In another action in the Peninsula, a private in one of the English companies of the name of William Dougald, was hit on the thigh by three spent balls in the course of five minutes, and although all of them were severe in their kind, the poor fellow never quitted the field. A few days afterwards another engagement with the French seemed inevitable, and Dougald being so lame as to be scarcely able to walk, he was desired

to go to the rear. "No," said he, "I will rather die than leave my comrades." With the utmost pain and exertions he kept up with the company; he reached the enemy; fought bravely; and in fifteen minutes was stretched lifeless on the ground by the side of one of their riflemen.

RISING FROM THE RANKS.

A private soldier in the Imperialist army, during its campaigns under Prince Eugene, raised himself to rank in the service by his heroic exploits.

The first occasion on which he signalized himself was in the command of a party commissioned to seize a French bark with a large booty. He had accomplished his object, when hearing that a party of the enemy were out to cut off his retreat, he hid the booty, and then engaged the enemy, most of whom he made prisoners. Upon this he received a lieutenant's commission.

Soon afterwards he undertook to enter the enemy's camp, whence he brought off thirteen officers out of one tent, who were diverting themselves at hazard in the dead of the night. Being pursued by a party of dragoons, he was obliged to leave his prisoners behind him; but kept his booty. For this exploit, he was advanced to be a captain lieutenant.

In the year 1712, he entered the fort of St. Knoque disguised as a hair merchant, and discovering its weakness, he solicited and obtained the command of a detachment of one hundred and eighty men, with which he returned and took it, although garrisoned by four regiments, three French and one Swiss. No

sooner had he got possession, and received some provisions and a reinforcement of forty men, than he was attacked by a French force of a thousand men and several pieces of cannon, who summoned him to surrender. On his refusal, the French officer offered to bribe him with 10,000 rix dollars, a pension of 5000 florins a year, besides a regiment of dragoons, provided he would deliver up the fort; but De Rue's integrity was equal to his courage, and he nobly refused.

The states general were so much pleased with his conduct on this occasion, that they appointed him commander of the fort, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of 1200 florins a year.

SIR JOHN PURCELL.

In the year 1811, the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort in Ireland, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him, that having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found, before the door, leading from the parlour into the bed-chamber, had been broke open. While he stood

in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-up door expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bed-room was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moon-light, a body of men, all armed, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing, Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who upon receiving this thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed; shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and, without betraying any audible emotion whatever, that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated

his own safety, from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with at least any serious wound : and in this state of firm and manly expectation he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment, with similar effect ; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers, than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had adopted ; he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged. The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were on the ground, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of his weapon with his finger, and

found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after he found himself wholly released from it; the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it. At length the robbers finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man servant from his bed, who during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grand child, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till the daylight appeared. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers, that they were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed and three severely wounded in the conflict.

SIEGE OF ISMAILOW.

The city of Ismailow, situated on the Danube, was a town of great strength, and garrisoned with thirteen thousand men, the flower of the Turkish army, when Suwaroff determined to finish the military operations of the year 1790, by attacking this celebrated fortress.

Suwaroff had an army of thirty thousand regular troops, and a number of vessels that blockaded the town, on the side of the Danube. By means of these vessels the Turkish ships were destroyed; the batteries erected along the river were assaulted and carried, after a bloody dispute; and a lodgment made opposite to the lower parts of the town, which were of less difficult access than the others.

Encouraged by this success, the Russians prepared to give a general assault. To this intent they were divided into as many bodies as there appeared places practicable for an attack. In this manner they assailed the town with all the fury of men who knew this was their last effort, and that if they now miscarried, they must give up all further hope of succeeding. The Turks on the other hand animated by the successful resistance which they hitherto had made, received them with an intrepidity that had never been surpassed in the course of this destructive war. Eight times were the Russians repulsed from every quarter they had assailed, with a slaughter that seemed to have diminished their strength so considerably, as to put it out of their power to continue the attack. Two of their generals lay dead, and

five others were dangerously wounded and unable to act. In this extremity, General Suwaroff took the desperate resolution of conquering, or of not surviving his defeat. To supply the loss of the slain, the horsemen were ordered to dismount and join the infantry. Placing himself at their head, he advanced to the charge with a standard in his hand. The attack was now renewed with additional resolution; but still the Turks met them with unshaken firmness, and the carnage on both sides was truly terrible. The slaughter was the more inevitable, as an incessant and most tremendous fire proceeded from the batteries of the besiegers and of the besieged, who by the eagerness with which they fought, were equally exposed.

This dreadful assault lasted eight hours. It began at five in the morning, and it was one at noon when, by dint of perseverance and of numbers, the Russians made an effectual impression on the besieged, and began to force their way into the town. The Turks, though conquered, seemed determined, however, not to yield; they continued to fight with an obstinacy inspired by indignation and despair. The computation of those who perished by the swords of the Russians, amounted to about twenty-four thousand, including the Turkish inhabitants who fell in this destructive siege; and of the victors little less, it was believed, than half this number was killed.

COOLNESS.

At the battle of Minden, a corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. de N. Perer, were exposed to a battery that carried off whole files at once. N. Perer wishing them not to fall back, rode slowly in front of the line with his snuff-box in his hand, and said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon? Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on, and never mind it."

In the attack on Martinico, in 1761, Admiral Rodney superintended the landing of the artillery; and sent on shore a large body of seamen, who carried the cannon upwards of three miles, through what might seem almost insurmountable difficulties, and drew the heaviest guns and mortars up the mountains, exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy. With such singular coolness and intrepidity was this duty performed, that on the first cannon which ascended the heights a sailor was seen sitting, singing the national air of "God save the King."

At the battle of Marengo, Lieutenant Conrad, of the 2nd regiment of horse artillery, had his leg carried off by a cannon ball. He consoled himself while lying on the ground, with observing the range of his battery. The soldiers wished to remove him, but he refused their assistance. "Keep to your guns," said he, "and take care to point lower."

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

Frederick the Great being once posted in the New Marck, opposite to the immense Russian army, and only separated from it by the narrow bed of a river, went out to reconnoitre the enemy, accompanied by the adjutant, one of his pages, and a groom. Having laid his glass upon the shoulder of the page, he began to observe the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived him, kept up a smart fire upon the place where he stood. The balls struck into the ground on all sides of him, and covered his coat and his hat with the earth which they threw up. At last the adjutant thought it his duty to apprize the king of his danger, and pulling him gently by the coat, he begged his majesty would not remain in so dangerous a spot; at the same time pointing out to him the effects of the enemy's fire upon his clothes. The king did not answer him for some minutes; but he at last turned his head, and said with great composure, "If you are afraid, sir, you may go back;" and then continued his observations. After seeing every thing he wished, he said to the page, "Now I have done, you may pack up again." He then mounted his horse, rode gently towards the camp, and conversed with the adjutant upon different subjects.

During the bombardment of Cadiz by the French in the last war, a man was placed in the steeple of the church of San Francisco, to announce the danger as soon as he saw the smoke issuing from the Napoleon battery, where the mortars was placed; which

he was to do by tolling the bell. A shell, of whose approach he had one day given warning, struck the steeple, and took away part of the wall of the small belfry, where he was placed. Although the man knew that they never fired one mortar until they had prepared two, yet he was so little affected by the danger of his situation, or by the dreadful engine of destruction that had passed so near him, that on perceiving, in less than the space of half a minute after, the fellow shell fired off, he gave his accustomed warning with the greatest coolness, by again tolling the bell, which had escaped uninjured.

FAMILY SACRIFICE.

During the French revolution, a Madame Saint-maraule, with her daughter, and a youth, her son, not yet of age, were confined in prison and brought to trial. The mother and daughter behaved with resolution, and were sentenced to die; but of the youth no other notice was taken, except that he was remanded back to prison. "What!" exclaimed the boy, "am I then to be separated from my mother? It cannot be!" and immediately he cried out, "*Vive le Roi!*" In consequence of this he was instantly condemned to death, and with the mother and his sister, was led out to execution.

CHILD SAVED.

A small cluster of houses in the department of Mont Blanc, were on the night of the 27th and 28th of January, 1806, consumed by fire. Surprised in

their sleep, the people of the hamlet had scarcely time to escape from the flames ; and when collected together, it was discovered that a child of about seven years of age was missing. The roof which covered it was on the point of falling in ; its loss appeared inevitable ; terror and dismay was in every countenance. Moved by the cries of its parents, Antoine Rappaz, a peasant, who had lost his all, and had nothing left but the shirt which covered him, stepped forward, and, regardless of a peril which appalled every one else, dashed into the midst of the flames. He reached the bed where the child had been laid ; but it was gone ! He sought it every where, and at last discovered the poor innocent lying in a corner, half dead through terror and suffocation. He snatched it up, and placing it on his shoulders, leaped a height of fifteen feet, to escape from the flames. A moment later, and the heroic intrepidity of the generous Antoine would have been of no avail. He had scarce restored the child to the arms of its overjoyed parents, when the roof of the house fell in, with a crash which made the hearts of the beholders thrill at the idea of the destruction which had been so narrowly escaped.

The government could not allow so noble an action to pass unrewarded. A handsome gratuity was presented to Antoine by the Prefect of the Department ; to which the Minister of the Interior added a medal, on which this peasant's heroism may pass recorded to his posterity.

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

After the reduction of Cyprus by the Turks, in the sixteenth century, they plundered the coasts of Dalmatia, Istria, and Italy, with impunity, until their fleet was met by the confederates in the gulph of Lepanto, near Corinth, and received a signal defeat. All the passions which can animate human nature were roused ; and all the instruments of war, of ancient and modern invention, were employed ; arrows, javelins, fire-balls, grappling irons, cannon, muskets, spears, and swords. The combatants fought hand to hand in most of the galleys grappled together, as on a field of battle. Hali, the Turkish admiral, surrounded by four hundred Janissaries ; and Don John of Austria, who commanded the Christian fleet, with an equal number of chosen men, maintained a most desperate struggle for three hours. At last Hali was slain, his galley taken, and his head fixed on the stern, in place of the Turkish standard, while the banner of the cross, displayed from the mainmast, announced his defeat. The Turks gave way in every place. They lost thirty thousand men in the conflict, ten thousand were made prisoners, and nearly the whole of their galleys, which amounted to two hundred and thirty, were either taken or destroyed.

THE MEN OF KENT.

In the celebrated battle of Hastings, fought between Harold, and William Duke of Normandy, for

no less a prize than that of England, the Kentish men formed a complete phalanx, and each attack that the Normans made on it was unsuccessful. The duke charged in person with his choicest troops, but could make no impression. The English never exhibited nobler proofs of courage, nor ever maintained a battle with greater obstinacy, nor perhaps ever were charges more vigorously made, or more bravely repulsed. For five hours was the fight maintained, without an inch of ground being gained by either party.

The duke finding he could not break the English phalanx, had recourse to stratagem. He ordered a retreat to be sounded, and began to march off the ground with all the appearance of confusion; when the English believing the enemy routed, followed them in real disorder. The duke finding his stratagem succeed, immediately rallied, and attacked the English with the utmost impetuosity.

Harold seeing the victory snatched out of his hands, and his army flying in disorder, assembled all the fugitives he could collect on an eminence near the field of battle. Here he resolved to make a stand, and exhorting his troops to behave like heroes, and remember the fate of the kingdom depended on the victory, waited the attack of the enemy, who were advancing; and gave them such a brave reception, that they were soon repulsed, with considerable loss. The Duke of Normandy particularly exposed himself in the hottest part of the action, and had two horses killed under him. Not dismayed, he made another vigorous effort, in which, at last, the English king was slain, and his army entirely defeated.

INTREPID BISHOP.

A house in the town of Auch had taken fire ; the whole staircase was in flames ; and in the highest story there was a feeble old woman, cut off apparently from every way of escape. The bishop of the place offered two thousand francs to any person who would rescue her from destruction. No one presented himself ; the flames made rapid progress ; the unfortunate victim of years and infirmity was on the point of perishing. The bishop did not stop any longer to deliberate ; he wrapped a wet cloth around him ; rushed into the midst of the raging element ; reached the woman ; and brought her down in safety.

SCHOOL-BOYS IN DANGER.

In August, 1800, six young boys had gone to bathe in the small river of Briausole, in Upper Vienne, and selected a place where the water appeared of a proper depth ; they were ignorant that close by it there was a deep abyss. One of them, about twelve years of age, was the first who was surprised by the danger, and disappeared from the sight of his companions. Poulon Leysenne, aged thirteen, forgetting all consideration for his own safety, in an affectionate anxiety for that of his companion, dived after him ; but he also appeared to have sunk to rise no more ! A third boy, of the age of twelve, nothing daunted by a circumstance so appalling, quickly followed Leysenne's example, but with no happier success ; all the three were now under water. It may seem

incredible that a fourth could be found of so stout a heart, as to repeat an experiment which had already snatched so many of his companions from his sight! Yet what will boyish enterprise and attachment not attempt? Antoine Leger, aged thirteen, unhesitatingly plunged in after his three companions; but, alas! only to share with them in their danger.

Four of the youthful party were now engulfed in the abyss; death had them struggling within its grasp. At this critical moment, a miller who lived hard by, attracted to the spot by the cries of the remaining boys, brought with him a long perch, with which he fortunately succeeded in drawing out alive three of the boys. Leysenne alone remained; he who had first devoted himself in the gallant attempt at rescue. The miller found it impossible to reach him with his perch. What was to be done? One of the two boys who had taken no active part in the preceding scene, a mere child of no more than ten years of age, plunged in to achieve what had baffled all the exertions of his elder playmates. He was at the bottom of the pool before his disappearance was remarked; and in an instant after re-appeared with the object of his solicitude, who, nearly exhausted, was not without difficulty restored to life!

GENERAL PAEZ.

The late General Paez, who commanded the Venezuelan cavalry, was the most enterprising of all the officers who have fought under the republican banners in South America. Paez was self-taught, and sprang up all of a sudden during the revolution, before which

he was hardly heard of. When it broke out, he was soon found at the head of a numerous body; his courage, intrepidity, and repeated successes, speedily gained him a reputation. The quickness of his movements, the rapidity with which he pursued the flying enemy, the personal conflicts in which he had been engaged, and the conquests he had made both collectively and individually, rendered him the admiration of his adherents, and the dread of his enemies, into whom his very name struck terror, as they advanced to the plains and savannas to encounter him. General Paez was uncommonly active; he would for amusement, as he did before some English officers, single out a wild bull from the herd of cattle, and ride him down, pass his lance through, and thus slay him; or gallop up to the animal's rear, and grasping the tail firmly in his hand, twist it so suddenly and strongly as to throw the beast on his side, when if some of his followers did not come up, he would by a cut of his sabre, hamstring and leave him.

Bolivar being in company with Paez on the banks of the Orinoco, on a reconnoitring excursion, and perceiving four of the enemy's gun boats about half a mile distant, expressed a wish that the Independents were in possession of them, to enable them to make an attack by water on the other side. Paez declared he would soon accomplish his wish; at which Bolivar laughed, and asked how he intended to come at them? The taunt piqued Paez, who immediately collected a party of his most tried adherents, and calling upon them to follow him, drew his sword, and placing it in his mouth, plunged into the stream. He succeeded in boarding and capturing the enemy's boats with very

little loss, and returned in triumph, to the no small astonishment of Bolivar and his troops.

FEMALE RESOLUTION.

The gazette of Augsburg, for January, 1820, gives a singular account of the heroism and presence of mind displayed by the daughter of a game-keeper, residing in a solitary house near Welheim. Her father and the rest of the family had gone to church, when there appeared at the door an old man apparently half dead with cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window which communicated from the room she had left him in, with the kitchen, she perceived that he had dropped the beard he wore when he entered; that he now appeared a robust man; and that he was pacing the chamber with a poignard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand and the boiling soup in the other, and entering the room where he was, first threw the soup in his face, and then struck him a blow with the hatchet on his neck, which brought him to the ground senseless. At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of an upper window, when she saw a strange hunter who demanded admittance, and on her refusal threatened to break open the door; she immediately got her father's gun, and as he was proceeding to put his threat in execution, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he made his way back to the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came, and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and

after useless menaces, if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to break it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The excitements of her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired shots and screamed from the windows, until some gens-d'armes were attracted to the house, but nothing would induce her to open the door until the return of her father from church.

UNEXPECTED REWARD.

M. Labat, a merchant of Bayonne, ill in health, had retired in the beginning of the winter, 1803, to a country house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading in his robe-de-chambre, on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse, from the opposite bank, into the midst of the torrent. M. Labat was a good swimmer; he did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but ill as he was, threw off his robe-de-chambre, leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at the moment when having lost all sensation, he must have otherwise inevitably perished. "Oh, God!" exclaimed M. Labat, clasping him in his arms, and recognizing with a transport of joy the individual he had saved; "sacred humanity! what do I not owe thee? I have saved my son!"

NEW COLOURS.

James II. when Duke of York, served some time under Marshal Turenne, and was present at the siege of Etampes, in 1652. In his memoirs he gives the

following account of a daring achievement of Turenne's own regiment, in regaining one of the outworks: "They went on," he says, "in the face of both armies, all of which were either spectators of that action, or engaged in it; and without any manner of diversion, or so much as one cannon shot to favour them, they came up to the attack. Notwithstanding the continual fire which was made at them, both from the work and the wall of the town, they marched on without firing one single shot; the captains themselves taking the colours in their hands, and marching with them at the head of their soldiers till they were advanced to the work, which was crowded with men as thick as they could stand by one another; and then at one instant poured in their shot and came up to push of pike with so much gallantry and resolution, that they beat out the enemy, and lodged themselves upon the work. All this they performed with the loss of only one captain of the regiment, and one or two more inferior officers, not many of the private soldiers falling. It was universally confessed by all who were then present, that they never saw so daring an action. Marshal Turenne himself, and the most experienced officers of the army, were all of opinion, that it had been impossible for them to have done so much, if their colours had not been always in their view. And this action was partly the occasion that the regiments afterwards made them new colours, for both the old regiments and others had taken an ill kind of pride in having their colours tattered out and worn so bare, that there was almost nothing to be seen but the ensign staff; the regiment of Turenne being the only one which had any visible colours, not excepting the French guards themselves."

LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN.

In the commencement of the Vendéen war, the royalists took Saumur. M. de la Rochejacquelein attacked the republican camp, and turned it; the ditch was crossed, a wall beyond it thrown down, and the post carried. M. de la Rochejacquelein throwing his hat into the entrenchment, called out, "Who will go and fetch it?" and darting forward the first himself, he was quickly followed by a great number of brave peasants.

This gallant youth, who commanded the Vendéen army, and was always at the post of honour and of danger, fell in the cause he had so ardently espoused, in the twenty-first year of his age.

D'ELBÉE.

When the Vendéen General, M. d'Elbée, was taken prisoner by the republicans, he was at death's door from his wounds. They entered his chamber, saying, "So this is d'Elbée!" "Yes," replied he, "you see your greatest enemy, and had I strength to fight, you should not have taken Noirmoutier; or at least you should have purchased it dearly." They kept him five days, and loaded him with insults; but he submitted to their examinations with great moderation, until at length exhausted by suffering, he said, "Gentlemen, it is time to conclude; let me die." As he was unable to stand, they placed this brave and virtuous general in an arm chair, where he was shot.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS.

A Vendéen heroine of the name of Jeanne Robin, could not be dissuaded from taking up arms in the cause of royalty. She obtained one of the coarse cottons which were given to the poorest of the soldiers, took the sacrament, and then hastened to the camp. The evening before the battle of Thouars, she sought for M. de Lescure, and addressing him, said, "General, I am a woman! Madame de Lescure knows it, and also that my character is good. Tomorrow there is to be a battle; let me but have a pair of shoes, and I am sure I shall fight, so that you will not send me away." She indeed fought under the eye of M. de Lescure, and called to him, "General, you must not pass me, I shall always be nearer the blues (the republicans) than you." She was wounded in the hand, but this only animated her the more, and showing it to him, she said, "This is nothing." Then rushing furiously into the thickest part of the engagement, she perished.

After a great assault at Ostend, among the heaps of slain was found the body of a young Spanish woman, who it was conjectured by her wounds had been slain in the assault. She had under her apparel a chain of gold set with precious stones, besides other jewels. It never could be ascertained who she was, or what had induced her to brave the hazards of war, although every enquiry was made on the subject.

MAHOMETAN CONQUEROR.

The first chief who exalted the banners of Mahomet in the fertile fields of Bengal, was Bukhtyar Khulijy. Nature had not been favourable to Bukhtyar in his formation ; he was ill-favoured and of a mean appearance ; and amongst other deformities of his person, it is stated, that when he stood upright, the ends of his fingers extended considerably below his knees. When arrived at the age of manhood, he twice offered himself as a volunteer to the officers of Mahommed Ghory, sovereign of Lahore ; but they, disgusted with his appearance, refused to enrol him among their levies. Finding it impossible to obtain employment in the Imperial service, he enlisted as a cavalier with Oughul Beg, one of the provincial governors. In this situation, his activity, courage, and abilities, soon recommended him to the notice of his superiors, and he quickly obtained promotion.

When Bukhtyar had acquired some celebrity in his new situation, he prevailed on several parties of his own tribe who were in want of employment, to accept him as their commander ; and having afterwards signalized himself on many important occasions, he was at length (about the year 696) appointed by Cuttub Addeen, the Viceroy of Delhi, to the command of an army destined to the conquest of Behar.

In this undertaking he was eminently successful, and returned at the end of two years loaded with plunder, the whole of which he laid at the feet of the Viceroy, who was so much pleased with his conduct, that he conferred on him such honours as excited the envy of all his competitors.

The mode which the courtiers of Delhi devised to get rid of the envied Bukhtyar, was one not uncommon in the History of the East. (See *Shere Afghun---Anecdotes of Enterprise*, p. 7.) On a public occasion, when the whole court of the Viceroy were assembled, some of the nobles took an opportunity of introducing the subject of the late conquest of Behar, and of extolling the feats of bravery performed by the general; they added, that such was their high opinion of his courage, they were sure he would, single-handed, contend with and overcome a fierce elephant; this being contradicted by some other person in the secret, the question was at length submitted to the Viceroy, and by him proposed to Bukhtyar, who dreading the imputation of cowardice more than death, boldly agreed to try the contest.

One of those elephants which are kept for fighting by the Princes of the East, was introduced into the area in front of the palace; and Bukhtyar, without making any other preparation than merely throwing off his coat and girding up his loins, advanced with a battle axe in his hand.

The elephant, urged on by its driver, made a charge at Bukhtyar, who dexterously avoided it, and at the same moment struck the elephant with his battle axe with such force on the trunk, that the animal screamed out and ran off. Shouts of wonder and acclamation resounded through the palace, and the Viceroy not only presented the general with a large sum of money himself, but ordered all the nobles to present him with an offering of congratulation. The sum collected on this occasion was of considerable value; but Bukhtyar scorning to be thus enriched, added a sum of his own,

and made a donation of the whole to the inferior servants of the court.

Shortly after this transaction, Bukhtyar was in the year of the Hejira, 699, appointed governor of Behar, with orders to extend his conquests over all the neighbouring territories.

PARISIAN YOUTH.

When the allied armies were approaching Paris, in the year 1814, a column of five thousand men were detached from the capital to escort an immense convoy of ammunition, and a hundred thousand rations of bread, for Bonaparte's army. It was intercepted by the allied forces with great superiority of numbers. Pressed and charged on all sides, the French column formed itself into several squares, and opposed the most courageous resistance. It consisted merely of young soldiers and national guards, but nothing could intimidate them. The squares continued to fire as they marched; braving the charges of the cavalry, rejecting every summons on the part of the Russian officers, and refusing to lay down their arms, in spite of the most vigorous attacks. It was in vain that Colonel Rapatel, a French officer in the Russian service, advanced alone to end this useless struggle. The French troop, though surrounded and despairing of escape, wished at least to die with glory. "Friends and fellow countrymen," exclaimed Rapatel, "cease your resistance. You have conducted yourselves with honour, and Alexander will give you liberty on the spot." Scarcely had he spoken, when he was struck by two musket balls, and fell dead on the spot.

The artillery alone could subdue this handful of brave men, who maintained the contest against the whole allied army. The batteries opened their fires, and broke the squares ; while cavalry rushed among them, scattering death and disorder around. There was no alternative but to yield ; and as they defiled before the Emperor Alexander, he complimented them on their heroic conduct.

VICTIM OF GENEROUS DARING.

A husbandman of the name of Altemade, a native of Holland, who had lived from his early youth a rural life, in the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast, at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest. The greatest part of the crew perished in the waves ; the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks, that still floated on the surface of the water. No boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people ; the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them ; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse ; and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time, on his return, a rapid and immense surge threw down his horse, the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate men he was endeavouring to save. What death could be more glorious than in such a cause. !

MULEY MOLOCK.

The Africans record wonders of the life and death of their king, Muley Molock, who was invaded by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. The royal Moor was wasted away by sickness; and on the day when the two armies met in battle he was almost ready to expire. He was conveyed to his camp in a litter, where he gave particular directions to his officers to be very careful to conceal his death if he should expire during the action. He was conveyed from rank to rank, where by signs, by his presence, and his words, he exhorted the Moors to fight gallantly in the defence of their religion and their country. The battle commenced, and the African king's right wing was pushed by the Portugeze to their centre. When the sick prince beheld his soldiers in disorder, and flying shamefully before a victorious enemy, he threw himself from his litter; his whole soul was fired; he resolved, though dying, to endeavour to animate them to the recovery of their ground: his officers in vain opposed him; he made his way sword in hand. The Moors thus encouraged by the example of their prince, returned to the charge, repulsed the enemy, and regained their honour. The king had no sooner performed this heroic act, than fainting in the arms of his officers, he was conveyed to his litter; and the moment after, just as he expired, he put his finger to his lips, to remind them to conceal his death, as he had requested.

MARSHAL NEY.

On the memorable retreat from Portugal, Marshal Ney commanded the rear guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the English troops. On retreating through Pombal, the moment the English entered the town, the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made, even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney, being made acquainted with the fact, instantly turned round, and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure, but he felt it necessary to 'prove to his lordship, that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

This prince, the brother of the Emperor of Russia, is a man of rather unpolished manners and of Herculean strength. His personal courage is notorious; in all the engagements during the late war, he headed the charges of his guards like a common grenadier, baring his arm to his shoulder, and raising his sabre, exclaiming, "Now, my lads, let us at them!"

SIEGE OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

In the assault on Bergen-op-Zoom by Lord Lyndoch, which was so boldly undertaken, and so strangely dis-

appointed when success seemed almost certain, a Dutch officer in the English service led the attack on one of the bastions. He was a native of the town, and it was supposed had been useful in furnishing hints for the attack. He led on his party with the utmost gallantry, and although the greater number of them fled, or fell under a heavy fire, he descended into the main ditch, crossed it upon the ice, and forced his way, followed by a handful of men, as far as the internal defences of the place. He had already mounted the inner glacis, when he was wounded in many places, and precipitated into the ditch ; and as his followers were unable to bring him off, he remained on the ice until next morning, when being alive, he became a prisoner to the French, and died of his wounds a few days afterwards.

SIR PETER PARKER.

“ There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave ;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph sweeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow’s purest sigh
O’er ocean’s heaving bosom sent ;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue ;
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

* * * *

And, gallant PARKER, thus enshrin'd,
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
And early valour, glowing find,
A model in thy memory."

LORD BYRON.

Although the gallant Sir Peter Parker fell in the bloom of youth, yet he had already reaped a rich harvest of glory. Brought up under the immediate eye of the immortal Nelson, he partook largely of his daring spirit.

When cruising off the coast of Italy, in the *Menelaus*, in the year 1812, he saw a large brig and several small vessels in the bay of Orbitello. He reconnoitred the fort of St. Stephano; and although its strength was great, consisting of a battery of two guns, one of four guns, and a citadel of fourteen guns, yet Sir Peter determined to cut them out, although they were anchored within musket shot of the shore, and of the batteries. Actuated with that ardent zeal which knew no difficulty, and that dauntless spirit which feared no danger, he left the ship with two gigs, two cutters, a launch with an eighteen pounder cannonade, carrying one hundred and thirty seamen and forty marines, leaving the first lieutenant in charge of the ship. This gallant little band had to face the fire of the citadel and batteries, a regular force of four hundred troops, and the inhabitants of the town, who were under arms to receive them. Sir Peter was to carry, if possible, the vessels in the harbour; Lieutenants Beynon and Wilcock with the marines, were to storm the batteries commanding it. They now pushed rapidly under a volley of fire for the shore; which they had no sooner reached, than the officers leaped out of the boat with the marines, and led them

immediately to the charge up the hill, driving three times their number of the enemy into a four-gun battery, which they instantly stormed, putting all to the sword, and spiking the guns. The vessels were boarded and carried by Sir Peter Parker in the most dashing and brilliant style, though moored within half pistol shot of the batteries. Cries of "Wellington" and "Nelson," (the sign and countersign of the night) resounded through the harbour, and on the hill proclaimed possession of the battery and the vessels.

The bright career of this brave officer terminated in the war against the United States. He still commanded the *Menelaus* frigate of thirty-eight guns. Determined to make a diversion in favour of the British army on the side of Baltimore, he sailed up the Chesapeake, and resolved by a night attack to surprise the enemy's forces, and destroy their camp. Accordingly on the night of the 30th of August, 1814, at eleven o'clock, he landed a body of seamen, and a party of marines, not exceeding altogether one hundred and forty men, and after a march of four miles reached the enemy. He found him drawn up in a plain, surrounded by woods, with their camp in the rear, and their strength consisting of five hundred militia, a troop of horse and five pieces of artillery. He attacked them immediately, and compelled them to a rapid retreat behind their cannon. While animating his men to pursue their success, Sir Peter was mortally wounded by a musket shot. On receiving his wound he smiled, and said to one of his lieutenants, "They have hit me, Pearce, at last, but it is nothing; push on, my brave fellows, and follow me!" cheering his men with such undaunted heroism, that even his dying accents may be said to

have been strains of triumph. The men as enthusiastically returned his cheer. He advanced at their head a few paces farther, when staggering under the rapid flow of blood from the wound, he fell into the arms of his second lieutenant, Mr. Pearce, and faintly desiring him to sound the bugle, to collect the men and leave him on the field, he finally surrendered without a sigh his brave spirit to the mercy of heaven.

His men collected around his body, and swore never to deliver it up to the enemy but with their lives. A handful of gallant fellows bore him from the field, before a force four times superior. The men who carried him were occasionally changed, but a sailor of the name of William Porrel, refused to quit the body a moment, and unrelieved sustained his portion of the weight to the shore. When it was suggested by some present, that the enemy might rally and cut off their retreat, he exclaimed, "No! never shall a Yankee lay a hand on the body of my captain, while I have life or strength to defend it." Sir Peter Parker was only twenty-eight years of age when he died.

SERGEANT MILLIGAN.

In an attack made on a French *Settée*, armed with four six pounders, twelve mounted musketoons and small arms, by the boats of the *Melpomene* frigate, Captain Parker, off the coast of Leghorn, in the year 1806, Lieutenant Thompson in the barge and five seamen were killed, six desperately wounded, and several others disabled. The ship and other boats were at a considerable distance; but the survivors persevered and hooked on. Mr. Butler, Lieutenant Gascoigne, and

Sergeant Thomas Milligan, were the only persons enabled to board, at which time the enemy's crew consisted of eighteen men, three of whom were killed and fifteen made prisoners. The conduct of Milligan peculiarly excited the admiration of his brave comrades and captain. Being in the bow of the barge, he was the first man that boarded the settee ; and on his leaping on the deck, six muskets were presented in his face, the fatal effects of which he rapidly avoided, by throwing himself instantly into the midst of the enemy's crew. Owing to the number of killed and wounded in the barge, and the settee continuing under sail, only five men were able to follow the sergeant ; and after some resistance the enemy were forced to retreat and disperse, and six of them leaped into their own boat, carrying their arms and ammunition with them. Sergeant Milligan fearing that they might do considerable mischief with their muskets, and knowing that the barge could not follow, he jumped down into the middle of them. He was instantly seized and thrown overboard ; but in the struggle, he grappled and carried one of the enemy with him, whom he killed in the water with his cutlass. The other boats of the Melpomene now coming up, every exertion was made to save the sergeant, who was seen swimming a-stern of the settee, apparently very faint, having received several wounds during the action. One of the lieutenants of the ship seeing an oar close behind him, called to Milligan to get hold of it, in order to receive some assistance, till the boat could get up to him, which afterwards picked him up. On his being asked when safe on board, if he had gained the assistance of the oar floating by him, he replied, " No, sir, I did not know the enemy had all surrendered : and

I could not bear the idea of turning my back on the enemy's vessel." The patriotic fund presented this brave fellow with forty pounds.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

The attack on Algiers, whether considered as to its object, or the success with which that object was accomplished, must be regarded as one of the most glorious achievements of the British arms. Resolved to punish the wanton outrages committed by that piratical state on the laws of nations and the rights of humanity, Lord Exmouth first sent a message to the Dey, with the terms which he demanded ; these not being acceded to, his lordship still waited for them to fire first. When, much to the gratification of the British, who were impatient for the attack, he saw the flash of one of their guns, before he heard the sound, he exclaimed with great alacrity, " That will do ; fire, my fine fellows." A tremendous broadside was immediately given with great cheering, which made havoc among the people on shore.

In this engagement the most determined bravery was displayed. Some of the sailors wanting wadding, impatiently tore their jackets in pieces, and crammed buttons and all into the guns ; while the soldiers' wives on board some of the ships supplied their husbands with powder and shot during the engagement.

During the action, the *Leander* lay for a considerable time exposed to a most destructive fire of shot and shells. Every one was at his post ; and among others, Mr. Colthorpe, master's mate, was ordered into

the fore-top, where he remained unhurt during the hottest of the conflict. When the batteries were found to slacken their fire, he was called on to perform some duty on deck. He came down smiling, and taking the lieutenant by the hand, pointed to the mole where the Algerine fleet lay on fire, and in a most impressive manner, with his eyes flashing fire, and his whole countenance full of animation, exclaimed in the language of Lord Byron, in his poem of the Corsair,

“ Much has been done, but more remains to do---
Their gallies burn! why not their city too?”

Scarcely had the words died on his lips, when a round shot struck him on the head, and blew it to atoms.

Lord Exmouth escaped unhurt most miraculously, for his coat was cut to pieces by musket balls and by grape shot.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented, at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. While he stood on the centre of the high road in front of Mount St. Jean, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his

suite, and the movements of the officers, who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he observed to one of his suite, "That's good practice ; I think they fire better than in Spain." Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, 95th, we must not be beat ; what will they say in England ?" On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, "Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen ; let's see who will pound longest."

One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the duke, that his brigade was reduced to one third of its numbers ; and that those who remained were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot we now occupy." "It is enough," returned the general ; "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate."

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA.

Next to the Duke of Wellington, the success of the battle of Waterloo was, perhaps, more indebted to the first "cavalry officer in the world," as the gallant

marquess is called, than to any other of the numerous warriors who so gloriously distinguished themselves on that eventful day. "He displayed," says an eye witness of his lordship's conduct on the field, on this occasion, "consummate valour in the sight of his admiring men. As it was the greatest object at the moment to kindle the spirit of our troops; what could more effectually do this than the display, gallantry, and dash of their superior? This was the more important, as it is also a certain fact, that not having as yet made an essay on the cuirassiers, they entertained the idea that all attack upon them was ineffectual."

Twice had the marquess, then Earl of Uxbridge, led the guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of "Now for the honour of the household troops," when three heavy masses of the enemy's infantry advanced, supported by artillery, and a numerous body of cuirassiers. This formidable body drove in the Belgians, leaving the Highland brigade to receive the shock, and which gave them a formidable check. At this critical moment, the Earl of Uxbridge galloped up to the second heavy brigade, (Ponsonby's) when the three regiments were wheeled up in the most masterly style, presenting a beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men. As his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. Then placing himself at their head, he made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked consisted of upwards of nine thousand men, under Count D'Erlon. Of these three thousand ere made prisoners, and the rest killed, with the ex-

ception of about a thousand men, who formed themselves under cover of the cuirassiers.

His lordship afterwards led the "household troops" in several brilliant attacks, cutting in pieces whole battalions of the old guard, into whose masses they penetrated; when after having successfully got through this arduous day, he received a wound in the knee, by almost the last shot that was fired. The wound was such, that it was found necessary to amputate the leg.

AFFAIR OF LIGNY.

At the battle of Ligny, two days previous to that of Waterloo, a major of the 42nd Highlanders preferring to fight on foot in front of his men, gave his horse to the care of a drummer boy in the regiment. After some severe fighting with the French cuirassiers and lancers, and after receiving several severe wounds, he fell from loss of blood, near a brave private of his corps, Donald Mackintosh, who was mortally wounded at the same instant. The little drummer lad had left the horse to assist poor Donald; which a lancer seeing, thought the horse a fair prize, and made a dash at it. This did not escape the watchful and keen eye of the dying Highlander, who, with all the provident spirit of his country, "ruling strong in death," groaned out, "Hoot man, ye manna tak that beast, it belongs to our captain here." The lancer neither understanding him, nor respecting his writhing gestures, seized on the horse. Donald loaded his musket once more, shot the lancer dead, and the next moment fell back and expired. The major was

conveyed to the rear, and recovered, although he had received *sixteen* severe wounds in this unequal and arduous conflict.

TRAITS OF WATERLOO.

Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand, like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me do?" answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men, "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to day, who can kill most of them," and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

Sir John Elley requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scotch Greys. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall, and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A corporal in the horse guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial guard, four of whom he killed, but was at last slain himself by the remaining two.

In the afternoon of this dreadful day, the 92nd regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy, which came down on them, of from two to three thousand men; they penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet; and the instant they pierced it, the Scots Greys dashed forward to their support; when they cheered each other, and cried out, "Scotland for ever!" Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoners; after which the Scots Greys charged through the enemy's second line, and took the eagles.

A division of the enemy having been repulsed, with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two, and wounded three others, when being overpowered by a body of infantry, and taken prisoner, he was stripped of all his clothes, except his shirt and trowsers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night.

The bridge at Wavre was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their

footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge, and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed, with an unanimous shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village.

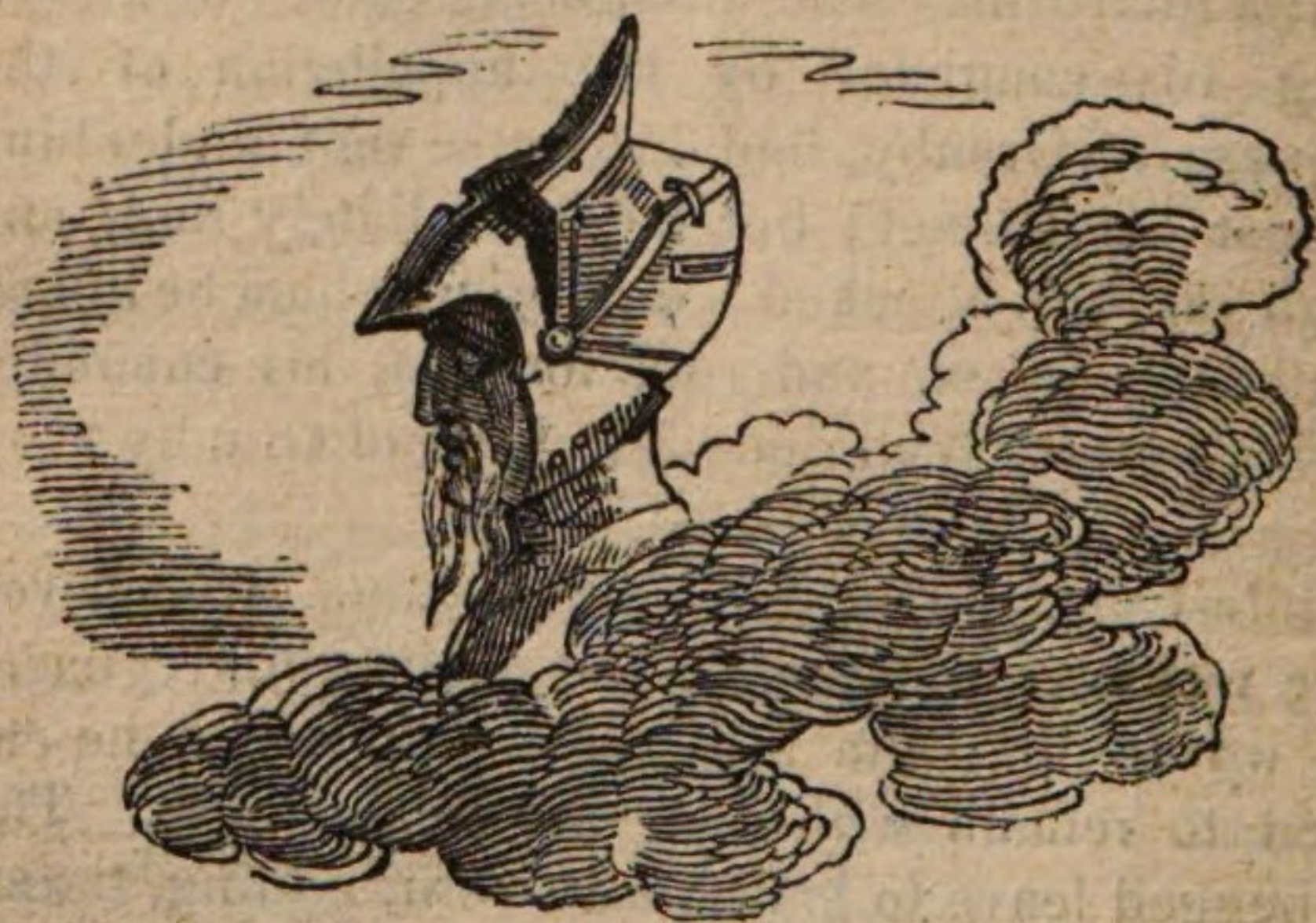
Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference, which deserve to be recorded. The life guards coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharp shooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the Park, “Bravo, 95th! do you *lather* them, and we’ll *shave* them.”

A life guardsman who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquess of Granby, had his horse shot under him, and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose, and though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering him, “Well done Marquess of Granby!”

While Colonel Ponsonby lay bleeding, from seven severe wounds, a private soldier of the 40th regiment came up to him late in the evening, whom he entreated to remain with him till the morning. The man begged leave to look for a sword, adding, “and then, your honour, I’ll engage the devil himself won’t

come near you." He soon picked up a French sabre, and then sat quietly down by the colonel until day light, when he had him conveyed to a place of comfort and security.

Among the officers immediately attendant on the Duke of Wellington, was the late Lieut. Colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, which passing along the other, laid bare the whole of it, by which he lost the use of two of his fingers, but that arm was saved. When the cannon shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it found him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.



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PERCY ANECDOTES

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

BY

SHOLTO AND REUBEN PERCY.

BROTHERS OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

MONT BINGER.



LONDON.

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1820.



TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
GEORGE THE FOURTH,
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND, KING,

THESE

Anecdotes of George the Third
And his Family

ARE

HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S

MOST FAITHFUL AND

MOST DEVOTED SERVANTS,

*John To Percy
Reuben Percy.*

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
GEORGE THE FOURTH

THE LITTLE PRINCE OF WALES AND
THE PRINCESS OF WALES

ANNUAL OF THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND
THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

THE CHURCH OF THE EAST

THE CHURCH OF THE WEST
THE CHURCH OF THE NORTH
THE CHURCH OF THE SOUTH

THE CHURCH OF THE NORTH
THE CHURCH OF THE SOUTH
THE CHURCH OF THE WEST
THE CHURCH OF THE EAST

THE CHURCH OF THE NORTH
THE CHURCH OF THE SOUTH
THE CHURCH OF THE WEST
THE CHURCH OF THE EAST

THE
Percy Anecdotes.

— [IV.] —

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE THE THIRD
AND HIS FAMILY.

“ ———— Wish'd liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown.

* * * * *

He knew that those who would with love command
Must with a tender, yet a stedfast, hand
Sustain the reins.”

JONSON.

—
HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

THE House of Brunswick possesses such well-founded claims to antiquity and importance, that it has engaged a more than ordinary share of the attention of genealogists and historians. The celebrated Leibnitz, who passed the last forty years of his life at the court of the Duke of Hanover, became the architect of a monument which this family were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. His labours were published in several volumes, and laid the foundation of Eccard's *Origines Guelficæ*, in five volumes, folio. Muratori has illustrated the Italian branch in his *Antichita Estense*; and our learned historian, Gibbon, has drawn from these sources *A Dissertation on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*, published in his

posthumous works, but which unhappily he did not live to finish.

“An English subject,” says Gibbon, “may be prompted by a just and liberal curiosity to investigate the origin and story of the House of Brunswick; which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the crown. From George the First, and his father, the Elector of Hanover, we ascend in a clear and regular series to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, who received his investiture from Frederic the Second, about the middle of the thirteenth century. If these ample possessions had been the gift of the emperor to some adventurous soldier, to some faithful client, we might be content with the antiquity and lustre of a noble race, which had been enrolled nearly six hundred years among the princes of Germany. But our ideas are raised, and our prospect is opened, by the discovery, that the first Duke of Brunswick was rather degraded than adorned by his new title, since it imposed the duties of feudal service on the free and patrimonial estate, which alone had been saved in the shipwreck of the more splendid fortunes of his house. His ancestors had been invested with the powerful Duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, which extended far beyond their limits in modern geography; from the Baltic sea to the confines of Rome, they were obeyed, or respected, or feared; and in the quarrels of the Guelphs and the Gibellines, the former appellation was derived from the name of their progenitors in the female line. But the genuine masculine descent of the princes of Brunswick must be explored beyond the Alps; the

venerable tree which has since overshadowed Germany and Britain, was planted in the Italian soil. As far as our sight can reach, we discern the first founders of the race in the Marquises of Este, of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany. In the eleventh century, the primitive stem was divided into two branches; the elder migrated to the banks of the Danube and the Elbe, the younger more humbly adhered to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic. The Dukes of Brunswick and the Kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first; the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena were the offspring of the second."

William, Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, fourth son of Ernest, called the Confessor, on account of his having introduced the Augsburg Confession into his dominions, had fifteen children, seven of whom were sons, and were rendered more remarkable in history by their amity, than they could well have been by an extended and splendid lineage. These princes, whose names were Ernest, Christian, Augustus, Frederick, Magnus, George, and John, being resolved, on the death of their father in 1593, to keep up the dignity of their house, made an agreement among themselves not to divide their paternal inheritance. Accordingly they determined that only one of the number should marry; and that the elder brother should have the sole regency over the Lunenburg estates, and be succeeded by the eldest survivor. They kept to this brotherly compact with great exactness; and this circumstance appeared so extraordinary, that when the Grand Signior, Achmet the First, was

made acquainted with it, he expressed great surprise, and said, "It is worth a man's while to undertake a journey, on purpose to be an eye-witness of such wonderful unanimity." The seven brothers, according to the agreement, drew lots who should marry; and the fortunate chance fell upon George, the sixth brother, who in consequence formed an union with Anne Eleonora, daughter of Louis, Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, by whom he had five children. George thus secured the government to his family; but he died in 1642, without enjoying the regency himself.

The Duchess of Blakenburg, who was great great-grandmother of the late Duke of Brunswick, and who died at a very advanced age, had the singular happiness to reckon among her posterity sixty-two princes and princesses, fifty-three of whom she saw at one time alive. Among these sixty-two, there were three emperors, two empresses, two kings, and two queens; a circumstance rare in a sovereign house, and not equalled in all the annals of history.

BRITISH DESCENT.

The connection of the House of Brunswick with the royal family of England, and the act of settlement by which the succession was settled, are circumstances well known to every reader, but few are conscious that the king of England is heir in direct succession (the Catholic line of course excluded) to the British, Cambro-British, English, and Scottish Kings. Mr.

Yorke, in his "Royal Tribes," has given the pedigree, and from his curious work we extract the following account of the British descent of George III.

1. Cadwaldr, last King of the Britons.
2. Idwal Iwrch, his son.
3. Rhodri Molwnog, son of Idwal.
4. Cynan Tyndæthwy, son of Rhodri.
5. Esyllt, daughter and heiress of Cynan, married to Merfyn Frych.
6. Rhodri Mawr, their son.
7. Anarawd, son of Rhodri.
8. Idwal Foel, son of Anarawd.
9. Meurig, son of Idwal.
10. Iago, son of Meurig.
12. Cynan, son of Iago.
13. Gruffydd, son of Cynan.
14. Owain Guynedd, son of Gruffydd.
15. Iorwerth, Owain's son.
16. Slewelyn, son of Iorwerth.
17. Dafydd, son of Slewelyn.

All the above were Princes of Wales.

18. Guladys Ddu, sister and heiress of Dafydd, married to Ralph Mortimer.
19. Roger, their son.
20. Edmund Mortimer, son of Roger.
21. Roger, son of Edmund, first Earl of Marche.
22. Edmund, son of Roger, married Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.
23. Roger, their son.
24. Anne, daughter and heiress of Roger, married to Richard of Conisburg, Earl of Cambridge.

25. Richard, Duke of York, their son.
 26. Edward IV. eldest son of Richard.
 27. Elizabeth, Edward's eldest sister, married to Henry VII.
 28. Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James IV. of Scotland.
 29. James V. of Scotland, their son.
 30. Mary Queen of Scots, daughter of James.
 31. James I. of England, son of Mary, by Lord Darnley.
 32. Elizabeth, daughter of James, married to Frederic, Elector Palatine.
 33. Sophia, their daughter, married to Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover.
 34. George I. their son.
 35. George II. his son.
 36. Frederic Prince of Wales, son of George II. and father of George III. his late majesty.
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INFANCY OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

The king was a seven months' child, and from that circumstance so weakly at the period of his birth, that serious apprehensions were entertained that it would be impossible to rear him. It was in consequence thought advisable to waive the strict etiquette hitherto maintained, of having for the royal infant a nobly descended nurse, in favour of one in the middle ranks of life, the fine healthy fresh-coloured wife of the head gardener of one of the palaces. This person, besides the first recommendation of an excellent constitution, and much maternal experience, was characterized by qualities of a higher order—great quickness of

feeling, much goodness of heart, and a disposition at once candid and disinterested. She undertook the anxious charge with cheerfulness: but when it was made known to her, that according to the court etiquette, the royal infant could not be allowed to sleep with her; from an etiquette so cold, and, in the present case, so likely in her opinion to prove prejudicial, she instantly revolted, and in terms both warm and blunt expressed herself, "Not sleep with me! then you may nurse the boy yourselves."

To no reasoning, or compromise, that was offered, would she listen; but continued resolutely to refuse to take charge of the royal infant, if bound to observe a ceremony which no argument could make her think otherwise than alike unnatural and unhealthy. The conscientious and disinterested conduct of the nurse was reported in the proper quarter, and so justly appreciated, that this point of court ceremony was yielded to her; and to this circumstance it is more than probable that the nation owed the blessing of being governed for so long a period by one who united in himself all the virtues which grace the monarch and the man.

The affection of the prince for his nurse naturally "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." As she was not provided for in the liberal manner which the subsequent nurses of the royal infants have been, her circumstances were often necessitous. The prince had been removed from her care, and had but a very niggardly allowance for the heir-apparent of the British Empire, but he never hesitated to relieve her when in his power; and when this was not the case, his affectionate sympathy soothed

her mind. He has actually been known to mingle his tears with her's; a sympathy which speaks volumes in love and admiration of the heart that felt it.

The good nurse did not live to taste the more extended generosity of the prince, when his accession to the throne placed it in his power to bestow it; but her daughter was made laundress to his majesty, a sinecure place of good emolument.

HIS FIRST TUTOR.

The first tutor of George III. was Dr. Francis Ayscough, who married the sister of Lord Lyttleton, and died Dean of Bristol. In a letter from that worthy divine to the learned and pious Dr. Doddridge, of Northampton, dated February 16, 1744, there is the following remarkable passage: "I thank God, I have one great encouragement to quicken me in my duty, which is the good disposition of the children entrusted to me; as an instance of it, I must tell you that Prince George (to his honour, and my shame) had learnt several pages in your little book of verses, without any directions from me."

On the publication of Dr. Leland's admirable view of Deistical Writers, the prince, though then in the bloom of youth, purchased a number of copies to the amount of one hundred pounds, merely for gratuitous distribution; an instance of early judgment, discrimination, and liberality, very rarely equalled.

DRAMATIC RECREATIONS.

The Princes of the House of Brunswick have generally been partial to theatrical entertainments. George II. frequently visited the theatres, notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the English language prevented his enjoying the beauties of the drama as much as he must otherwise have done. He was at Drury Lane Theatre, when the Culloden despatches were presented to him from the Duke of Cumberland, his darling son. The instant his majesty opened them, and collected the substance of their contents, he started up while the tears streamed from his eyes, and in some glorious ejaculation thanked his God, and announced the victory. Garrick immediately caught the transporting sound. The orchestra, by his orders, struck up "God save great George our King," and the whole audience in rapturous enthusiasm joined the chorus.

Prince Frederick of Wales possessed a similar taste to his father, and was very fond of instructing his children at a very early age to repeat moral speeches out of plays; and with this view, he desired Mrs. Devenish, whose first husband was Mr. Rowe the poet, to have a correct edition of Rowe's works printed, which that lady accordingly did. The press was corrected, and the dedication written by Mr. Newton, afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

While his family were still very young, the prince had plays at Leicester House, in which the children of his royal highness sustained the principal characters. These were under the direction of the cele-

brated Quin ; and it was in reference to the instructions he then gave Prince George, that on hearing of the graceful manner in which he delivered his first speech from the throne, he exclaimed with pride and exultation, “ Ah, I taught the boy to speak.”

On the 4th of January, 1749, the children of his royal highness, with the aid of some of the juvenile branches of the nobility, performed the tragedy of *Cato* before their royal parents, and a numerous audience of distinguished personages. The following were the *dramatis personæ* on this interesting occasion :

Portius	Prince George
Juba	Prince Edward
Cato	Master Nugent
Sempronius	Master Evelyn
Lucius	Master Montagu
Decius	Lord Milsington
Syphax	Lord North's son
Marcus	Master Madden
Marcia	Princess Augusta
Lucia	Princess Elizabeth.

Previous to the rising of the curtain, Prince George, then eleven years of age, came forward, and delivered in a most graceful and impressive manner the following Prologue :—

To speak with freedom, dignity, and ease,
 To learn those arts which may hereafter please,
 Wise authors say—let youth, in earliest age,
 Rehearse the poet's labours on the stage.
 Nay, more! a nobler end is still behind—
 The poet's labours elevate the mind ;

Teach our young hearts with gen'rous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous sentiments we learn.
T' attain these glorious ends what play so fit,
As that where all the powers of human wit
Combine to dignify great Cato's name,
To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame?
Where Liberty, O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear
Nor pains, nor death, to guard our sacred laws,
But bravely perish in our country's cause.
Patriots indeed! Nor why that honest name,
Through every time and station still the same,
Should this superior to my years be thought,
Know, 'tis the first great lesson I was taught.
What, though a boy! it may with pride be said,
A boy in *England* born—in *England* bred;
Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more; before my eyes those heroes stand,
Whom the great William brought to bless this land,
To guard, with pious care, that gen'rous plan
Of power well bounded, which he first began.
But while my great forefathers fire my mind,
The friends, the joy, the glory, of mankind,
Can I forget that there is one more dear?
But he is present, and I must forbear.

After the tragedy had been performed in a manner highly creditable to the royal and other juvenile amateurs, and much to the honour of those who had conducted their education, the Princess Augusta, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick, and mother of her present majesty, and Prince Edward, afterwards Duke



of York, delivered an Epilogue, of which the following is a copy :—

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

The prologue's filled with such fine phrases,
George will alone have all the praises ;
Unless we can (to get in vogue)
Contrive to speak an epilogue.

PRINCE EDWARD.

George has, 'tis true, vouchsaf'd to mention
His future gracious intention
In such heroic strains, that no man
Will e'er deny his soul is *Roman*.
But what have you or I to say to
The pompous sentiments of Cato?
George is to have imperial sway ;
Our task is only to obey ;
And trust me I'll not thwart his will,
But be his faithful *Juba* still—
Though, sister, now the play is over,
I wish you'd get a better lover..

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Why,—not to underrate your merit,—
Others would court with different spirit,
And I perhaps might like another
A little better than a brother.
Could I have one of *England's* breeding,
But 'tis a point they're all agreed in,
That I must wed a foreigner,
And cross the seas,—the Lord knows where,—
Yet, let me go where'er I will,
England shall have my wishes still.

PRINCE EDWARD.

In England born, my inclination,
Like your's, is wedded to the nation ;
And future times I hope will see
Me general, in reality.—
Indeed, I wish to serve this land,
It is my father's strict command ;
And none he ever gave, will be
More cheerfully obey'd by me.

LEARNING GERMAN.

When the prince was not ten years old, George the Second, just as he was about to set out for Hanover, sent Baron Steinberg to examine the children of Frederic Prince of Wales in their learning. The baron discharged his office very punctually, by taking them all in due course ; and at the conclusion said to Prince George, that he would tell the king what a great proficiency his highness had made in Latin, but that he wished that he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, as it would be of signal use to him. “ German grammar ! German grammar ! ” retorted the prince ; “ why any dull child can learn that ! ” This reply is said to have given great offence to the old monarch.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

In 1752, a strong attempt was made by the Newcastle party to change the tutors of the young prince. Lord Harcourt waited on the king, and complained strongly of the dangerous notions, and arbitrary prin-

ciples, that were instilled into the mind of the prince by Stone, Cresset, and Scott, whose dismissal they declared essential to the prince's better education. An anonymous letter was written to Dr. Newton, then a popular preacher at St. George's, which set forth the dangerous way in which the prince's education was left; and after touching on the doctor's popularity, concluded by putting it to him as a duty to notice it in the pulpit. Another anonymous letter was sent to General Hawley, which, when it was opened, contained nothing to him, but was a sort of a representation or remonstrance to the king, from the Whig nobility. It was entitled, "A memorial of several Noblemen and Gentlemen of the first rank and fortune." From this memorial we extract the following passages:—

"That it being notorious, that books inculcating the worst maxims of government, and defending the most avowed tyrannies, have been put into the hands of the Prince of Wales, it cannot but affect the memorialists with the most melancholy apprehensions, when they find that the men who had the honesty and the resolution to complain of such astonishing methods of instruction, are driven away from court, and the men who have dared to teach such doctrines are continued in trust and favour. That the security of this government being built on Whig principles, and alone supported by Whig zeal; that the establishment of the present royal family being settled in the timely overthrow of Queen Anne's last ministry, it cannot but alarm all true Whigs to hear of schoolmasters of very contrary principles being thought of for preceptors; and to see none but the friends and

pupils of the late Lord Bolingbroke entrusted with the education of a prince, whose family that very lord endeavoured by his measures to exclude, and by his writings to expel from the throne of these kingdoms."

* * * *

"That whoever advised the refusal of an audience to the Bishop of Norwich, who was so justly alarmed at the wrong methods which he saw taken in the education of the Prince of Wales, is an enemy to this country, and can only mean at least to govern by a faction, which intends to overthrow the government, and restore the exiled and arbitrary House of Stuart. That to have a Scotsman, of a most disaffected family, and allied in the nearest manner to the Pretender's first ministers, consulted in the education of the Prince of Wales, and entrusted with the most important secrets of government, must tend to alarm and disgust the friends of the present royal family, and to encourage the hopes and attempts of the Jacobites. Lastly, the memorialists cannot help remarking, that the three or four low, dark, suspected persons, are the only men whose station is fixed and permanent; but that all the great offices and officers are so constantly varied and shuffled about, to the disgrace of this country, that the best persons apprehend there is a settled design in those low and suspected people to infuse such jealousies, caprices, and fickleness, into the two ministers whose confidence they engross, as may render this government ridiculous and contemptible, and facilitate the revolution which the memorialists think they have but too much reason to fear is meditating. God preserve the KING."

George the Second would have paid no attention

to these anonymous accusations against the tutors of the prince, had they not been seconded by the Duke of Newcastle, and his brother, Harry Pelham, who had long possessed an ascendancy over the mind of the sovereign. The king became alarmed, but instead of taking the course which the accusers expected, and turning the persons out of their employment, he ordered a committee to examine into the truth of the story. The commissioners discharged their trust with fidelity, and the only shadow of proof that appeared to warrant the complaint, was the fact that the young prince, on seeing Echard's History of the Revolution in the hand of a domestic, requested the loan of it, which of course was granted.

PRINCE GEORGE AT SEVENTEEN.

The Princess of Wales, his mother, communicated to a friend the following character of the young Prince, at the age of seventeen. The passage is in Dodding-ton's Diary. She said, that "he was shy and backward; not a wild, dissipated boy, but good natured and cheerful, with a serious cast upon the whole; that those about him knew him no more than if they had never seen him. That he was not quick; but with those he was acquainted with, applicable and intelligent. His education had given her much pain. His book-learning she was no judge of, though supposed it small or useless; but she hoped he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things." He was brought up in great privacy, as far as regarded a familiar acquaintance with the prevailing manners

of the young nobility; and the prejudices which George II. entertained against the Princess Dowager, effectually excluded his grandson from the splendours and allurements of a court.

EARL OF BUTE.

Those who are accustomed to trace the most important events to causes the most trivial, will not be surprised to learn, that the first success of Lord Bute, and, consequently, all the good or evil which his great power occasioned, was owing to the circumstance of an apothecary, in Lime Street, keeping a carriage. His lordship was living in a very domestic and retired manner at Richmond; attending only to the education of his children, and not even allowing himself the indulgence of a carriage. Mr. M. an apothecary, whose country house was near that of Lord Bute, kept a chariot, and one day invited his lordship to take a place in it, to go to Moulsey Hurst, where there was to be a great cricket match, under the auspices of Frederic, Prince of Wales, father of George III. The offer was accepted; and they had not been long on the ground when it began to rain. To amuse the prince during this cessation of the cricket, a rubber of whist was proposed; but only three persons could be found, of sufficient rank to entitle them to the honour; at last some one recollected that he had seen a nobleman in Mr. M.'s chariot. Lord Bute was accordingly invited to be of the party, where he so pleased the prince (who had never seen him before,) that he invited him to Kew; an invitation which the Scotch lord did not hesitate in accepting. From

that time Lord Bute became a great favourite of the prince ; and in 1737, he was appointed one of the lords of his bed-chamber.

ALLEN, EARL BATHURST.

This nobleman was appointed treasurer to the prince in 1757, and continued on the list of privy councillors at his accession to the throne ; but on account of his great age, being then upwards of seventy, he chose to enjoy *otium eum dignitate*. Lord Bathurst's integrity gained him the esteem even of his opponents ; and his humanity and benevolence, the affection of all who knew him more intimately. He added to his public virtues, all the good breeding, politeness, and elegance, of social intercourse. Swift, Prior, Rowe, Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Congreve, in short, all the men of genius of his time, cultivated his friendship, and were proud of his correspondence.

Pope, in his Epistle to him on the Use of Riches, thus addresses him :

“The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart ;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence ;
With splendour charity, with plenty health ;
O teach us, Bathurst, yet unspoiled by wealth,
That secret rare between the extremes to move,
Of mad good nature, and of mean self love !”

Sterne, in his Letters to Eliza, also speaks of him in the following terms.

“This nobleman,” says he, “is an old friend of

mine; he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was singular, as it was polite. He came up to me one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales' court; I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard (continued he) of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them; and despairing ever of finding their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, which I now do.— So come home, and dine with me. This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for, at eighty-five, he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to please and be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew; added to which, he is a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.”

His lordship preserved his natural cheerfulness and vivacity to the very last. To within a month of his death, which happened on the 16th of September, 1775, at the age of ninety-one, he constantly rode out on horseback, two hours before dinner; and constantly drank his bottle of claret or madeira after dinner. He used to repeat often, with a smile, that Dr. Cheyne had assured him, fifty years before, that he would never live seven years longer, unless he abridged himself of his wine. About two years before his death, he invited several of his friends to spend a few cheer-

ful days with him at his seat at Cirencester ; and being one evening very loth to part with them, his son, afterwards Lord Chancellor Bathurst, objected to their sitting up any longer, adding, that health and long life were best secured by regularity. He suffered him to retire ; but as soon as he was gone, the cheerful father said, “Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman *is gone to bed*, I think we may venture to crack another bottle.”

COMING OF AGE.

The City of London presented, on this occasion, an address to the Princess of Wales, in which they warmly congratulated her on “the happiness of seeing her illustrious son, the Prince of Wales, arrived at the age of twenty-one years, endowed with every noble quality which maternal fondness could hope, or a free people wish, in the heir-apparent to the crown.” Her Royal Highness replied, that as her “utmost ambition had ever been to see her son answer the expectations of his country ; if she had succeeded in that, all her wishes were completed.”

PROJECT OF MARRIAGE.

George the Second, some years before his death, projected an union between the prince and a niece of the King of Prussia. This proposition was so gratifying to Frederic, that he embraced it with eagerness, and urged the accomplishment of it, by repeated applications to the king, and the Princess Dowager of Wales ; but she objected to the marriage, because

she considered her son too young ; and she had a still more rooted dislike to it, on account of the libertine principles which prevailed in the court and family of the Prussian monarch. From the timid disposition of the young prince, and the known dread he had of his grandfather, the princess became apprehensive lest his resolution should yield to authority or persuasion. Happily for the prince, and for the nation, these maternal fears were soon removed ; for the young prince expressed himself with such modest firmness on the subject, that the old king, after trying every art, even to the offer of a splendid establishment, in order to induce compliance, gave up the point, with the remark, “that the boy was good for nothing, and only fit to read the Bible to his mother.”

ACCESSION.

The accession to the throne opened to George III. at a moment of great public prosperity, when the honour and credit of the nation stood singularly high ; and when there were, happily, no divisions at home to obstruct those measures which had carried terror to our enemies abroad. The British army had been successful every where ; and, in the buoyant spirits in which the nation were, it was looked upon as a singularly happy omen of the future, that the day of his majesty's accession happened to be the same with the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt.

The circumstance of his majesty being British born, was another glorious felicity, on which both the king himself, and the people at large, dwelt with exulting satisfaction. “Born and educated,” said his

majesty, in his first speech from the throne, "in this country, I glory in the name of Briton." "It is our peculiar happiness," said the City of London, in their address of congratulation, "that your majesty's heart is truly English; and that you have discovered, in your earliest years, the warmest attention to the laws and constitution of these kingdoms; laws so excellently framed, that as they give liberty to the people, they give power to the prince; and are a mutual support of the prerogatives of the crown, and the rights of the subject."

The promptness of the City of London, in the presentation of their congratulatory address, is not undeserving of notice. George II. died on the morning of the 25th, and they presented their address on the 28th. The king, in his answer, did not omit to advert to the circumstance. "I have great satisfaction," said his majesty, "in the early marks you have given me, of your zeal and affection for me and for my government; and I return you my hearty thanks." Two of the aldermen who attended with the address, were the first persons on whom his majesty conferred the honour of knighthood; these were Thomas Rawlinson, Esq., and Francis Gosling, Esq.

Although the death of George II. had taken place very unexpectedly, and the young sovereign could not avoid feeling somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of his situation, he soon became pre-eminent in the public estimation, for the manly ease with which he deported himself in the exercise of his high functions. "The young king," says Horace Walpole, among his letters to Mr. Montague, "has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great

grace to temper much dignity, and extreme good nature, which breaks out upon all occasions." * * * "For the king himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers well."

The ease and confidence with which the young prince entered on his regal duties seems to have been, in no small degree, induced by the perfect conviction which he felt of the goodness of his intentions. "He depended," as he said emphatically to the privy council, "on the support and assistance of *every honest man*;" a noble declaration, with more of true English feeling in it, than any other expression he could possibly have used.

PULPIT FLATTERY.

One of the first acts performed by the young monarch after his accession to the throne, was to issue an order, prohibiting any of the clergy who should be called to preach before him from paying him any compliment in their discourses. His majesty was led to this from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, Prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver in the chapel royal; and for which, instead of thanks, he received from his royal auditor

a pointed reprimand, his majesty observing, “that he came to chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own.” This circumstance operated wonderfully on the reverend orator, as from that moment he became a flaming patriot. The doctor took part with Wilkes; was made liveryman of the Joiners’ Company; and lavished large sums upon Mrs. Macaulay, the republican historian, in whose honour he caused a marble statue to be erected in his church at Walbrook; though before he died he caused it to be removed, not indeed so much from a sense of the impropriety of the thing, as out of resentment to the lady, who had displeased him by her marriage.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE JUDGES.

On the 3rd of March, 1761, his majesty in person proposed to both houses of parliament to secure the independence of the judicial authority, by rendering the judges immoveable, except for misconduct. “I look upon the independence and uprightness of the judges of the land,” said his majesty, “as essential to the impartial administration of justice; as one of the best securities to the rights and liberties of my loving subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the crown.” His majesty’s early attention to an object so interesting to his people, as the impartial administration of justice, was gratefully acknowledged by the two houses of parliament: a bill was accordingly brought in to that effect, and passed. Of the importance of this measure, that great lawyer, Sir William Blackstone, bears the following testimony: “By the noble improvements of the law, in the statute

of 1st Geo. III. c. 23, enacted at the earnest recommendation of the king himself from the throne, the judges are continued in their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any demise of the crown (which was formerly held immediately to vacate their seats,) and their full salaries are absolutely secured to them during the continuance of their commissions; his majesty having been pleased to declare, that ‘he looked upon the independence and uprightness of the judges as essential to the impartial administration of justice; as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of his subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the crown.’ ”

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The last parliament of the reign of George II. was not dissolved until six months after the accession of his late majesty; on which he immediately gave notice to his ministers, that no money should be spent to procure the election of members favourable to the government, which he understood had formerly been the case, saying at the same time, that “he would be tried by his country.” This declaration gave rise to the following lines :

“ Tried by your country ! to your people’s love,
 Amiable prince, so soon appeal !
 Stay till the tender sentiments improve,
 Ripening to gratitude from zeal !
 Years hence (yet, ah ! too soon) shall Britain see,
 The trial of thy virtue past :
 Who could foretel that your first wish would be,
 What all believe will be your last ? ”

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Almost immediately after his majesty's accession to the throne, he suspected that impositions were practised in his household; he therefore caused strict inquiries to be made in every department, and by this means, it is said, occasioned a saving of no less than 100,000*l. per annum*. On examining into an immoderate charge for fruit, his majesty asked how the produce of the royal garden was disposed of? It was answered, that the fruit was not yet come to maturity; and that when it was, it had been usual to distribute it in presents. "Let me not see any more then at my table," said the king, "till my own gardens will produce it in perfection; and then let me have the privilege which every gentleman in the kingdom enjoys, of partaking of my own, instead of buying from others."

MARRIAGE.

The king had not been long seated on the throne, before he began to look for a consort, to share his honours and his happiness. His mother, the Princess of Wales, whose aversion to the Prussian family has been noticed, sent Colonel Græme to Mecklenburg, to ascertain some particulars respecting the daughters of that house. The report was favourable with regard to the whole family; and all Europe was then ringing with the praises of one of the young princesses, Sophia Charlotte, on account of a letter she had written to Frederick the Great on the following occasion.

During the seven years' war, the territories of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz had been much injured by the depredations of the contending parties; nor were the Prussians by any means remarkable for their moderation. On one farm alone these ravagers levied a contribution of four thousand crowns, besides what they took as plunder and forage. Yet all this was moderation, when compared with what the poor villagers endured, whose entire stock of provisions was taken away; their furniture converted into fuel, or wantonly destroyed; and themselves, with their children, left to perish in the depth of winter. As long as the means afforded, charity was liberally distributed among the suffering poor; but at length the visitation became so general, that all the exertions of benevolence were inadequate to relieve even a small portion of the misery that abounded.

Things remained in this state until the close of the year 1760; when, on a victory gained by the King of Prussia over Marshal Daun, the young princess took the resolution to write an expostulatory letter to him, which was remarkable for the patriotism and talents it displayed. The following is a translation:

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

“I AM at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you, on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels, has overspread the Country of Mecklenburg with desolation. I know, sire, that it seems unbecoming in my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it

more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature ; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

“ It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated, the peasants looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene ! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horror to the picture ; but sure, even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued ; the husbandman and shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children ; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door ; his little children hang around him, ask the history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice it is therefore that we hope relief ; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest

petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

“I am, Sire, &c.”

What impression this letter had on Frederick is not certain ; but from a letter which he wrote to his general, De Zieten, soon after, it would appear to have been successful, for he says, “I am determined that henceforth all violent expedients, all exactions, all arbitrary supplies, shall cease. I shall require the whole army to pay due respect to the laws of discipline, and shall cause every transgression of those laws to be severely punished.”

It is said, that when the letter of the Princess of Mecklenburg came into the hands of the young King of England, he at once, without making any observations upon the personal attractions of the writer, concluded that he had found the object calculated to promote his felicity.” “This,” said he to Lord Harcourt, “is the lady whom I shall secure for my consort. If the disposition of the princess but equals her refined sense, I shall be the happiest man, as I hope, with my people’s concurrence, to be the happiest monarch in Europe.”

The king was not long in carrying his determination into effect ; for in a council held on Wednesday, July 8, 1761, he declared, that after the fullest information and mature deliberation, he was come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, “a princess distinguished by every eminent virtue and amiable endowment, whose illustrious line had constantly shown the firmest zeal for the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his family.”

The Earl of Harcourt was accordingly appointed to make the demand of her serene highness, accompanied by the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, and the Countess of Effingham, to take care of her person, whilst the command of a gallant fleet to convey her over to the English shore was entrusted to Lord Anson.

HOUSE OF MECKLENBURG.

In the midst of an entertainment at which Dr. Nugent, the ingenious traveller, was present, at Weimar, one of the company, Dr. Barmeister, a learned antiquary, took an opportunity of congratulating the Duchy of Mecklenburg on its happy connection with England, by means of his majesty's auspicious nuptials. He then expatiated in praise of the queen, and called on the company to drink prosperity to Great Britain and Mecklenburg. He further observed, that it was natural for the two nations to have a regard for each other, since the Angli, from whom the English are descended, came originally from this part of Germany. This proposition raised the attention of the company, and the doctor, continuing the argument, attempted to prove that the Angli were a people who inhabited this part of the Baltic, and were afterwards invited over to Britain. Tacitus is the first that mentions them by name; *post Albinum supra Cuimbros, Reudigni, Aviones, Angli, Varini*. As the Angli were joined in their expedition by the Saxons, they must have bordered on the latter, whom Ptolemy places upon the neck of the *Chersonesus Cimbrica*. This fixes the situation of the Varini and the Angli,

the former inhabiting that part of the Duchy of Mecklenburg which extends along the banks of the Warnow ; and the latter the remaining part of the country as far as Lubeck. Such a display of erudition was at first productive of surprise, but afterwards created a good deal of merriment ; the company wishing Dr. Nugent joy, that Dr. B. had proved the Mecklenburghers and the English to be one and the same nation.

Without attempting to refute the doctor's ingenious hypothesis, we may observe that the House of Mecklenburg, if not the most ancient in Europe, is certainly one of the most noble in Germany, and is lineally descended from the kings or leaders of the Vandals, who, with a mixture of the Heruli, were the ancient inhabitants of this country ; but afterwards when the Burgundians made irruptions into the Roman Empire, some of them settled here.

The old princes of these nations used to style themselves the kings of the Heruli and Vandals, of whom the first is said to have been one Anthyrius, son of an Amazon, who learned his first rudiments of war under Alexander the Great. From this Anthyrius descended a long race of kings, the last of whom, (the fortieth) was Pribislaus II. who being vanquished by Henry Leo, Duke of Saxony, in an unfortunate battle against Waldemar, the son of Canute, King of Denmark, was obliged to exchange the title of king, for that of Prince of the Vandals and Lord of Mecklenburg. He was baptized by the abbot of St. Michael at Lunenburg, 1163, upon assurance of peace with Henry Leo, who gave him all the country between the Elbe and the Baltic, except Schwerin. Pribislaus founded the monastery of Deberau, and built Rostock and

Mecklenburg. He died at Lunenburg, at a tilting match, October 1, 1178.

In 1349, the Prince of Mecklenburg was created a duke, and made a prince of the empire; the remnant of the Vandals united with the Mecklenburghers, about the year 1429; after that time, they were divided into three branches, viz. Gustrow, Schwerin, and Strelitz; but the extinction of that of Gustrow, in 1688, occasioned a law-suit between the two other branches, about the succession, which was terminated, in 1701, by the interference of the emperor, when it was agreed, that the duchy of Gustrow should be annexed to that of Schwerin, and that the Duke of Strelitz should have the bishoprick of Katselburg secularized, with forty thousand crowns a-year from the tolls of Boitzenburg, and a voice in the diet of the empire.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCESS FROM GERMANY.

The town of Old Strelitz was desirous of expressing its regard to its native princess, on her espousals to his majesty, and its wishes for a happy voyage to England at her setting out from the bounds of its territories. On the 7th of August, 1761, there was erected in a plain, a triumphal arch, thirty-two feet in height, with two pillars in front, and close to it was a platform of five hundred paces extent, on which were drawn up the three companies of the town militia, under arms, with their colours flying. On each side of the triumphal arch were two green bowers, and a tent, with a variety of refreshments for the spectators, of whom there was a great multitude from the adja-

cent towns and villages, so that they covered all the higher grounds near the triumphal arch.

The arch was decorated with natural foliage and festoons, and over it were two terrestrial globes, in geographical divisions : in the first, Europe, Asia, and Africa ; and in the other, America, Great Britain, and Ireland, were encircled with a wreath of laurel. In Europe was the Elbe, with the Havel running into it ; and at the source of the latter, Mirow, as the birth place of the royal bride ; in Asia, the River Ganges, with its many mouths, the coast of Coromandel, and province of Pondicherry ; in Africa, the Senegal and its issue, Fort Lewis ; in America, the River St. Laurence, with Quebec, likewise the Mississippi ; in the Leeward and Windward Islands, Mariegalante, Gaudaloupe, and Dominica : all marked in capital letters, as having been reduced by the British fleet. The two globes were surmounted with the arms of Great Britain and Mecklenburg united. On the back part of the triumphal arch were represented Autumn and Spring, in their attributes of ripe fruits and flowers, with an inscription to the following effect :

Pomona soon succeeds to Flora,
And the bridal chamber supersedes the grave.

This inscription alluded to the demise of the duchess's mother, who died soon after General Græme concluded the preliminaries of the marriage, and consequently did not live to witness that event.

On each side within the triumphal arch stood six respectable townsmen's daughters, between eleven and twelve years of age, in white jackets and petticoats, with light blue ribbons, and their hair dressed

with natural flowers. Each had in her hand a wreath of myrtle, something larger than a crown ; thus waiting the princess's coming.

The illustrious procession was headed by Marshal Questerfleth, with two running footmen ; then came in coaches and six the Duke of Mecklenburg, with his brother, Prince Charles, attended by several running footmen, and a body of horse guards, and as they passed through the triumphal arch, the burghers saluted them with their arms, colours, and music.

After the march of the horse, came the royal bride herself, in a coach of state drawn by six horses ; the princess, her sister, sitting on her left hand, and in the front of the coach the Countess Coceius, spouse to the nobleman of that name, the Lord Chancellor of Prussia. Her royal highness was pleased to stop under the triumphal arch, while the burgomaster, in the name of the corporation and citizens, delivered a handsome address, which concluded with praying that "her royal highness would graciously permit, that twelve of the citizens' daughters here present in the attire of innocence, might, as a memorial of this fortunate event, second the ardent sentiments of their fathers, and in artless words most humbly wish her a safe and pleasant journey." The young damsels then repeated each her congratulatory verse, and all joined in the following chorus :

" Yet for one favour more we must apply,
Though little can these barren tracts supply ;
Permit us, since both gold and pearl you scorn,
Your royal brows with myrtles to adorn."

The young ladies then with graceful respect and

sprightliness, threw the myrtle wreaths into the coach to her royal highness, who expressed her satisfaction in those gracious terms which were ever natural to her, and by which in her tender years she conciliated the love and esteem of all ranks.

After her royal highness, came the Earl of Harcourt with his son, also in a coach and six. His lordship was observed to view with sensible pleasure the emblems over the triumphal arch, and to the twelve girls who had acquitted themselves so handsomely he gave a ducat each.

At Stade, the princess was received with great rejoicings; but the commander of the town militia being in doubt whether the men ought to ground or shoulder their firelocks, gave several contradictory orders, and her highness was received by them half one way and half the other.

All the towns through which the princess passed, vied with each other in paying her respect; and on her embarking at Cuxhaven, on board the Royal Charlotte, the different ships fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns each: the princess, who had conducted herself with the greatest sincerity, exclaimed, "Can I be worthy of these honours!" and when the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton kneeled to kiss her hand, she said, she hoped friendship might take the place of ceremony between them.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL.

On the 6th of September the princess arrived at Harwich, and on the 8th reached town. Her highness alighted at the garden gate of St. James's Palace, and

was handed out of the coach by his majesty's brother, the Duke of York. Upon her entrance into the garden, she sunk on her knee to the king, who in a most affectionate manner raising her up, saluted her, and then led her with his right hand into the palace, where she dined with his majesty, the Princess Dowager, and the Princess Augusta.

In the evening, at nine o'clock, the marriage was celebrated with great solemnity. Just previous to the ceremonial, the princess was observed to look more than usually thoughtful. The Duchess of Ancaster took the liberty of saying something to rally her spirits. "Ah!" replied her highness, "*you* have gone through the ceremony twice, and may think nothing of it; but to me it is too new and momentous an event not to fill me with apprehension."

THE CORONATION.

"The king's whole behaviour at the coronation," says Bishop Newton, "was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on the throne after his coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster. When the king approached the communion table, in order to receive the sacrament, he inquired of the archbishop whether he should not lay aside his crown? The archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester, but neither of them knew,

or could say, what had been the usual form. The king determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration."

The public curiosity to see the coronation was very great; and compared with that displayed on former occasions of a similar nature, presents a wonderful rate of increase.

On consulting Stowe, Speed, and other antiquaries, with regard to the sums formerly given, it appears, that the price of a good place at the coronation of William the Conqueror was a *blank*; and probably the same at that of his son, William Rufus. At Henry the First's coronation, it was a *crocard*; and at those of Stephen, and Henry the Second, a *pollard*. At the coronations of Richard and John, who were crowned frequently, it was a *suskin*; and rose at Henry the Third's to a *dodkin*. In the reign of Edward, the coins begin to be more intelligible, and we find that for seeing his coronation a *Q* was given, or the half of a ferling, or farthing, which was the fourth part of a penny. At the coronation of Edward the Second it was a farthing; and at that of his son, Edward the Third, a halfpenny, which was very well given. In the thoughtless reign of Richard the Second, it was a penny; and continued the same at that of Henry the Fourth. At the coronation of Henry the Fifth, it was two pennys, or the half of a *grossus* or groat; and the same at that of Henry the Sixth, though during his time coronations were so frequent, that the price was brought back to the penny or halfpenny, and sometimes they were seen for nothing. At the coronation of Edward the Fourth,

it was again the half groat; nor do we find it raised at the coronation of Richard the Third, or Henry the Seventh. At that of Henry the Eighth, it was the whole groat; nor was it altered when Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary, were crowned; though at Queen Elizabeth's coronation it was a *testour*, or *tester*. At the coronations of James the First and Charles the First, a shilling was given; and the price advanced to half-a-crown at those of Charles the Second and James the Second. At the coronation of King William, and that of Queen Anne, it was a crown; and that of George the First was seen by many for the same price. At the coronation of George the Second, some gave half-a-guinea, but that was thought vastly extravagant. How different was the case at the coronation of his successor! The front seats in the gallery of Westminster Abbey were let at *ten guineas* each; and those, in commodious houses along the procession, at no less prices. The prices in the ordinary houses were from five guineas to one guinea; so that one little house in Coronation Row, after the scaffolding was paid for, cleared £700, and some large houses, upwards of £1000. In the coronation theatres, as they were called, being a sort of large booths, capable of containing from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred seats, the prices were beyond all precedent. The ground-rent to build the scaffolding on, was proportionably extravagant. That in the Broad Sanctuary let at three guineas and a half per foot, and that within the rails enclosing the Abbey, at five guineas. As an instance of the eagerness to witness this grand spectacle, a gentleman was prevailed on to take a room for his lady at the rate of one hundred

and forty guineas ; but the appointment of the solemnity of the coronation falling unhappily exactly at the time of her expected accouchement, she had farther prevailed on her husband to let a skilful accoucheur, nurse, &c. attend her, and to hire an additional withdrawing room, lest the hurry of the day should accelerate an event which would render it impossible to remove her.

At the coronation, which was celebrated with the greatest solemnity and rejoicing, a large quantity of silver medals, struck for the occasion, was very freely distributed ; the medals were of two different descriptions :

The KING's had, on one side, his Majesty's bust ; the exergue, GEORGIUS III. D. G. M. BR. FR. ET HIB. REX, F. D. On the reverse, his Majesty sitting, and Britannia holding a crown over his head ; the exergue, PATRIÆ OVANTI.

The QUEEN's---on one side, her Majesty's bust ; the exergue, CHARLOTTA D. G. M. BR. FR. ET HIB. REGINA. On the reverse, her Majesty at full length ; an altar beside her, with a flame rising from it ; and over her, a seraph descending with a crown, and going to place it on her head ; the exergue, QUÆSITUM MERITIS.

PETITION OF THE LADIES OF ST. ALBANS.

No event could have given greater satisfaction to the British nation, than the marriage of the King, and the Princess of Mecklenburg ; and addresses of congratulation poured in from every corner of the British empire. The Quakers, a body not easily moved by

external objects, sent loyal and affectionate addresses, which were presented by Dr. Fothergill to their majesties ; even the ladies, to show they were not wanting in respect, encroached on the privilege of the other sex to pay their homage, as the following address will show :

“ TO THE QUEEN’S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

“ *The humble Address of the Ladies of the Borough of St. Albans, in the County of Hertford.*

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

“ WE, your most dutiful and affectionate subjects, being, *by custom*, precluded from being named in the address of the Mayor and Corporation of this place, beg leave to approach your majesty, with the warmest congratulations on your happy nuptials.

“ Formed by nature, and improved by the completest education, you were selected, by the best of kings, to add the only happiness that was wanting to his majesty in this world.

“ As subjects are greatly influenced by the example of their sovereign, we have the greatest reason to hope, that the matrimonial state will be duly honoured, by your majesty’s dutiful subjects cheerfully following the royal example ; an example too much wanted in this degenerate age, wherein that happy state is made the object of ridicule instead of respect, by too many vain, giddy, and dissipated minds. If the riches of a nation consist in its populousness, this happy country will in this respect too soon become poor, whilst the lawful means to continue posterity are either shackled by the restraint of mistaken laws, or despised by those who respect none.

“ But as every virtuous and commendable action is

encouraged by your royal consort's, and your own, noble sentiments and conduct, we hope this example will be duly followed by your majesty's loyal subjects.

“That you may long remain a pattern of conjugal fidelity and happiness, and see a numerous offspring grow up as tender plants under your maternal influence, to be a blessing to their royal parents, and to this nation, are the sincere and ardent wishes of your majesty's most dutiful and devoted subjects,

“THE LADIES OF ST. ALBANS.”

This address, from its singularity, excited general observation and some amusement, and gave rise to a *jeu d'esprit*, purporting to be a petition to her majesty from the maidens of these realms, of thirty years of age and upwards, praying for a tax on bachelors, to be appropriated to the support of neglected and superannuated virgins.

EARL OF ABERCORN.

When the queen landed from Germany, the Earl of Abercorn had the honour of receiving her at his house, where her majesty and suite slept. Soon after his lordship went to St. James's, when the king thanked him for his attention to her majesty, saying, he was afraid her visit had given him a good deal of trouble. “A good deal, indeed,” replied his lordship.

No man of his time was, perhaps, more remarkable for the independent character of his manners than this noble earl; but it was an independence united to much vain pomposity and repulsive bluntness. In his youth he was said to have made the tour of Europe in so perpendicular an attitude, as never to

have touched the back of his carriage. Although at one time much about court, he was no courtier in the gainful acceptation of the term---He never *booed*. His brother, who was a churchman, once solicited him to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the crown. His lordship returned the following answer :

“ I never ask any favours.---Inclosed is a deed of annuity for £1000 a year. Yours,

“ ABERCORN.”

He generally visited his seat at Duddingstone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, once a year, where he remained five or six weeks ; but, contrary to the maxims of Scottish hospitality, he was highly offended if any person presumed to visit him without the formality of a card of invitation. Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, not aware of this, went to pay his respects to the noble earl, and found him walking in a shrubbery which had been lately planted. The doctor, wishing to pay a compliment to the soil, observed, the shrubs had grown considerably since his lordship's last visit. “ They have nothing else to do,” replied his lordship ; and immediately turning on his heel, left the doctor without uttering another word.

THE ROYAL DOWER.

The parliament proceeded, like loyal subjects, to make provision for the queen, in case of his majesty's decease. Her majesty was allowed a jointure of one hundred thousand pounds, with Somerset House, and the lodge at Richmond Old Park, for her town and country residence. When the act passed, her majesty,

who sat on a chair of state on the king's right hand, rose up and made her obeisance to the king, not to the representatives of the people; perhaps unconscious that it was the nation, and not the sovereign, who bestowed upon her this liberal grant.

THE QUEEN'S FOLLOWERS.

If popular rumour may be credited, all the women of rank, in the duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz, either hoped to accompany or follow the Queen of England into the *land of promise*, and, perhaps, in the goodness and youthful openness of her heart, her majesty might have been induced to hold out some distant expectations of future favour and protection. But soon after her arrival, on studying the genius of the nation, and contemplating the consequences likely to ensue, the queen perceived the necessity of restricting her patronage almost entirely to the ladies of her adopted country. In order, however, to render the disappointment less severe to her countrywomen of Mecklenburg, the king furnished her with a considerable sum of money, which was divided by way of indemnification among a numerous body of titled expectants; and, with the exception of Madame Schwellenburgh, we hear but little of German attendants, and find the young queen placing her entire confidence in English ladies of distinguished families.

THE MECKLENBURG PENSION.

A pension was shortly afterwards granted to the

court of Mecklenburg, on the Irish Establishment, which gave rise to a good deal of daily clamour; yet when calmly and generously viewed, it must be regarded as an act less of profusion than of justice. The real facts were these. The Duchy of Mecklenburg had suffered so much during the recent war, from the spoliations of the Prussians, that for a considerable time, the inhabitants were incapable of paying the usual taxes. And many of those who farmed the ducal demesnes, from which the best part of the revenues of the Duchy arise, were unable to pay either rent or taxes. In this state of impoverishment, a royal marriage was all that was wanting to complete the ruin of the ducal treasury. Three years income, at least, of this little principality, was required for the outfit of the royal bride, and the presents and entertainments provided, with no unsparing hand, on the occasion. Was a brother to suffer by a sister's elevation? Was it fit that an event, calculated to add lustre to his family, should at once prove its honour and its ruin? His majesty felt all the force of these considerations, and decided on them as became his honour and dignity.

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOW GEORGE IV.

Those who augured a glorious reign to George III. from the circumstance of his ascending the throne on the anniversary of the victory of Agincourt, thought it an equally auspicious circumstance that an heir-

apparent should be born on the forty-eighth anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the British throne. His present majesty, George IV was born on the 12th of August, 1762.

The king presented the person who acquainted him with the safe delivery of the queen with a Bank-note of the value of £500.

Immediately on the announcement of this event, and whilst the cannon were firing in the park, a long train of waggons was passing down St. James's Street, containing the treasure of the *Hermione* frigate, one of the richest captures recorded in the annals of the British navy. His majesty and the nobility were invited to the windows over the gateway of the palace, to view the cheering procession, and joined in the acclamations of the populace.

For the gratification of the public, it was announced, before the young prince was twelve days old, that his royal highness was to be seen at St. James's, from one until three o'clock, on drawing-room days. The crowd of ladies whom this offer tempted to flock to court to see the royal infant, and taste her majesty's caudle and cake, soon became immense; the daily expense for cake alone was estimated at £40, and the consumption of wine was more than could have been conceived. All persons of fashion were admitted to see the prince, under the following restrictions, viz. that, in passing through the apartment, they stepped with the greatest caution, and did not offer to touch his royal highness. For the greater security in this respect, a part of the apartment was latticed off in the Chinese manner, to prevent curious persons from approaching too close.

On the 17th of August, his royal highness was by letters patent created Prince of Wales.

TITLE OF PRINCE OF WALES.

The first creation of the title of Prince of Wales in the royal family of England, occurred in the reign of Edward I. This sovereign, to conciliate the affections of the Welch, whom he had subdued, removed his queen, Eleanor, to Caernarvon Castle, in North Wales: in which place, on the 25th of April, 1284, she was delivered of a son. On this, the sagacious Edward summoned the Welch barons, and demanded if they would be willing to subject themselves to a native prince. Happily they consented; and having sworn to yield him obedience, he nominated the royal infant, in a subsequent charter, Edward Prince of Wales; since which auspicious event, the eldest son and heir-apparent of the King of England has retained that title. His present majesty is the twentieth prince of the royal family of England that has borne the title. The last Prince of Wales, except his present majesty, who was born during the reign of his father, was Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. now one hundred and ninety years ago.

HOUSE WARMING.

On the marriage of their majesties, some difficulties existed as to a suitable residence; St. James's Palace was falling fast to decay; Buckingham House required great repairs; and Windsor Castle was actually

in a state of dilapidation. After due consideration, the little palace at Kew was adopted as the temporary residence of the royal pair, while the necessary repairs were made on Buckingham House and Windsor Castle.

When the latter was put in a state fit for their reception, their majesties gave what is called a *house warming*. The king shewed on this occasion his real kindness of disposition, by the activity which he displayed in making ready for his guests---exploring kitchen, store-rooms, and every apartment, to see that all was going on right, and that proper cheer was provided, not merely for the higher orders, but even for the soldiers in attendance. No host could receive all his visitors in a more friendly, familiar, courteous, and hospitable manner. He had an abundance of civil things to say to every body---pithy observations to the men, and agreeable compliments to the ladies. He kept every one in a good humour, and always spared them the trouble of making long ceremonious answers.

The royal family dined at a separate table, a little elevated. This etiquette of a distinct table was kept up all through the reign, though in some of the proudest courts of Europe it is by no means strictly adhered to. It was observed also when his majesty visited any of his subjects. He commenced the dignity of his habits early, and preserved it to the end. His predecessors of the Brunswick line were more familiar on this point, and court anecdotes mention the fears entertained by a certain German lady of the convivial effects of Sir Robert Walpole's punch on a monarch's conversation. Her fears were, by the way, not alto-

gether unreasonable, for Sir R. Walpole himself used to say, that he governed the king with good punch and bad Latin.

The love of punch was one of the German faults of the old monarch; and was strikingly contrasted with the extreme abstemiousness which distinguished his successor, George the Third, who seldom indulged in more than a glass of weak wine at a time. When calling it a German fault, we must at the same time do the German character the justice of observing, that it is a fault of old date, and one from which at more recent times it has almost wholly redeemed itself. The queen used to tell on this head a pleasant anecdote, which the king took great pleasure in repeating. The Duke of Mecklenburg, father of the queen, being once in familiar conversation with the late Pope, he was asked by his holiness, "whether his countrymen, the Germans, continued to drink as hard as they used to do." "Oh no," replied the duke; "the sottish custom is quite given over, except in the *ecclesiastical* electorates!"

QUEEN ANNE'S BED.

In the king's state bed chamber at Windsor Castle, formerly the public dining room, there is an old fashioned article of furniture within a recess, viz. the bed of Queen Anne, of illustrious memory. Being highly valued, it has always been preserved with great care, a crimson curtain being drawn over it, and a screen interposed in front, to guard it from the approach of idle curiosity. His majesty, being solicited

to permit a more magnificent bed to occupy its situation, answered, “that he would not displace this venerable relic, for the most splendid bed in the universe.”

THE WAR.

In his majesty's first speech from the throne, he declared his resolution to support the King of Prussia with his warmest concurrence, and to maintain the war with firmness and vigour, till the enemy should be brought to just terms of accommodation. This clause is said to have been inserted not spontaneously by the king, but at the earnest instigation of Mr. Pitt. The King of Prussia had always been a great favourite with the English nation, whose generous sympathy in his fortunes seemed to rise in proportion to the increasing number and success of his enemies. With the English court, however, Frederick was so much the reverse of being on friendly terms, that until the two last years of George the Second's reign, there were no two courts in Christendom, who hated each other more cordially than those of St. James and Berlin. Frederick, among other means which he took to gall the feelings of the British monarch, had for his ambassador at Paris, an attainted peer of Britain, the Earl Marischal; and would receive no other in return from France but one of the same stamp, the Earl Tyrconnel; both of whom wore the order of the garter, given them by the Chevalier, and the former always with great ostentation, when in the presence of Lord Albemarle, the British ambassador, who appeared

with the same order, duly conferred on him by George II. It was owing to the wise counsels of Mr. Pitt, that a reconciliation was at length brought about between the two courts ; and to his bold and well concerted measures, that the alliance was followed up with a degree of success, which flattered the proudest hopes of the British people ; and made a declaration of perseverance in the same course, one of the most acceptable assurances they could possibly receive from their new sovereign.

THE FAMILY COMPACT.

The same Earl Marischal, whom the King of Prussia made the instrument of his spite towards George II., was afterwards the secret means of giving his successor, George III. the first information of the celebrated family compact between the houses of Bourbon. At the request of Frederick, the Earl had been allowed to resume possession of the property in Scotland which he had forfeited by his rebellion ; and having got early intelligence of the compact from some grandees of Spain, who imagined that he was wholly in their interest, he thought he could not better shew his gratitude to the British court, than by apprising it of the secret. When Mr. Pitt, acting on the knowledge of this fact, proposed the seizing of the Spanish galleons to the council, he was opposed and sneered at, particularly by Lord Bute ; and being questioned as to his information, he shewed, with reluctance, the letters from the Earl Marischal. On this, Lord Hardwicke observed, that a halter was once round that nobleman's neck, but now more sure than ever ; al-

luding to his returning to Spain, where they would put him to death. Earl Marischal was then on ship-board at Portsmouth, on his way to Spain; but Lord Egremont wrote to him of the danger in which he was; on which he returned, and went by way of Holland, to his government of Neufchatel, without going to Spain.

RESIGNATION OF MR. PITT, 1761.

When Mr. Pitt resigned the seals, his majesty expressed his concern for the loss of so able a servant; and to shew the favourable sense he entertained of his services, he made him an unlimited offer of any rewards in the power of the crown to bestow. His majesty at the same time expressed entire satisfaction with the late decision of the majority of his council, by which they declined the proposal of attacking Spain, while she was yet meditating, (as the family compact proved) but unprepared for, hostilities. Mr. Pitt was sensibly touched with the grandeur and condescension of this proceeding. "I confess, sir," said he, "I had but too much reason to expect your majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness. Pardon me, sir, if overpowered, it oppresses me"---he burst into tears. Next day, a pension of £3000 a year was settled upon Mr. Pitt for three lives, and a title conferred upon his lady and her issue.

PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC PEACE.

Early in the year 1761, Colonel Hale, who commanded a regiment of light dragoons quartered at Haddington, Musselburg, &c. with some other officers of the same regiment, assaulted a toll gatherer at Ravenshaugh toll bar, for which they were tried before the Court of Session, and fined. The king, on hearing of the circumstance, displayed his strict regard to the preservation of our laws and liberties, in a very conspicuous manner. Lord Barrington, in a letter to Lord Beauchamp, says, "The king has commanded me to acquaint your lordship, that he is highly displeased at the officers who have been concerned in this affair. As the officers have already satisfied the laws of the country, by their submission unto the sentence of the court of judicature, the king does not think fit to bring them to a second trial, by a court martial; but it is his majesty's pleasure, that your lordship reprimand them as officers, in his majesty's name, and in the strongest terms, for their breach of military discipline, as well as of civil duties; and that you should recommend it to them for the future, by a prudent and inoffensive demeanour, to regain the good opinion and confidence of their fellow citizens, as the surest means of restoring themselves to his majesty's favour, who will always be particularly offended whenever the public peace is disturbed, and the laws insulted, by those whom his majesty has honoured with his commission for the protection of both."

DR. ROBERTSON.

Of the early interest which his majesty took in the advancement of English literature, we have a striking proof, in a letter from Lord Cathcart, to Dr. Robertson, the historian, dated July 20, 1761, in which there is the following passage. “Lord Bute told me the king’s thoughts, as well as his own, with respect to your History of England, and a wish his majesty had expressed to see a History of England from your pen. His lordship assured me every source of information which government can command would be opened to you ; and that great, laborious, and extensive as the work must be, he would take care your encouragement should be proportioned to it.”

DR. JOHNSON.

In the second year of his reign, his majesty granted a pension to Dr. Johnson of three hundred pounds a year, it having been represented to his majesty that he was a very learned and good man, without any certain provision. The Earl of Bute, then prime minister, announced this instance of his sovereign’s bounty to the doctor ; who it is said felt some hesitation in accepting it, after the definitions he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioner*. Lord Bute, at the time of presenting him with it, expressly said to him, “It is not given you for any thing you are to do, but for what you have done.”

THE KING'S PAMPHLETS.

In the year 1762, the British Museum was enriched, by the munificence of his majesty, with a most valuable collection of thirty thousand tracts and pamphlets relative to the history of England, during the civil wars. The whole are bound in two thousand volumes, of which one hundred, chiefly on the royal side, were printed, but never published. This collection was commenced for the use of Charles I. by a clergyman of the name of Thomason, and was carried about England as the parliament army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses, disguised as tables covered with canvas, and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. These tracts were subsequently offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II. by his stationer, Samuel Mearke, whose widow endeavoured to dispose of them by leave of the said king in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till George the Third bought them of Mearke's representatives. In a printed paper it is said, that the collector had refused four thousand pounds for them.

FETE AT BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, 1763.

In honour of the king's birth day in 1763, her majesty contrived to surprise his majesty with a brilliant scene at Buckingham House; it was managed with secrecy, and accomplished with success. The 4th of June, the anniversary of the birth of the sovereign, was publicly celebrated at St. James's. His majesty then resided at Buckingham House; but

the queen persuaded him not to return to it, but to remain at St. James's until the 6th. It formed a part of the scheme to detain the king there till late in the evening of the 6th, when he received masks on their way to a masked ball, so that he did not return to the Queen's Palace until ten o'clock. On being then led to the window of the queen's breakfast room, which looks into the grounds, the shutters were thrown back, and he beheld a magnificent temple and bridge, with an orchestra in front, composed of fifty chosen musicians. The structures, tastefully designed, and ornamented with transparencies, were illuminated with some thousands of variegated lamps. Struck with the brilliant sight, his majesty at once comprehended the gentle feelings that created the magic scene, which not only commemorated his natal day, but also an important event grateful to humanity, the peace of 1763.

This spectacle formed part of a fête, to which were invited all the royal family, and a select party of the court. The rooms were thrown open, and a magnificent supper of one hundred covers closed the entertainment. This formed one of the gay scenes at the Queen's Palace, at which social pleasure and virtue equally presided, and continued to preside for many a happy year.

OVERTURE TO MR. PITT, 1763.

Towards the end of the summer, 1763, ministers found their strength unexpectedly diminished by the sudden death of the Earl of Egremont, whose abilities were by far the most distinguished in the cabinet.

Lord Bute, either ashamed of the weakness of a ministry, of which he was supposed to have been the maker, or desirous of doing the king a personal service, by giving him another which would be more popular, or perhaps expecting to redeem his own lost popularity by a broad and powerful coalition of parties, proposed to unite the nation, by calling in its greatest favourite. For this purpose, he sent one of his friends as a messenger to Alderman Beckford, soliciting the alderman's interest with Mr. Pitt, to procure an interview between his lordship and that gentleman. They met at Mr. Pitt's house in Jermyn Street. Lord Bute, after the first compliments, acknowledged promptly that the present ministry could not go on; that the king was convinced of it; and therefore his lordship requested that Mr. Pitt would, with the same promptness, and at full length, give him his opinion of the measures and characters now exhibited in the political world. Mr. Pitt did so with some reluctance, and great civility. Lord Bute heard him very patiently, entering into no defence, but said at the conclusion of his remarks, "If these are your opinions, why should not you tell them to the king himself, who will not be unwilling to hear you?" "How can I, my lord," answered Mr. Pitt, "presume to go to the king, who am not of his council, nor in his service, and have no pretence to ask an audience? The presumption would be too great." "But supposing his majesty," replied his lordship, "should order you to attend him, I presume, sir, you would not refuse it?" Mr. Pitt replied, "The king's command would make it my duty, and I should certainly obey it." Next day he received

an open unsealed note from the king, requiring him to attend his majesty on Saturday noon, at the Queen's Palace in the Park. To avoid exciting in his brethren of the Opposition the slightest suspicion of dealing clandestinely with the court, Mr. Pitt went at the time appointed through the Mall in his gouty chair, the boot of which, as he said himself, made it as well known, as if his name was written upon it. The audience lasted three hours. Mr. Pitt went through the whole substance of his former remarks to Lord Bute, in the general and the most material of which his majesty seemed to him by his manners to acquiesce. The topics of Mr. Pitt's animadversions were chiefly "the infirmities of the peace, the measures to be observed for preserving and improving it, and the necessity of restoring those great Whig families who had been driven from his majesty's council and service." The king seemed pleased with his promptness ; and bidding him go on, Mr. Pitt was so elated with the prospect before him, that he ventured to make the following demands : himself to be secretary of state, and to have the disposal of all offices ; Earl Temple to be first lord of the treasury, with three of his friends at the board ; the Duke of Cumberland at the head of the army, with the power of naming the secretary of war ; the Duke of Newcastle and his friends to be in the cabinet ; and every man who had been concerned in making the peace, or voting for it, except Lord Halifax, to be displaced. On hearing this unreasonable and proposterous proposal, his majesty said, "Sir, I believe, from my feelings as a man, I have offered as great sacrifices as ever monarch submitted to, merely for the good of

my people, whose minds have been poisoned by ambitious and designing men; but you want to reduce me to such a situation, by disavowing my own act, and what my heart approves, and by giving up my friends to a vain and factious resentment, that I should be unworthy of ever having another friend; and you yourself must first despise, and then distrust me. No, sir, *my honour is engaged.*"

His majesty however invited Mr. Pitt to renew the conversation the following Monday. On that day the same flattering prospect was exhibited during the first part of their conversation; till, from some proposal on the part of the royal personage, Mr. Pitt found it necessary to say, "Sir, the persons whom you shall think fit to honour with the chief conduct of your affairs, cannot possibly go on without a treasury; but that alone will do nothing; it cannot be supported without the great families who have supported the revolution government, and other great persons, of whose abilities the nation have had experience, and who have weight and credit in the nation. I should only deceive your majesty, if I should leave you in opinion, that I could go on any other footing." The king concluded the interview by again saying most emphatically, "*My honour is engaged, and I must support it.*"

Two days after, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple waited at St. James's, to pay their respects to his majesty. They were graciously received. His majesty said to the former, in the mildest manner, "*that he hoped he had not suffered by standing so long on Monday.*" Upon this occasion Mr. Pitt observed to his friends, "*His majesty is the greatest courtier in his court.*"

WELCH CHARITY SCHOOL.

The first public address presented to the young Prince of Wales, was from the Governors of the Society of Ancient Britons, who solicited his patronage for an institution, which educates, clothes, and supports, a number of poor and destitute natives of the principality from which his royal highness derived his title. The address was presented on St. David's Day, the 1st of March, 1765, when the prince was not quite three years of age. "Your royal parents," said the address, "remember no period of their lives too early for doing good ; and when a few years shall call forth your virtues into action, your royal highness may perhaps reflect with satisfaction upon your faithful Ancient Britons thus laying themselves at your feet." The prince made the following answer : "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of your duty to the king, and wish prosperity to this charity." This answer is said, in the journals of the day, to have been delivered with great propriety and suitableness of action. The prince, at concluding it, presented the treasurer of the charity with a donation of 100*l*.

CITY LOYALTY.

In the congratulatory address of the City of London on the birth of the Duke of Clarence, August, 1765, they were pleased to conclude in these terms : "Permit us, therefore, royal sir, to assure your majesty, that your faithful citizens of London, from their zeal-

ous attachment to your royal house, and the high honour and dignity of your crown, *whenever* a happy establishment of public measures shall present a favourable occasion, will be ready to exert their utmost abilities in support of such wise councils as apparently tend to render your majesty's reign happy and glorious."

The introduction of a political reproach on such an occasion was generally thought an impertinence. The secret of the matter was, that the gentleman who drew it up had at different times been taken notice of in a judicial way by government.

Sir Robert Ladbroke, then one of the aldermen and members for the City of London, on being informed of the words of the address, exclaimed, "*Well, thank God I had no hand in the proceeding.*" The king, in his answer, took no notice whatever of the allusion.

While the counsels of Bute had rendered his majesty thus unpopular, the queen was held in the highest estimation. She gave beautiful children to the country. She interested the people of England as a fruitful mother; and was considered with general regard as a domestic woman; so much so, that Colonel Barré, then a violent opposition speaker, delivered a very splendid eulogium on her "*mild, tender, and unassuming virtues.*"

THE GRENVILLE ADMINISTRATION.

Early in the month of April, 1765, his majesty was afflicted by an alarming disorder. At the first audience with which he honoured his ministry, after his recovery, he took a paper out of his pocket, con-

taining a speech to both houses of parliament, requesting power to nominate a regent, with council, in case of his death occurring before his successor should attain eighteen years of age. This paper his majesty left with the ministers, having previously fixed the day for going to the house. As this was the first notice administration had received of this design, they were thrown into considerable surprise. The speech was written, and the measure was formed, without their participation, or even their knowledge. They were not, therefore, very ardent in their support of it. A bill, however, was brought into the House of Lords, in conformity with the contents of the speech, "To vest in the king the power of appointing, by instruments in writing under his sign manual, either the queen, or any other person in the royal family, usually residing in Great Britain, to the office of regency." A doubt arising on the question, "Who are the royal family of Great Britain?" it was explained as comprehending the descendants of George II. And this explanation was declared by the secretary of state, Lord Halifax, to be perfectly agreeable to the royal construction. According to this interpretation, no one could be named regent, except the queen, or some one sprung from George II. Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales was therefore not included. This omission was regarded by the House of Commons as an indignity to her royal highness; and a motion was made by a relation of Lord Bute, that her name should be inserted next after the queen's. In this amended state, the bill being remitted to the peers, passed into a law.

The ministry were never popular, and by this late

neglect, they were commonly supposed to have lost the confidence of the crown. In fact, his majesty, in concurrence with the Earl of Bute, formed the resolution of dismissing them; and overtures for the formation of a new ministry were accordingly made, through the medium of the Duke of Cumberland, to Mr. Pitt and his friends. These overtures however failed of effect; and the king was reluctantly obliged to submit, for some time longer, to the dictation of men who had lost, because they did not deserve, his confidence.

The Duke of Bedford is said to have acted, upon this occasion, in a singularly unbecoming manner towards his sovereign. "He demanded," says Junius, "an audience of the ——, reproached him in plain terms with duplicity, baseness, falsehood, treachery, and hypocrisy; repeatedly gave him the lie, and left him in strong convulsions."

It is certain that ministers, flushed with the temporary triumph they had gained, by the failure of this attempt to displace them, proceeded to exact concessions from their sovereign, which were not only insulting to his personal feelings, but in some degree derogatory to his honour. Among other sacrifices, they obliged him to dismiss Mr. Stuart M'Kenzie, Lord Bute's brother, from the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland, although, when the office was bestowed on him, he had received the royal assurance that he was to enjoy it for life.

On Lord Chatham's return to power, shortly afterwards, his lordship, sympathizing with the offended feelings and dignity of his sovereign, resolved to make reparation, by restoring Mr. M'Kenzie to his office. This act was immediately construed, by the illiberal

spirit of party, into a coalition with the favourite ; though nothing could be more in the true spirit of this honourable man, whose zeal was ever ready to kindle at the slightest appearance of injustice, or more strikingly illustrative of that loyal reverence for his sovereign, which, along with all his love of liberty, was conspicuous in Lord Chatham.

THE PERUQUIERS' PETITION.

In the month of February, 1765, the Peruke Makers presented a petition to the king, stating their distressed condition, occasioned by so many people wearing their own hair, and employing foreigners to cut and dress it ; or when they employ natives, obliging them to work on the Lord's day, to the neglect of their duty to God, &c. They therefore humbly beseeched his majesty, that he would be pleased to grant them relief ; submitting to his majesty's goodness and wisdom, whether his own example was not the only means of rescuing them from their distresses, as far as it occasioned so many people wearing their own hair. His majesty was graciously pleased to receive the petition, and to return for answer, " That he held nothing dearer to his heart than the happiness of his people, and that they may be assured, he should at all times use his endeavours to promote their welfare."

Several of the adventurous barbers who attended on this occasion, gave such offence by their inconsistency in wearing their own hair, that it was cut off by the mob on their return.

His majesty was not unmindful of the promise he

gave to the fraternity ; at least if we may judge from some of his public exhibitions, on which he appears to have sacrificed every thing like personal vanity to his reverence for wigs. On one occasion in the House of Lords, and on another at the Installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor, he wore a powdered dress wig of George the Second's, which was amazingly out of harmony with the rest of his costume. It resembled a huge spherical mass of snow, descending between the shoulders in the form of an inverted cone ; and the appearance was not improved by the pressure of a heavy cap and plume. The Court ladies feelingly regretted the absence of the black rosette and flowing curls, which are always to be seen in portraits of modern robed sovereigns and knights.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The death of the Duke, the *great* Duke (as he is called) of Cumberland, 31st of October, 1765, was deplored by the country as a general misfortune. In politics, his royal highness was a firm supporter of those constitutional principles which had raised his family to the throne. His patriotism was sincere. In military fame, he was one of those commanders, to whose abilities fortune seemed not to have done justice, having seldom favoured him with victory ; yet among judges of military merit he was held in high esteem, his talents having been conspicuous in many instances when he had to combat with superior numbers, and to save himself in perilous circumstances.

His royal highness incurred much odium for what

has been styled his inhuman conduct to the Scotch rebels after the battle of Culloden; and a historian of no mean repute, Lord Lyttleton, coincides in this particular with the voice of the public. From some facts, however, subsequently communicated to the public, by a gentleman who was not only sincerely devoted to the House of Stuart, but actually fought under Prince Charles's standard, it would seem that the odium was not very well founded. We are told, for instance, that after the battle of Culloden, some of the officers in the duke's army were railing very severely against Prince Charles, whom they termed the *Pretender*, and that the duke on over-hearing the discourse instantly rebuked the officers most sharply, observing to them they were reviling one who, though his enemy, was a gentleman and a relation. And we are farther assured, that every man of Prince Charles's army who happened to fall into the duke's own hands, during the rebellion, and after the battle of Culloden, was treated not only with humanity, but with tenderness.

These statements, though much at variance with the popular belief, especially in the northern part of the island, are perfectly in accordance with the conduct of the duke on other occasions, of which many highly honourable traits are extant.

When marching north, 1745, he halted two days at Penrith, in Cumberland. While there, an orphan boy at school, whose father had been in the royal household, applied for protection to his royal highness, who gave him an audience, and thus addressed him: "I remember your father well; his honour and integrity as a servant deserved esteem. The death of the good old man was a public loss. Could I be per-

suaded that you would follow his example, such provision should be made for you, as would enable you to live with that credit and reputation which his merit entitled him to. However, take this purse, and I give you my promise, when under the direction of God these national tumults shall have ceased, if I survive, you will find me your friend." The duke kept his word, and the youth was handsomely provided for at Whitehall.

His royal highness being at Newmarket, missed his pocket book just before the horses started, containing a quantity of bank notes. When the *cognoscenti* of the turf came about him, and offered him several bets, he said, "I have lost my money already, and cannot afford to venture any more to-day." The horse which the duke had intended to back was distanced; so he consoled himself that the loss of his pocket book was only a temporary evil, as he should have forfeited its contents to the *worthies of the turf*. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his royal highness with the lost pocket book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him earlier. The duke refused to receive it, most generously saying, "I am glad it has fallen into such hands; keep it; had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time dispersed among the *black legs* of Newmarket.

During his royal highness's command in Germany, he was particularly pleased with the ability and valour of a serjeant belonging to his own regiment; and causing inquiry to be made into his private character, which was strictly irreproachable, his royal

highness took occasion, after a gallant exploit which the serjeant had performed, to give him a commission. Some time afterwards, the officer came to his royal highness, and entreated leave to resign the rank which he had conferred on him. Surprised at so extraordinary a request, the duke demanded the reason; and was told by the applicant, that he was now separated from his old companions by his elevation, and not admitted into the company of his brother officers, who considered themselves degraded by his appointment. "Oh! is that the case?" said the duke; "let the matter rest for a day or two, and I will soon find the means of putting an end to your disquietude." The next morning his royal highness went on the parade, where he was received by a circle of officers; and while he was engaged in conversation, he perceived his old friend walking at a distance by himself. On this the duke said, "Pray, gentlemen, what has that officer done, that he should be drummed out of your councils?" And without waiting for an answer, he went up, took the man by the arm, and thus accompanied, went through all the lines. When the parade was over, Lord Ligonier respectfully requested his royal highness to honour the mess with his presence that day. "With all my heart," replied the duke, "provided I bring my friend with me."—"I hope so," said his lordship; and from that day the gentleman's company was rather courted than shunned by the highest officers in the service.

The late eccentric H. C. Jennings, Esq. who in his youth held a commission in the 1st regiment of foot guards, but soon resigned in consequence of some

innovations by the Duke of Cumberland, was accustomed to characterize his highness as follows: 'The Culloden Duke of Cumberland was a great *prig*; a *Martinet*; very disagreeable and troublesome to the young officers of that day, by his regulations, his alterations, and his frequent changes. However, after the affair at Closter-Seven, when he had for the first time tasted of adversity, he began to think for himself, and ever after continued a *great man*.'

The duke observed an uniform regular method to his labouring people at Windsor, which was that of never giving them higher wages than what others of a like condition received from their employers. He rather chose to give less than the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, in order that no improper advantages might be taken by other labourers to raise their wages. But he made up for this seeming deficiency, by ordering his workmen every day at noon table beer, with bread and cheese; besides which, he gave them once or twice a week a good substantial dinner. This was what his royal highness used to call, "Old English hospitality."

His highness was much beloved by those immediately about his person; and of one of his servants an instance of fidelity is recorded, which is not undeserving of a place in this brief record to his master's memory. On his royal highness's death, one of his hussars went to the chief page, to ask him for one of his late royal master's suits of clothes. The page granted his request, and bid him go to his room, and take a suit of grey which he would find there, and desired he might get it fitted up, and have black

buttons put on it, to serve for mourning. The hussar being unwilling to take any thing out of the page's room except in his presence, and finding the page engaged with company, thought proper to wait on him next morning; when he got a suit, with all the visible pockets turned out, which he immediately carried to the tailor to have fitted up for him. As he was delivering it to the tailor, he discovered a private pocket, wherein were a pair of gloves, and a small morocco pocket book, in which twenty bank notes were enclosed, amounting to £1751. The hussar made the tailor witness the number and value of the notes, and took him along with him to the Duke of Cumberland's house, where he honestly delivered the notes sealed up to the gentleman in waiting.

POETICAL EFFUSION OF HER MAJESTY.

The queen, on her arrival, possessed a very inadequate knowledge of the English language; but in the course of a few years, her majesty, under the tuition of the learned Mr. Majendie, was enabled not only to pronounce, but to write, English with a considerable degree of elegance and precision. As a proof of this, we lay before our readers the following copy of Verses, which was handed about in 1765, as the production of her majesty.

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air,
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair;
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
He's manly yet tender, he's fond and yet wise.

He's ever good humoured, he's gen'rous and gay,
His presence can always drive sorrow away ;
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
But open his temper, and noble his mien.

By virtue illumin'd his actions appear,
His passions are calm, and his reason is clear ;
An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
For his heart is too honest to let him deceive ;
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly ye can,
Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the man.

GAMING PROSCRIBED AT COURT.

His majesty very early exhibited that strong abhorrence of gaming, which he preserved during his life. It had long been a custom at the English court, as well as every other court in Europe, to celebrate twelfth-day, with religious ceremonials in the morning, and cheerful amusements in the evening. These his majesty never attempted to restrain ; but when he found that the game of hazard was indiscriminately played throughout the palace, and that many thousands were lost, under the appearance of the royal sanction, he was determined to correct the abuse. He first restricted the number of tables, then limited the hours of play, and, lastly, banished the game of hazard altogether from his palaces. After this interdiction, which excited much discontent in the household, cards were substituted ; but when his majesty

found that the evil had only changed its name and appearance, and that deep play was still carried on at St. James's, an order was issued, that no kind of gaming whatever should be permitted, under the penalty of the person offending, forfeiting his situation.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MATILDA.

No marriage could have been more truly unfortunate than that of the Princess Matilda, (sister of George III.) to Christian VII. of Denmark. This princess, born the 22nd of July, 1751, became, when only fifteen years of age, the wife of a prince, of habits utterly irreconcilable with the happiness of domestic life. Ere the honeymoon was past, she was neglected, that her husband might indulge in the grossest sensualities; and so dissolute were his habits, that when he visited England two years after his marriage, he is said to have mixed with the most depraved company, and often to have joined in the midnight revels of St. Giles, disguised as a sailor. Soon after, through the intrigues of the king's step-mother, who was anxious that her son should succeed to the throne of Denmark, a charge of so serious a nature was raised against the character of Matilda, that she was thrown into the prison of Cronenburg.

As soon as this afflicting and degrading circumstance came to the knowledge of George III., his majesty interposed with great spirit in the behalf of his injured sister; and was the means of procuring a material mitigation of her unhappy destiny. In consequence of the indignant remonstrances which his

ambassador at the Danish court was directed to make, an order was given for the queen's liberation, with permission to retire to Zell, where a separate establishment, suitable to her rank, was to be provided for her. The British ambassador himself hastened with these tidings to Cronenburg. The queen had been permitted to inhabit the governor's apartment, and to walk upon the side batteries, or upon the leads of the tower. She was uncertain of the fate that awaited her; and had great reason to apprehend, that the party which had caused her arrest, meditated still more violent measures. When the English ambassador arrived with the order for her enlargement, she was so surprised with the unexpected intelligence, that she instantly burst into a flood of tears; embraced him in a transport of joy, and called him her deliverer. After a short conference, the minister proposed, that her majesty should immediately embark on board of a ship, that was waiting to carry her from a kingdom in which she had experienced such a train of misfortunes. But however anxious she was to depart, one circumstance checked the excess of her joy. A few months before her imprisonment, she had been delivered of a princess, whom she suckled herself. The rearing of this child had been her only comfort; and she had conceived an almost more than parental attachment to it, from its having been the constant companion of her misery. These circumstances had so endeared the child to her, that when an order for detaining the young princess was intimated to her, she testified the strongest emotions of grief, and could not, for some time, be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu. At length, after bestowing repeated caresses upon this darling object of her

affections, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, her eyes immoveably directed towards the palace of Cronenburg where she had left her child, until darkness intercepted her view. The vessel having made but little way during the night, at day break she observed, with fond satisfaction, that the palace was still visible ; and could not be persuaded to descend to the cabin as long as she could discover the feeblest glimpse of the battlements.

DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

The king being informed that Dr. Johnson occasionally visited the royal library, gave orders that he should be informed when the doctor came thither again, that he might have the pleasure of his conversation. This was done, and no sooner was the doctor seated, than the librarian went to communicate the intelligence to his majesty, who condescended immediately to repair to the spot. Johnson, on being told that the king was in the room, started up and stood still. The king, after the usual compliments, asked some questions about the libraries of Oxford, where the doctor had lately been, and inquired if he was then engaged in any literary undertaking. Johnson replied in the negative, adding, that he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king said, "I do not think that you borrow much from any body." Johnson said he thought he had done his part as a writer. "I should have

thought so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well." The king having observed that he must have read a great deal, Johnson answered, "That he thought more than he read, that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much compared to others; for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton." On this the king said, "He had heard that Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarcely talk with him upon any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality."

His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth; asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, Warburton has more general, more scholastic learning: Lowth is the most correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best. The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion, adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said he did not think there was. "Why truly," said the king, when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttleton's history; it was then just published.

Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry too much. "Why," said the king, "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir," answered Johnson, "not to kings;" but fearing to be misunderstood, he subjoined, "that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but

that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them, would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and, as this proceeded from a good motive, it could be excused."

The king then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree, by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now," added Johnson, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the king, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope, will be able to detect him." But that he might not leave an unfavourable impression against an absent man, the doctor added, "That doctor Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation."

The king then talked of literary journals; mentioned particularly the *Journal des Sçavans*, and asked Dr. Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said it was formerly well done; and gave some account of the persons who began and carried it on for some years, enlarging at the same time on the nature

and utility of such works. The king asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think it was. The king next inquired if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being answered there was no other, his majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson said that the Monthly Review was done with most care, the Critical upon the best principles; adding, that the authors of the former were hostile to the church. This the king said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions; when Johnson observed, that the Royal Society had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Aye," said the king, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that," for his majesty remembered a circumstance which Johnson himself had forgotten. His majesty next expressed a desire to have the literary biography of the country ably executed, and proposed to the doctor to undertake it; and with this wish, so graciously expressed, Johnson readily complied.

During this interview, the doctor talked with profound respect; but still in his firm manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is common at the levee and drawing-room. Afterwards he observed to Mr. Barnard, the librarian, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he also observed at another time to Mr. Layton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman, as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Second, to have been."

BISHOP WARBURTON.

In the letters of this literary Colossus, left for publication by his friend, Bishop Hurd, there is the following characteristic anecdote, in which the urbanity of the monarch stands well contrasted with the roughness of the controversialist. "I brought," says the bishop (February 20, 1767,) "as usual, a bad cold with me to town; and this being the first day I ventured out of doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at court, it being a levee day. A buffoon lord in waiting (you may guess who I mean) was very busy in marshalling the circle: he said to me, "Move forward, you clog up the door." I replied with as little civility, "Did nobody clog up the king's doorstep more than I, there would be room for all honest men." This brought the man to himself. When the king came up to me, he asked why I did not come to levee before? I said, I understood there was no business going forward in the house in which I could be of service to his majesty." He replied, "He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up." I replied, "I was under the cover of a very warm house." You see, by all this, how unfit I am for courts."

The king, when in conversation with Dr. Johnson, observed, that Pope made Warburton a bishop. "True, sir," said Johnson; "but Warburton did more for Pope—he made him a Christian!" alluding no doubt to his ingenious comments on the "Essay on Man."

EDWARD, DUKE OF YORK.

The king's brother, Edward, Duke of York, who died in Italy in the year 1768, had the reputation of being a prince of very lively and gallant parts. Bishop Newton adds his personal testimony in confirmation of the popular opinion, and expresses his conviction, that had he outlived the years of dissipation, he would have proved an honour to his king and country. The duke possessed, by all accounts, much of the family quality of courage. He accompanied the unfortunate expedition to Cherbourg; and was always foremost where danger called. On one occasion he advanced so near the town, as to expose his person to some shot from the enemy. A ball grazing *en ricochet* near the spot where he stood, a serjeant sprung before him, to defend his royal highness with his body. The prince was so pleased with this uncommon mark of courage and attachment, that he rewarded the man with a handsome gratuity.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

“A nation,” says an elegant anonymous writer, “may be considered great by its achievements in arms, or in commerce; but can never be said to be truly polished, till it fosters the polite arts, the acquisition of which sinks every other pursuit into comparative insignificance. They open a sixth sense upon every one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food, and falls asleep; the man of mere

wealth does little more ; but in those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense hold but a subordinate place."

The reign of George III. presents no event perhaps more worthy the notice of the historian, than the remarkable progress which was made during it in the fine arts. Before his majesty's accession, we had no native artists of celebrity, either in painting or sculpture, Hogarth alone excepted, in the former ; and some writers had advanced it gravely as a fact, that the English climate was incapable of fostering or maturing genius. Many of the arts of life had advanced amongst us to a state of great perfection ; our literature had reached a height beyond which no age can pass ; but painting, sculpture, and architecture, were suffered to be neglected. No sooner however did the august patronage of the sovereign manifest itself in behalf of those arts, than a general feeling for them ran through the kingdom ; every order of the state was forward to encourage them ; and the impulse thus given to the arts, produced great artists in the same manner as a revolution produces great statesmen and great generals.

The country which before had given encouragement to the lifeless productions of Kneller, Hudson, and Jarvis in painting, to the deformities of Rysbrack and Scheemacher in sculpture, and to the clumsy masses of Vanburgh, Gibbs, and Batty in architecture, now saw, with the accession of a youthful sovereign, the beginning of an era that has matured to perfection a numerous band of artists. The deformities of Rysbrack gave way to the tasteful and classical productions of Bacon and Nollekens, while the architectural

absurdities of the olden time were supplanted by the chaste productions of two eminent Scotsmen, Adams and Stewart. In painting, we saw Reynolds rise eminently superior in portraits, while West chose for the exercise of his pencil the deeds of the heroes and heroines of antiquity. Gainsborough delighted every eye by the sweetness of his landscapes, and Wright poured in the grandeur of his Mount Vesuvius.

The genius thus kindled gradually expanded; and perhaps no political vicissitude to which the nation may be subject, will ever be able to extinguish that spirit which characterizes the present race of Britons, in regard to the polite arts.

The grand lever by which this mighty change was effected, was the establishment, in 1769, of the Royal Academy, of which his majesty always gloried in being the founder. He presented the academy with a magnificent suite of apartments in Somerset House; and ever after watched over its proceedings with the most paternal interest and anxiety.

It is not a little curious to observe the light in which that great moralist, Dr. Johnson, beheld the infant establishment, with its attendant, the Exhibition. He speaks of them thus: "Reynolds has been successful in getting established the Royal Academy, and talks about nothing but the Exhibition. Poor mortals! as if human life were not short enough to perform all the necessary duties, without contrivances like these to render the time still shorter!"

The king's love of the arts was displayed very early. A letter from a celebrated virtuoso and antiquary, dated Rome, October 16, 1762, speaks of it in the following terms:

“Nothing gives me more satisfaction, than to find so many fine things purchased for the King of Great Britain. He is now master of the best collection of drawings in the world, having purchased two or three capital collections in this city; the last belonging to Cardinal Abanis, for fourteen thousand crowns, consists of three thousand large volumes, one third of which are original drawings of the best masters; the others, collections of the most celebrated engravings. And lately there has been purchased for his majesty, all the museum of Mr. Smith, at Venice, consisting of his library prints, drawings, designs, &c. I think it is highly probable that the arts and sciences will flourish in Great Britain, under the protection and encouragement of a monarch, who is himself an excellent judge of merit in the fine arts.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds was at first the king's chief favourite among artists; but his patronage was subsequently transferred in a more particular manner to Mr. West, the President of the Academy. Struck with the superior merits of an historical design by Mr. West, then a very young man, his majesty commissioned him to paint a composition for the royal collection; and, with that delicate consideration that unites the true gentleman with the patron, left the subject to the painter's choice. Mr. W. selected one of the most interesting events in ancient history, and produced a picture which, added to a knowledge of all the executive properties of painting, exhibited a pathos worthy the awful dignity of the story.

Regulus, a Roman general, prisoner to the Carthaginians, and then on his parole at Rome, had patriotically determined to return to captivity, and

sacrifice his life for the benefit of his country. The moment chosen is, when, surrounded by his supplicating friends, and rejecting their entreaties, he is resigning himself to the ambassadors of Carthage. The excellence of the picture, for which his majesty gave the artist one thousand guineas, is the best comment on the judgment of his royal employer. One apartment in Buckingham House was afterwards entirely appropriated to productions from the pencil of Mr. West. Among these are the Death of General Wolfe; the Death of the Chevalier Bayard; and perhaps the finest of all, Hamilcar swearing the infant Hannibal at the Altar.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Some time previous to the year 1769, when a transit of the Planet Venus was expected, the Royal Society conceived the project of sending out some able astronomers to distant countries, to observe the phenomenon. Their funds being however unequal to the expense of such a mission, they made a representation of their inability to the king, who was pleased to ask for an estimate of the total sum required for the purpose; on seeing which, he immediately gave an order for the amount. Two astronomers, Messrs. Bayly and Wallis, were accordingly sent out to Hudson's Bay, where they remained nearly a whole year, and then returned to England, to report the result of their observations. The Royal Society communicated this report to his majesty, accompanied with a statement of the expenses incurred, which happening to be considerably less than the sum that

had been granted, they begged to know the king's pleasure respecting the surplus. His majesty graciously replied, "That it could not be in better hands than it was, and that the society might employ it in any other way they might think fit."

THE PRETENDER.

The Duke of Gloucester, father of the present duke, when abroad in 1771, for the recovery of his health, frequently saw the Pretender in public. One of his attendants speaking with levity of the destitute state of this aspirant to the British throne, was warmly reproved by the duke, who said, "I pity the distresses of that poor man extremely, and quite forget his efforts to dethrone my family. It was natural enough for him to aspire to a throne his ancestors once possessed; but surely those who, after inviting him to England, now suffer him to want bread, deserve the detestation of every generous mind;" alluding doubtless to the circumstance of the Jacobite Club in England, having ceased to pay the pension of £5000 per annum, which they had for several years remitted to the chevalier.

The king himself having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire, who had not merely refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence; "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "but—what—stop—no—he may perhaps not receive my compliments as King of England—Give him the Elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles."

His predecessor, George II. being at a masquerade, was recognized by a lady of Jacobite principles, who entering into conversation with his majesty, requested the disguised monarch to pledge her in a glass of wine to the health of the Pretender. The good natured monarch immediately filled a glass, and said, "I drink with pleasure the health of all unfortunate princes."

THE SHAM PRINCESS SUSANNAH CAROLINA MATILDA.

A female of the name of Sarah Wilson, who attended the honourable Miss Vernon, one of the maids of honour, having found her way into one of the royal apartments, broke open a cabinet, which she rifled of several valuable jewels, and carried them off. The robbery was soon discovered; and the thief being detected, was committed for trial, convicted, and sentenced to death; but through the gracious interposition of the queen, the culprit received a pardon, on condition of being transported for life. She was accordingly sent to Maryland, where she soon escaped from her master, and assumed the title of Princess Susannah Carolina Matilda, stating she was the sister of the queen. The clothes she carried with her favoured the deception, especially as she had retained a miniature of her majesty. The impostor was believed; she levied large contributions on the credulous, whom in return she permitted to kiss her hand. At length her master heard of the deception, and apprehended her as a runaway, to the great confusion of the good people of Carolina, who had been the dupes of her artifice.

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

In February, 1772, died the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of the king. "Her royal highness," says Bishop Newton, who was her chaplain, and honoured with much of her confidence, "was a remarkable instance of the fluctuation and uncertainty of public favour. For, from her first coming very young into this country, her behaviour was so discreet and prudent, so courteous and affable, that she gained the love and the esteem of the whole nation; and no princess was ever more admired than she was, till some time after the death of the Prince of Wales, [Frederic.] But the late king's [George II.] behaviour to her upon that occasion was such, that she could not with decency support and encourage the faction that was formed against the court; and hence it was that the tide of popularity which rose so strong in her favour, first began to turn against her. Upon his present majesty's [George III.] accession to the throne, when her influence was believed to be greater, the clamours of faction increased in proportion.

"The scandalous author of the North Briton laid to her charge many things of which she was entirely innocent. One day, being asked why he could assert a particular which he knew was not true; 'No matter for that,' replied he, 'it will do very well for a North Briton; the people will swallow any thing.' She would often ask in the morning, 'Well, what have the papers said of me to day?' and often read them over, and smiled at them. Nor ever was more abuse with less foundation; and it is to be hoped she regarded it as little as she deserved it. Her good deeds

were silent, and unknown; for never was any one actuated with a truer spirit of benevolence and charity.

“The sums which she expended in private charity and pensions, amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds a year; and the merit of her charities was greatly enhanced by their secrecy. Several families who were relieved by her, did not so much as know who was their benefactor, till her death, when the current of her bounty ceased to flow.

“The calmness and composure of her death were farther proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; she died as she had lived, beloved and honoured most by those who knew her.”

ARCHIEPISCOPAL ROUTS.

It having been reported to his majesty in 1772, that Archbishop Cornwallis had frequent convivial parties at his palace, the good monarch immediately addressed to him the following admonitory letter:

“MY GOOD LORD PRIMATE,

“I COULD not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected, at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where so

many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity, as have thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned.

“From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately ; so that I may not have occasion to shew any farther marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into his almighty protection. I remain, my Lord Primate,

“Your gracious friend, G. R.”

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Among other persons of literary eminence who were pensioned by the king in the early part of his reign, was the celebrated Rousseau ; but his majesty, on making the grant, insisted that the matter should not be made public, which was intended as a peculiar mark of respect for that wayward and extraordinary character. The philosopher of Geneva, however, after having gratefully accepted the favour, and returned his thanks for the manner in which it was bestowed, returned it on quarrelling with his friend, David Hume. He did this however in a manner which plainly indicated a desire to keep the grant, provided he was courted to it ; but having once declined the royal bounty, it was not thought proper to make the monarch a suppliant to an adventurer. Madame de Staël, in her extravagant panegyric on Rousseau, has most absurdly praised him for refusing a pension from the King of England, without however

stating the particulars of the story, or noticing the excessive meanness of her hero, who actually endeavoured to get the pension renewed when it was too late. Rousseau, however, bore testimony to the virtues of his majesty. "It is not," said he, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man."

MR. WILKES.

The king, though remarkable for his uniform urbanity to his subjects, and for seldom compromising his dignity by personal aversions, is understood to have deviated a little from this elevated line of conduct in the case of the demagogue, Wilkes. There was enough in the man's character, separated from those public grounds which made him a favourite with the people, to make any good man detest him; the manifestation of such a feeling on the part of his sovereign, is the only thing of the propriety of which there can be a doubt. When Mr. Wilkes went to court as Lord Mayor of London, it was not the man, but the high office he filled, which his majesty ought to have recognized; and the City had perhaps reason to complain, when their mayor was told by the lord in waiting, that it was expected he should not address his majesty.

The following pleasant anecdote on this subject is given in the *Life of Wilkes* :

So ungrateful was the sound of 'Wilkes and No. 45' (the famous number of the 'North Briton,') deemed to be to the high personage who is now

spoken of, that about 1772, a Prince of the Blood (George IV.) then a mere boy, having been chid for some boyish fault, and wishing to take his boyish revenge, is related to have done so by stealing to the king's apartment, and shouting at the door, 'Wilkes and No. 45 for ever!' and speedily running away. It is hardly necessary to add, (for who knows not the domestic amiableness of George III.?) that his majesty laughed at the trick with his accustomed good humour.

NAVAL REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH, 1773.

When his majesty visited Portsmouth in 1773, to witness a grand naval review, he rose one morning before five o'clock, to take an accurate survey of the ramparts, bastions, platforms, outworks, &c. which defend the garrison. The guard not being mounted when he ascended the walls, they followed him with great confusion. General Harvey apologized for their non-attendance; when his majesty turning round, and looking at the great number of females whom his presence had assembled together, said with great pleasantry and gallantry, "Poh! Poh! what need have I of farther guards? my person cannot be better protected than by those handsome females that surround me."

On leaving Portsmouth, his majesty was graciously pleased to order the sum of fifteen hundred pounds to be distributed to the artificers of the dock-yard; three hundred and fifty pounds to the crews of the *Barfleur* and *Augusta* yachts; and two hundred and fifty pounds to the poor of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport.

DR. BEATTIE.

Sir W. Forbes, in his life of this celebrated writer, quotes from his diary the following account of an interview with which the king honoured Dr. B. on the 24th of August, 1773.

“At twelve, Dr. Majendie and I went to the king’s house at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the king and queen came in from an airing; and as they passed through the hall, the king called to me by name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered, about an hour. ‘I shall see you,’ said he, ‘in a little time.’ The doctor and I waited for a considerable time (for the king was busy,) and then we were called into a large room furnished as a library, where the king was walking about, and the queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible by both their majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (nobody else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the king and queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me in the highest terms on my ‘Essay,’ (on Truth) which they said was a book they always kept by them: and the king said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. I found it was the second edition. ‘I never stole a book but once,’ said his majesty, ‘and that was your’s (speak-

ing to me;) I stole it from the queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read.' He had heard that the sale of 'Hume's Essays' had failed since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me in regard to that matter. His majesty asked me what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said there was something in his air and manner which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men—a sentiment in which both their majesties heartily joined. 'They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast,' said the king; 'but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say.' He asked whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the king agreed, and named the 'Spectator' as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter or even half an hour at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. 'That,' said he, 'I don't like in prayers; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect.' 'Your majesty knows,' said I, 'three services are joined in one, in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions.' 'True, he replied; 'and that circumstance also makes the service too long.' From this he took occasion to speak of the composition of the Church Liturgy; on which he bestowed the highest commendation. 'Observe,' his majesty said, 'how flat those occasional prayers are, that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones.' When I mentioned the smallness of church livings in

Scotland, he said, 'he wondered how men of liberal education would choose to become clergymen there,' and asked, 'whether in the remote parts of the country the clergy, in general, were not very ignorant?' I answered, 'No, for that education was very cheap in Scotland, and that the clergy, in general, were men of good sense and competent learning.' We discussed a great many other topics; for the conversation, as before observed, lasted for upwards of an hour, without any intermission. The queen bore a large share in it. Both the king and her majesty showed a great deal of good sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good nature and affability. At last, the king took out his watch, (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner,) which Dr. Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their majesties, and I addressed the king in these words, 'I hope, sir, your majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me.' He immediately answered, 'I think I could do no less for a man that has done so much service to the cause of Christianity. I shall always be glad of an opportunity to show the good opinion I have of you.'

Her majesty afterwards granted Dr. B. a pension of £200 per annum.

HENRY, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

During the warm debates which occurred in the British Senate in 1775, on the subject of America,

the Duke of Cumberland was told by a ministerial earl, that his majesty hoped he would support the measures of his government. "God forbid!" said his royal highness, "that a Prince of the House of Hanover should violate those rights in America which they were raised to the throne of England for asserting!" and immediately his royal highness voted with Lord Chatham and twenty-nine other peers, in favour of that nobleman's plan of reconciliation.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The misfortunes of this much-injured princess were destined to find their only termination in an early grave. She died at Zell, in 1775. Whatever her conduct might have previously been, and with respect to it there has been much difference of opinion, the manner in which she conducted herself during her seclusion at Zell was irreproachable.

The nobility and the states of the Duchy of Lunenburg, after her death, requested permission of the King of Great Britain to erect a monument to her memory, "to transmit to the most remote posterity, both the profound grief which the premature death of that young queen has spread through a whole province which adored her, and the homage which they rendered to that true greatness, which the catastrophes and adversities the most cruel only render more respectable."

A striking trait of her parental fondness was exhibited during her residence at Zell. Two or three months before her death, she showed with transports of joy to Madame d'O——, her first lady of the bed-

chamber, a miniature of the prince royal, her son, which she had just received. It happened that this lady some few days after entered the queen's apartment at an unusual hour. She was surprised at hearing her majesty talk, though quite alone. While she stood in this attitude of astonishment, unable to retire, the queen turned suddenly round, and addressing herself to her with that charming smile which she alone could preserve at a moment when her heart was torn with the most acute and agonizing sensations,--- "What must you think," said she, "of a circumstance so extraordinary, as that of hearing me talk, though you find me perfectly alone? But it was to this dear and cherished image I addressed my conversation; and what do you imagine I said to it? nearly the same verses which you sent not long ago to a child, sensible to the happiness of having found her father; verses," added she, "which I altered as follows:

Eh ! qui donc, comme moi, goûteroit la douceur
De t'appeler mon fils, d'être chère à ton cœur !
Toi qu'on arrache aux bras d'une mère sensible,
Qui ne pleure que toi, dans ce destin terrible.

DOMESTIC LIFE AT KEW.

The following sketch of their majesties' domestic life at Kew, in the summer season, presents a view of happiness which persons of all ranks might envy and emulate; the period to which it alludes is the year 1775.

"Their majesties rise at six in the morning, and enjoy the two succeeding hours, which they call their

own ; at eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, the Princess Royal, and Princes William and Edward, are brought from their several houses to Kew, to breakfast with their illustrious parents. At nine, the younger children attend to lisp or smile their good morrows, and whilst the five eldest are closely applying to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses pass the whole morning in Richmond gardens.

“ The king and queen frequently amuse themselves with sitting in the room while the children dine, and once a week, attended by the whole offspring in pairs, make the little delightful tour of Richmond gardens. In the afternoon, the queen works, and the king reads to her, and whatever charms ambition or folly may conceive as attendant on so exalted a situation, it is neither on the throne nor in the drawing-room, in the splendour or the toys of sovereignty, that they place their felicity ; it is, next to the fulfilling of the duties of their station, in social and domestic gratifications, in breathing the free air, admiring the works of nature, tasting and encouraging the elegancies of art, and in living to their own hearts. In the evening, all the children again pay their duty at Kew-house, before they retire to bed, and the same order is observed through each returning day.

“ Exercise, air, and light diet, are the grand fundamentals in the king’s idea of health and sprightliness ; his majesty feeds chiefly on vegetables, and drinks little wine : the queen is what many private gentlewomen would call whimsically abstemious ; for at a table covered with dainties, she culls the plainest and the simplest dish, and seldom eats of more than two

things at a meal. Her wardrobe is changed every three months; and, while the nobility are eager to supply themselves with foreign trifles, her care is that nothing but what is English shall be provided for her wear. The tradesmen's bills are regularly paid once a quarter for what comes under the children's department, and the whole is judiciously and happily conducted."

LITERARY PURSUITS.

The king was not a great reader; but what he read he remembered tenaciously. In his historic recollections, he shewed himself always particularly prompt and accurate. A curious proof of this is extant, in the fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare's Works, which is in the royal library, and which originally belonged to Charles the First.---The book was purchased by Dr. Askew, at Dr. Mead's sale, for two guineas and a half; and, at the death of Dr. Mead, Mr. Stevens became the purchaser of it for £5. 10s. In a leaf of this book, Charles the First had written with his own hand, "DUM SPIRO SPERO. C. R." And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the king presented it the night before his execution, has also written, "Ex dono Serenissimi Regis Car. Servo suo Humiliss. T. Herbert." Mr. Stevens has added, "Sir Thomas Herbert was master of the revels to King Charles the First." The book being subsequently purchased for the king's library, at eighteen guineas, his majesty on inspecting it immediately observed, that there was an error in this last note of Mr. Stevens; and, taking a pen, he wrote beneath it

these words, "This is a mistake; he, (Sir Thomas Herbert,) having been groom of the bed-chamber to King Charles I.; but Sir *Henry* Herbert was master of the revels."

Topography was one of his majesty's favourite studies. He copied every capital chart, took the models of all the celebrated fortifications, knew the soundings of the chief harbours in Europe, and the strong and weak sides of most fortified towns. And all these were private acquisitions, and of his own choosing.

AMUSEMENTS.

The king's chief amusement in private was music, of which he was passionately fond. It was music of the highest character, for grandeur and sublimity of conception; by which he not only gratified a well-tuned ear, but exalted his devotional feelings. For the meretricious bravuras of the Italian stage he had no relish, and still less for the fantastic and bewitching movements of its ballet. He loved dancing, but strictly in the old style of mingled stateliness and vivacity; the voluptuous waltz was unknown, and had it sought for admission at court, would assuredly have sought in vain. Of his majesty's fondness for dancing we have the following pleasing picture, in a letter from Daniel Wray, Esq. formerly Deputy Teller of the Exchequer.

"We found all the world gaping at the King of Denmark. At the queen's ball, after several country dances, he asked his brother monarch (George III.) whether his majesty was tired. Not at all, replied the

king, and called for *The Hemp Dressers*, which he continued for two hours. At Carlton House, the same question was returned upon the Dane, who confessed himself *abattu*, and cried *quarter*."

His majesty disliked the opera, and never honoured it with his presence ; but he loved, with all his heart, to go and see, and enjoy, an English play, as often as he could make it convenient. Although known to delight in the serious drama, and to be a reader and admirer of Shakespeare, he appeared in public to be always more particularly pleased with exhibitions of a comic or even farcical description. Whimsical transformations, and such deceptions as Follet the clown swallowing a carrot four or five yards long, have been known to make his majesty laugh so heartily, as to attract the general attention of the house. More than once the queen has been heard to whisper to his majesty, "not to laugh so loud." The truth is, that the king went to the theatre purposely to refresh and exhilarate his spirits ; to indulge in that joyous mirth, English all over, which he could not find in the private chambers or tapestried saloons of a palace.

DOING HOMAGE.

Mr. Carbonel, the wine merchant who served his majesty, was a great favourite with the king, and used to be admitted to the royal hunts. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered affably into conversation with his wine merchant, and rode with him side by side a considerable way. Lord Walsingham was in attendance ; and watching an opportunity, took Mr. Carbonel aside, and whispered something

to him. "What's that! what's that, Walsingham has been saying to you?" inquired the good-humoured monarch. "I find, sir, I have been unintentionally guilty of disrespect; my lord informed me that I ought to have taken off my hat whenever I addressed your majesty; but your majesty will please to observe, that whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig is fastened to my head, and I am on the back of a very high-spirited horse, so that if any thing *goes off*, we must *all go off together!*" The king laughed heartily at the whimsical apology.

THE CARD MAKER.

His majesty, in one of his rides near Richmond, observed a handsome house, and being curious to know who was the owner, he made the necessary inquiry. He received for answer, that the mansion was the lately purchased property of his majesty's card maker. "Indeed," replied the king; "then this man's cards have all turned up trumps!"

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

The king, in his walks about his farms, was often alone, and many pleasant little incidents occurred on meeting with rustics, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass through a narrow hedge-gate, on which sat a young clown, who showed no readiness in moving. "Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig-boy," answered he. "Where do you come from? Who do you work for here?" "I be from the low country; out of work at present." "Don't they want lads here?" said the king. "I

doan't know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to *Georgy*." "Pray," said his majesty, "who is *Georgy*?" "He be the King, and live at the Castle, but he does no good for me." His majesty immediately gave orders at his farm hard by to have the boy employed; and when he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "*Georgy*" might do some good for him.

MR. HARTLEY'S EXPERIMENTS.

In the year 1776, the public attention was attracted to an invention for the security of buildings against fire, made by a Mr. Hartley. This gentleman had a house on Wimbledon Common, where he exhibited experiments illustrative of his plan, and was one day honoured with a visit from royalty to witness them. The king and queen, with the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Charlotte Finch, General Desaguliers, and Colonel Hotham, formed this august party. Their majesties, with the princes and princesses, first breakfasted in one of the rooms; the tea-kettle was boiled upon a fire made upon the floor of the opposite room, which apartment they afterwards entered, and saw a bed set on fire, the curtains of which were consumed, with part of the bedstead, but not the whole, the flames, from the resistance of the floor, going out of themselves. Their majesties then went down stairs, and saw a horse-shoe forged in a fire made upon the floor; as also a large faggot lighted, that was hung up to the ceiling instead of a curtain. After this, two fires were

made upon the staircase, and one under the stairs ; all which burnt out quietly, without spreading beyond the place where the fuel was first laid. Their majesties paid the greatest attention to every experiment that was made, and expressed the utmost satisfaction at the discovery. The whole concluded by lighting a large magazine of faggots, pitch, and tar : it burnt with amazing fury, but did no damage to the floor or ceiling. The queen and the children displayed the utmost courage and composure in going up stairs, and remaining in the room immediately over that which was raging in flames beneath.

AMERICAN REBELLION.

When Lord George Germaine waited on the king with the despatches from General Howe, containing an account of the action on Long Island in 1776, his majesty, when he read the list of the provincials who had been killed and wounded, was much affected, and said, “ Since the future consequences of the American rebellion, if we may judge from this fatal event, are likely to be still more bloody and tragical, may my deluded subjects on the other side of the Atlantic behold their impending destruction with half the horror that I feel on the occasion ; then I think I should soon hear of their throwing off the yoke of republicanism, and like loyal subjects, returning to that duty they owe to an indulgent sovereign.”

GENERAL CLINTON.

Previous to General Clinton's return to America in April, 1777, he demanded a formal audience of the

king, and particularly requested that his letter on the affair at Charles Town should be published in the Gazette, unmutilated. His majesty answered, "Clinton, you would injure yourself in appealing from the crown to the people. I am perfectly satisfied with your conduct. Why are you so solicitous what the multitude think of you? If you are right, twenty to one but they condemn you."

Gen. Clinton. "But my honour, sire, appears."

King. "Leave your honour to me; it will be in as good hands as if with the people."

Gen. Clinton. "Your majesty shall be obeyed. If you, sire, are satisfied, I shall always be happy."

THE CIVIL LIST.

Sir Fletcher Norton, when speaker of the House of Commons, on presenting the Civil List Bill in the year 1777, addressed his majesty in the following bold and energetic language.

"Your majesty's faithful Commons," said Sir Fletcher, erect with honest pride, "your majesty's faithful Commons have granted a great sum to discharge the debt of the civil list; and considering that whatever enables your majesty to support with grandeur, honour, and dignity, the crown of Great Britain, in its true lustre, will reflect honour on the nation, they have given most liberally, even in these times of great danger and difficulty, taxed almost beyond our ability to bear; and they have now granted to your majesty an income far exceeding your majesty's highest wants, *hoping that what they have given cheerfully, your majesty will spend wisely.*"

His majesty did not feel offended at the bold truths and strong language in which he was addressed. A gentleman then present says, "I narrowly watched the royal eye when this speech was delivered; and declare with pleasure, I did not perceive one symptom of displeasure deranging the mild serenity and dignified softness of the Brunswick countenance." On Sir Fletcher resigning the office of Speaker, he was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, and in the year 1782, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Grantley.

PENSIONED WIDOWS.

Their majesties never failed to notice any objects that stood in need of immediate relief, or whose industry merited particular encouragement. Inquiries were made into the state of indigent families; and effectual assistance rendered them without delay. One of the charities of the queen, which commenced about the year 1779, was of a peculiar description, and evinced as much discrimination as liberality. Thirty-six widows were divided into three classes of twelve each, whom her majesty supported by pensions apportioned according to their former situations in life. The lowest was twenty guineas a year, thus judiciously rendering some employment necessary on the part of the person receiving the pension, which was always paid quarterly, and in advance.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Mrs. Chapone, who was niece of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, formerly preceptor to the king, and used to spend much of her time at her uncle's residence at Farnham Castle, relates the following anecdotes of the royal family, in a letter to Mr. Burrows, dated August 20, 1778. "Mr. Buller went to Windsor on Saturday; saw the king, who inquired much about the bishop; and hearing that he would be eighty-two next Monday, 'then,' said the king, 'I will go and wish him joy.' 'And I,' said the queen, 'will go too.' Mr. B. then dropt a hint of the additional pleasure it would give the bishop if he could see the princes. 'That,' said the king, 'requires contrivance; but if I can manage it we will all go.' On the Monday following, the royal party, consisting of their majesties, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, Duke of Clarence, the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta, visited the bishop. "The king," continues Mrs. Chapone, "sent the princes to pay their compliments to Mrs. Chapone," himself, he said, was an old acquaintance. Whilst the princes were speaking to me, Mr. Arnold, sub-preceptor, said, 'These gentlemen are well acquainted with a certain ode prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Epictetus, if you know any thing of it.' Afterwards the king came, and spoke to us, and the queen led the Princess Royal to me, saying, 'This is a young lady who, I hope, has much profited by your instructions. She has read them [Letters on the Improvement of the Mind] more than once, and will read them often; and the princess assented to

the praise which followed with a very modest air. I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the bishop's heart; to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age; yet with the young Bullers he was quite the boy, and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk, 'Come, we are both boys you know.' All of them shewed affectionate respect to the bishop; the Prince of Wales pressed his hand so hard, that he hurt it."

THE KING AND THE PRINCE.

The King in one of his morning walks, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, met a farmer's servant travelling to Windsor with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud, nor could the poor fellow extricate it, though labouring with all his might. Both the king and the prince were dressed in a style of great simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic. Having through the dint of main strength enabled him to set his cart fairly on the road, the poor fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that as the road was dirty, they were heartily welcome to take a seat on the cart. Both these offers were of course declined, and they parted; the king having pre-

viously slipped a guinea, and the prince two guineas, into the hands of the rustic.

The man was thunderstruck; nor could he help relating the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached Windsor. He was assured that it must have been to the king and the prince that he had been so highly indebted; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the prince should have given him two guineas, while the king gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, soon reached the ears of the monarch; and happening the week following to meet the same man again on his way to market, he stopped him, and smiling, said, "Well, my friend, I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when we last met; the son you thought more munificent than the father. He was so, I confess; but remember, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous; my son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself; and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my mind than you can possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand, from you."

RIOTS OF 1780.

In the disgraceful riots of 1780, when the metropolis was for three days left to the mercy of a lawless and infuriated mob, his majesty displayed singular resolution and firmness of character. At the council

on the morning of the 7th of June, his majesty assisted in person. The great question was there discussed on which hinged the protection and preservation of the capital---a question respecting which the first legal characters were divided, and on which Lord Mansfield himself was with reason accused of never having clearly expressed his opinion up to that time. Doubts existed whether persons riotously collected together, and committing outrages and infractions of the peace, however great, might legally be fired on by the military power, without staying previously to read the Riot Act. Lord Bathurst, President of the Council, and Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons, who were both present, on being appealed to for their opinions, declared, that "a soldier was not less a citizen because he was a soldier, and consequently that he might repel force by force." But no minister would sign the order for the purpose. In this emergency, when every moment was precious, Mr. Wedderburn, who was then attorney-general, and was afterwards successively raised to the dignity of a baron and of an earl of Great Britain, having been called in to the council-table, and ordered by the king to deliver his official opinion on the point, stated in the most precise terms, that any such assemblage might be dispersed by military force, without waiting for forms, or reading the act in question. "Is that your declaration of the law, as attorney-general?" said the king. Wedderburn answering decidedly in the affirmative, "Then so let it be done," rejoined his majesty. The attorney-general drew up the order immediately, which the king himself signed, and on which Lord Amherst

acted the same evening; the complete suppression of the riots followed in the course of a few hours.

Previous to this decision of the council, his majesty, during the two nights of the riots, sat up with several general officers in the Queen's Riding House, whence messengers were constantly despatched to observe the motions of the mob. Between three and four thousand troops were in the queen's gardens, and surrounded Buckingham House. During the first night the alarm was so sudden, that no straw could be got for the troops to rest themselves on; which being told his majesty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went through the ranks, telling them, "My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here to-morrow morning; as a substitute for the straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible; and I shall keep you company myself until morning." The king did so, walking mostly in the garden, sometimes visiting the queen and children in the palace, and receiving all messages in the riding-house, it being in a manner head quarters. When his majesty was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Bank, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in consequence of that, were so daring as to take hold of the bayonets and shake them, defying the soldiers to fire or hurt them; however, the means were effectual, as nothing farther was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

On the meeting of parliament on the 17th of June,

pursuant to their adjournment, the king went in state to the House of Peers, and in his speech “ lamented the necessity which had obliged him, by every tie of duty and affection to his people, to employ the force entrusted to him for the suppression of those acts of felony and treason, which had overborne all civil authority, and threatened the immediate subversion of all legal power, the destruction of all property, and the confusion of every order in the state ; at the same time renewing his assurances, that he had no other object than to make the laws of the realm, and the principles of the constitution, the rule and measure of his conduct.”

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Few things in the life of George III. did more honour to his reign than the devotion of his son, Prince William Henry, to the service of the British navy ; nor can any thing be considered more honourable to an individual, than that son’s spirited acceptance of the professional life proposed to him by his royal father. The naval character is one of the dearest to the interests of Britain. Every rank of life alike looks up to it for protection and security. Naval fame is, however, dearly earned. The sailor’s warfare is in the farthest extreme of sufferance and danger. “ The very elements,” to use the words of an elegant writer, “ are his foes ;” and he often receives more injury from them than from those of his country. He has to contend, not only with a faithless ocean, replete with danger, but with the change of climate, with the trying succession of burning suns and freezing

skies. He is borne away from his friends and native land, confined to the ship in which he sails, and deprived of every communication that may cheer his heart in the moment of distress, and at the extremities of the globe. The hour of combat approaches him with redoubled danger; and it not unfrequently proves his lamentable fate to fly from the quick approach of consuming fire, to find a tomb in the devouring wave. The first years of the infant seaman's life are fatigue and hardship. Removed from a parent's tender care, and all the comforts of a protecting home, it is his lot to enter upon a scene where the severe discipline of rigorous instruction prepares him to bear with resolution the future toils of his profession."

His royal highness served his full time as a midshipman and lieutenant, without the smallest deviation from the customary course of servitude. The first actual service in which he was engaged, was the battle between Lord Rodney and the Spanish fleet under Langara, when, as elsewhere particularly related, (ANECDOTES OF YOUTH, p. 135) he exhibited, to the surprise and admiration of the enemy, the novel spectacle of a king's son stripped to the shirt, and plying at an oar like a common sailor. The duke was also present at the capture of the Curacoa fleet, the convoy to which (a Spanish ship of the line called *El Guipuscoana*,) was named the Prince William, in compliment to his royal highness. His career of duty was incessant. All the West India Islands, and even the dreary inhospitable regions of Nova Scotia and Canada, witnessed his professional ardour.

The prince was every where received with the most

enthusiastic warmth ; and to the numerous addresses which were presented to him, his answers were said to be peculiarly apt and spontaneous, and equally distinguished for their promptitude and propriety, their elegance and point.

Although he was a strict disciplinarian, he was idolized by the sailors ; and, although strict and severe, he displayed all the openness and generosity peculiar to his profession.

It is pleasing to know that the example of the King of England's son thus devoting himself to a course of arduous service, in order to gain instruction in the duties of an important profession, was not without its influence in other countries. The prince had not long been at sea, before the King of Prussia made use of the circumstance, to illustrate in a very striking manner the excellent sentiments contained in the following answer to a nobleman, who had applied for a commission to his son in the army.

“ MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, DEAR, AND FAITHFUL !

“ I HAVE seen your petition concerning your son. It is proper to inform you, that some time since, I have given orders that no men of rank should be admitted into my armies, as these gentlemen, after a campaign or two, thinking themselves exceedingly clever, generally retire, settling on their own estates, where they enjoy the reputation of having been in the service. If your son chooses to be a soldier, I can assure you that his title will avail him nothing in the way of preferment, unless he endeavours to acquire the knowledge requisite to his profession.”

P. S. In the king's own hand. “ As our young nobility in general never learn any thing, they of

course are exceedingly ignorant. *In England, one of the king's sons, wishing to instruct himself, has not scrupled to set out as a common sailor.*

“ If any one of our men of fashion should chance to distinguish himself, and prove useful to his country, he will have no reason to plume himself upon his quality.

“ Titles and birth are nothing else than vanity and folly. True merit is personal.

“ FREDERIC.”

PROMOTION.

In 1781, a striking instance occurred of the attention which his majesty paid to the services and rewards of his servants. Lord Amherst presenting to the king a packet of army commissions for his signature, his majesty, on looking over the list, observed an officer appointed captain over an old lieutenant, and inquiring the reason, was answered by his lordship, “ He cannot buy.” The name struck the king, and before he signed the commissions, he turned to one of those large folios, of which he had a number, in his own hand-writing; and presently finding the name of the lieutenant, and some memorandums of his private life, he immediately ordered him to be promoted to the vacant company.

MR. FOX.

On the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, Mr. Fox expected to be called upon by the sovereign, to fill the post of prime minister. Some

time however elapsing without this hope being gratified, he summoned a secret council of the Cavendishes, Lord Keppel, Mr. Burke, the Duke of Richmond, &c. at his house in Grafton Street, when he briefly told them, that the Earl of Shelburne would be appointed minister, unless they all firmly united to oppose such a measure. On this it was unanimously agreed, that the Duke of Portland would be a proper person for the prime minister, under their auspices, and that Mr. Fox should immediately wait on the king, with a strong recommendation of his grace by this majority of the cabinet. Mr. Fox reached the royal closet only time enough to learn, that Lord Shelburne had just gone out with the appointment of first lord of the treasury. Mr. Fox, expressing great astonishment on hearing this, asked his majesty, "If, under these circumstances, he had any objection to his (Mr. Fox's) naming the new secretary of state?" To this his majesty replied, "That, sir, is already done." On which Mr. Fox rejoined, "Then I trust your majesty can dispense with my services." The king replied hastily, "That also, sir, is done." Mr. Fox bowed and retired, and next day had a farther audience to deliver up his seals of office.

EARL OF MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

In the change of ministers which took place in 1782, the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, who was then captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners, accompanied the ex-ministers in the turn out. They assembled at the Cocoa Tree, Pall Mall; the day was exceedingly dirty, and it rained incessantly. His

lordship, on alighting from his carriage, hurried into the Cocoa, and was received with a general cry of "What! my lord, are you turned out also?" "Yes," said his lordship, "they have turned me out in such a day, as no Christian would turn out a dog in."

INVENTION OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham, soon after he was connected with Mr. Watt, who was making such wonderful improvements in the Steam Engine, appeared at St. James's on a levee day. "Well, Mr. Boulton," said the king, "I am glad to see you. What new project have you got now?" "I am," said Mr. Boulton, "manufacturing a new article that kings are very fond of." "Aye, aye, Mr. Boulton, what's that?" "It is power, an please your majesty." "Power! Mr. Boulton, we like *power*, that's true; but what do you mean?" "Why, sire, I mean the power of steam to move machines." His majesty appeared pleased, and laughing, said, "Very good, go on, go on."

THE COALITION MINISTRY.

Of all the administrations of his majesty's reign, the coalition ministry was decidedly the most unpopular, as it neither possessed the confidence of the king nor that of the people. The India bill of Mr. Fox, which had passed the House of Commons, and proceeded favourably in its early stages in the upper house, was however, after a vehement debate, rejected by a majority of 95 to 75. This change is said to

have been occasioned by the following circumstance: On the 11th of December, 1783, Earl Temple had a conference with the king, in the course of which he fully explained to his majesty the nature and tendency of the bill which had been hitherto honoured with the king's entire approbation. The royal indignation was, in consequence of this discovery, excited in a very high degree. The monarch considered himself as having been *duped* and deceived. A note was immediately written, stating, "That his majesty allowed Earl Temple to say, that whoever voted for the India bill was not only not his friend, but would be considered by him as his enemy. And if these words were not strong enough, Earl Temple might use whatever words he might deem stronger or more to the purpose." This interposition becoming a matter of public notoriety, occasioned considerable uneasiness to such of the ministers as had supported the bill.

A change of administration was now determined on. Accordingly, on the 18th of December, at midnight, a messenger delivered to the two secretaries of state (Lord North and Mr. Fox) his majesty's orders "that they should deliver up the seals of their offices, and send them by the under-secretaries, as a personal interview on the occasion would be disagreeable to his majesty."

No measure could have been more popular than the dismissal of the coalition ministry; addresses of thanks and approbation to his majesty flowed in from all parts of the kingdom, and became at length so universal, that upon no occasion whatever was the sense of the people at large more clearly, strongly, and unequivocally ascertained. In this the City of

London took the lead, and in their address said, "Your faithful citizens lately beheld with infinite concern the progress of a measure which equally tended to encroach on the rights of your majesty's crown; to annihilate the chartered rights of the East India Company; and to raise a new power unknown to this free government, and highly inimical to its safety. As this dangerous measure was warmly supported by your majesty's late ministers, we heartily rejoice in their dismissal, and humbly thank your majesty for exerting your prerogative in a manner so salutary and constitutional."

INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA.

The separation of a whole people from a crown to which they had for ages borne allegiance is no ordinary event, and next to it in singularity and importance, we may rank the appearance of an ambassador in the name of that people, as an independent state, at the court of the monarch they formerly owned for their sovereign. Mr. Adams, who was the first ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, has given, in a letter to Mr. Jay, the following interesting account of his first audience of his majesty, George the Third.

Bath Hotel, Westminster, June 9, 1785.

DEAR SIR,—During my interview with the Marquis of Carmarthen, he told me that it was customary for every foreign minister, at his first presentation to the king, to make his majesty some compliments conformable to the spirit of his credentials; and when Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, the master of the ceremonies,

came to inform me that he should accompany me to the secretary of state, and to court, he said that every foreign minister whom he had attended to the queen, had always made an harangue to her majesty, and he understood, though he had not been present, that they always harangued the king. On Tuesday evening the Baron de Lynden (Dutch Ambassador) called upon me, and said he came from the Baron de Nelkin (Swedish Envoy), and had been conversing upon the situation I was in; and they agreed in opinion that it was indispensable that I should make a speech, and that it should be as complimentary as possible. All this was parallel to the advice lately given by the Count de Vergennes to Mr. Jefferson. So that finding that it was a custom established at both these great courts, and that this court and the foreign ministers expected it, I thought I could not avoid it, although my first thought and inclination had been to deliver my credentials silently, and retire. At one, on Wednesday the 1st of June, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's Office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland and France, free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the anti-chamber, the *Œil de Bœuf* of St. James, the master of the ceremonies met me, and at-

tended me while the secretary of state went to take the commands of the king. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, wait, as well as the next room, which is the king's bed-chamber, you may well suppose that I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch Ministers, who came to me, and entertained me in a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too; until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his majesty! I went with his lordship through the levee room into the king's closet; the door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences; one at the door, another about half-way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern Courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

“ Sir—*The United States of America* have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honour to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family.

“ The appointment of a minister from the United

States to your majesty's court, will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow citizens, in having the distinguished honour to be the first to stand in your majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or in better words, 'the old good nature, and the good old humour,' between people, who though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said, "Sir, the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late

contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiment and language as your's prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect."

I dare not to say that these were the king's precise words, and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between his periods, and between members of the same period. He was indeed much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; and I think that all which he said to me should at present be kept secret in America, unless his majesty or his secretary of state should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

The king then asked me whether I came last from France? and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity; and, smiling, or rather laughing, said, "There is an opinion among some people, that you are not the most attached of all your

countrymen to the manners of France." I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on one hand, nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety, and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said—"That opinion, sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your majesty I have no attachment but to my own country." The king replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other."

The king then said a word or two to the secretary of state, which, being then between them, I did not hear, and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes, when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backwards, as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went my way. The master of the ceremonies joined me the moment of my coming out of the king's closet, and accompanied me through all the apartments, down to my carriage, several stages of servants, gentlemen porters, and under porters, roaring out, like thunder, as I went along, "Mr. Adams's servants, Mr. Adams's carriage," &c.

I have been thus minute in these details, because they may be useful to others hereafter to know. The conversation with the king I should not dare to withhold from congress, who will form their own judgment of it. I may possibly expect a residence from it here less painful than I once expected, because so marked an attention from the king will silence many grumblers; but we can infer nothing from all this con-

cerning the success of my mission. There is a train of other ceremonies to go through in presentations to the queen, and visits to and from ministers and ambassadors, which will take up much time, and interrupt me in my endeavours to obtain all that I have at heart, the objects of my instructions. Thus it is that the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country of Europe; we must submit to what we cannot alter—patience is the only remedy.

With great and sincere esteem, I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“JOHN ADAMS.”

His Excellency John Jay, Esq. Secretary of State
for the department of Foreign Affairs.

FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

His majesty, one day parading the terrace at Windsor, in 1787, with the Duke of York, rested his arm on the sun-dial, which is near the end of the walk; the duke did the same, and continued in conversation with some gentlemen with whom they had for some time before been walking. During this parley, a sentinel upon duty there walked up to the king, and desired him to remove from the dial, as it was under his particular charge. His majesty removed accordingly, observing, at the same time, that the man's rigid adherence to his orders was highly commendable; and a few hours afterwards he was graciously pleased to recommend him to the colonel of the regiment, as an object worthy of promotion and one who ought to be provided for in as eligible a manner as the nature of the service would admit.

GIFT TO SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

During the visit of the king to Salisbury, and while the improvements in the Cathedral, under the direction of Mr. James Wyatt, were going on, his majesty inquired one day in private of Bishop Barrington what these improvements were, and by what means the expense was to be defrayed. The bishop stated the several alterations, and that a new organ was much wanted, though he feared it would greatly exceed the means, which depended solely on the voluntary contributions of the gentlemen in the counties of Berks and Wilts, of which the diocese consists. The king immediately replied, "I desire that you will accept of a new organ for your Cathedral, being my contribution as a Berkshire gentleman." A new organ, built by Green, of the value of 1500*l.* was forthwith sent to Salisbury.

QUEEN'S INFLUENCE ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER OF BRITAIN.

The unsullied purity of her majesty's private life, and the noble example she afforded to the women of Great Britain, was attended with an effect, the benefit of which was deeply felt through the whole of her reign, and may, as we trust it will, extend to ages yet unborn, since upon the conduct of the female sex mainly rests the edifice of the public as well as private morals. No woman, however elevated her rank, or powerful her connections, if her reputation was known to have suffered the slightest taint, was per-

mitted to appear in the presence of her majesty. Her fine reply to Lady ——, when soliciting permission to present Lady ——; and when refused, saying, she did not know what to tell her disappointed friend, will long be remembered and repeated: "Tell her," said the queen, "*you did not dare to ask me.*"

In a conversation which passed between the queen and the Duchess of ——, her majesty expressed her astonishment that ladies entrusted their children, when they took an airing, to the care of servants, and were so seldom seen with them themselves. The duchess seemed inclined to vindicate the practice; but was interrupted by her majesty with this sensible admonition: "You," said she, "are a mother; you now converse with a mother; and I should be sorry you would compel me to suppose that you were callous where you ought to be most susceptible."

PETER PINDAR.

From the habitual self-possession with which the king was blessed, arising chiefly from his conviction that he acted conscientiously, he was in general very indifferent to the shafts of ridicule or calumny. He thought with St. Evremond, that "if what is alleged of us be true, it is our business rather to reform ourselves, than for others to hold their tongues; if false, that by shewing a concern about it, we are apt to make it suspected for truth." "The contempt of such discourses," as the same writer adds, "is the surest way to discredit them, and takes away the pleasure from those that indulge them. If you resent them more than you ought to do, it is in the power of the

most contemptible enemy, of the most pitiful rascal, to disturb the repose of your life, and all your power cannot defend you from perpetual vexation."

We see in these sentiments the rule of conduct which appears to have invariably guided the conduct of George III. Perhaps no writer ever carried the licence of poetical satire to more unwarrantable, ungenerous, and unmanly lengths, than the late Dr. Wolcot, who, under the assumed name of Peter Pindar, deluged the town for several years with publications, the avowed object of which was to expose the domestic affairs of the royal family to derision, as if the dwelling of the sovereign were the only one in England, the household gods of which may be insulted with impunity. On the king, however, they produced no other effect, than a smile of wonder at the perverse ingenuity of the man; and the most serious thing he was ever known to say of them was on the occasion of Peter's lampooning General Carpenter, when his majesty observed, that "for himself he cared nothing; but he was hurt to see a worthy man calumniated, because he happened to be one of his servants." As far as they were capable of exciting a good-natured laugh, the king enjoyed that laugh as much as any man; and when they were otherwise, as was but too often the case, he observed a dignified forbearance, leaving the author to enjoy all the triumph there might be, in making a base attack on a party whom he knew to be precluded, by his dignity, from descending into the arena in his own defence.

A letter from Dr. Walcot is extant, in which he alleges, that "it was agitated in the privy council to attack him for his writings, particularly the *Lousiad*;

but that on its being discovered that the poem had its foundation in truth, all idea of prosecution was extinguished. “Are you sure of a verdict?” said a lord high in the law (Chancellor Thurlow); “if not so, we shall look like a parcel of fools!” For this statement there is, we believe, the same vague shadow of truth that there was for all Peter’s statements; but however authentic it may be, it is generally allowed to be quite as certain, that the idea of a prosecution did not originate with his majesty, but with some of his ministers, who consulted a natural and just indignation, more than the dictates of a sound prudence.

Of the “foundation in truth” which the doctor speaks of, he has left in another letter a proof, which deserves to be as memorable at least as the satire itself. It shows how the privacy of the palace was invaded; and to what low sources the man had recourse for his materials. “I had this (the story of the *Lousiad*) from the cooks themselves, with whom I dined several times at Buckingham House and Windsor immediately after the *shave* took place.”

The doctor, on being once reproved by a gentleman for the liberties he had taken with his sovereign, is said to have replied, with as much truth as wit, “I confess there exists this difference between the king and I—the king has been a *good subject* to me; but I have been a *bad subject* to his majesty.”

CARICATURES.

A very bold caricature was one day shown to his majesty, in which Warren Hastings was represented wheeling the king and the lord chancellor in a wheelbarrow for sale, and crying, "What a man buys, he may sell." The inference intended was, that his majesty and Lord Thurlow had used improper influence in favour of Hastings. The king smiled at the caricature, and observed, "Well, this is something new ; I have been in all sorts of carriages, but was never put into a wheelbarrow before."

MARGARET NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT TO
ASSASSINATE HIS MAJESTY.

As his majesty was stepping out of his post chariot at the garden entrance of St. James on the morning of August 2, 1786, a woman who was waiting there pushed forward, and presented a paper, which his majesty received with great condescension. At that instant she struck a concealed knife at the king's breast, which his majesty happily avoided by bowing as he received the paper. As she was making a second thrust, one of the yeomen caught her arm, and at the same instant one of the king's footmen wrenched the knife out of her hand. The king, with amazing temper and fortitude, exclaimed, at the instant, "*I have received no injury ! Do not hurt the woman ; the poor creature appears insane !*"

His majesty was perfectly correct in his humane supposition. The woman underwent a long examination before the privy council ; who finally declared,

that they were “clearly and unanimously of opinion, that she was, and is, insane.” She did not appear in the least embarrassed before the council; answered some questions consistently, but others with evident marks of aberration of mind. It appeared that she had frequently before presented petitions to his majesty; but having, on account of their incoherent and unintelligible nature, received no answer to them, it was her determination, as she expressed herself, “to bring matters to a point.” She had no intention, she said, to hurt the king; her object was to obtain the prayer of her petition, by terrifying the king, which she fancied the sight of the knife would have effected. The instrument struck against his majesty’s waistcoat, and made a little cut, the breadth of the point, through the cloth. Had not his majesty shrunk in his side, the blow must have been fatal!

PRINCESS AMELIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE II.

This princess, the last surviving child of George II. died at an advanced age in 1787. She was of a masculine turn of mind, and evinced this strikingly enough in her dress and manners. She generally wore a riding habit in the German fashion, with a round hat, and delighted very much in attending her stables, particularly when any of the horses were out of order. Her practice was to rise very early; and she always drank her coffee or chocolate in a standing posture, walking all the while about the room. She took snuff immoderately, and was very fond of cards. Being at the public rooms one evening at Bath, a

general officer seeing her box stand upon the table, imprudently ventured to take a pinch from it; on her royal highness observing this, she called to her servant, and ordered him to throw the contents of the box into the fire.

VISIT TO CHELTENHAM, JULY, 1788.

The king, in his walks, accompanied by the queen and the princesses, was constantly attended by crowds of people; his majesty pleasantly observed to the queen, "We must walk about for two or three days to please these good people, and then we may walk about to please ourselves." His manners were unaffected and condescending to every one. He walked about unattended by any pomp, and without a single guard; not would he allow any soldiers to be quartered within ten miles of the Spa.

To those about his majesty he declared, more than once, at moments when the heart speaks its undisguised sentiments, "That the hours he had passed at Cheltenham, and in other parts of the country, unguarded, and in the midst of his people, had more than repaid him for all the hours of solicitude he had experienced during his reign."

SEEING THE KING.

In one of his majesty's excursions, during the hay harvest, in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, he passed a field where only one woman was at work. His majesty asked her where the rest of her companions were? The woman answered, they are gone

to see the king. "And why did not you go with them?" rejoined his majesty. "I would not give a pin to see him!" replied the woman; "besides, the fools that are gone to town will lose a day's work by it, and that is more than I can afford to do. I have five children to work for," &c. "Well, then," said his majesty, putting some money into her hands, "you may tell your companions who are gone to see the king, that *the king came to see you!*"

As his majesty rode through Tewkesbury, on his way to Cheltenham, the people stood upon the walls of the bridge to see him pass; on which the good monarch, observing the danger of the situation, humanely addressed them in these words: "My good people, I am afraid that some of you may fall. Don't run such hazards for the sake of seeing your king. I will ride as slowly as you please, that you may all see him."

One morning, when his majesty was taking his usual walk alone at Cheltenham, after drinking the water, he met a farmer in a great hurry. "So, friend," said the king, "you seem to be very warm." "Yes, sir," said the man, "I came a long way, for I want to see the king." "Well, my friend," observed his majesty, "here is something to refresh you after your journey, giving him a guinea. "But where, worthy sir," said the man, with much eagerness, "can I see the king?" "Friend," replied the sovereign, "you see him before you."

VISIT TO WORCESTER, AUGUST, 1780.

The king, when on a visit to Worcester, rose early, as usual. On the second morning after his arrival, he was out alone, and unattended, at half after five. He went to the lodgings of his *aides-de-camp*, Colonels Digby and Gwynne. The maid-servant was cleaning the door. The girl threw down her mop, and ran away to the bell. The king stopped her, and desired her to show him where *the fellows* slept. The girl obeyed, and his majesty went himself and called them up. The colonels leaped out of their beds as if surprised in camp by an enemy; but the king was off, and they were obliged to run over the town to find him.

Before his majesty left the city, he ordered the following princely donations: To the charity 200*l.*; the corporation 100*l.*, to be distributed amongst the poor citizens; to the infirmary 50*l.*; to the workmen at the china manufactory 20*l.*, and an order for a set of china value 100*l.*, to be presented to the queen.

On visiting the Guildhall, his majesty was singularly affable and agreeable. After viewing every thing worthy of attention, he was shewn into the grand parlour, where some excellent viands, wines, fruit, &c. were placed. The mayor having been previously informed that his majesty never tasted wine in the morning, humbly entreated him to take a jelly. The king replied, "I never did yet take wine in the morning, but on this interesting and pleasant occasion I will venture on a glass." The mayor filled a glass of rich old mountain, and his majesty drank—"Pros-

perity and happiness to the Corporation and Citizens of Worcester."

An attempt was made to *move* the *spirit* in the Quakers of Worcester to address his majesty ; but these people kept in their old dull track of life, and were rather concerned that such a thing as a royal visit had happened, to break in upon their quietude. About a dozen of the more curious among them got leave to step into the court-yard when his majesty's coach left the palace, but they stood unmoved, with their hats on their heads. The king saw that they were Quakers, and taking off his hat, bowed to them. They, in return, moved their hands, and the eldest of them said, "*Fare thee well, friend George !*" The king and queen laughed heartily at this systematic affection.

Shortly after his majesty had left Worcester, he forwarded, by a noble lord residing in that neighbourhood, the sum of 300*l.*, not only for the relief of debtors, but that such of the criminals, whose conduct, since commitment, was meritorious, should share the gift ; and his majesty farther desired, that if any circumstances appeared which rendered any of them fit objects for royal clemency, it might be represented to him.

Another remarkable incident attending his royal visit has still to be related. The only person who, by his majesty's desire, accompanied him, as conductor, through the town, was a resident of great respectability, the *great grandson of the Protector, Cromwell*. The king appeared to converse with him with much affability and condescension. The singularity of the circumstance attracted general notice.

THE KING'S ILLNESS, 1789.

His majesty had a strong presentiment of the severe malady with which he was this year afflicted, some time before it came to its height. Four or five evenings previous to his being taken ill, after a private concert, his majesty went up to Dr. Ayrton, and laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder, with his usual benig-nity, "I fear, sir," said his majesty, "I shall not long be able to hear music : it seems to affect my head ; and it is with some difficulty I bear it." Then turning round, he softly ejaculated, "Alas ! the best of us are but frail mortals."

Dr. Addington, father of Lord Sidmouth, when examined before the House of Commons, drew a favourable augury from the non-existence "of any previous melancholy." He also held out the cheering prospect of a speedy convalescence ; and thus enabled Mr. Pitt to obtain a suspension of the regency bill until that circumstance had actually occurred. It was Dr. A. also who suggested the idea of a pillow stuffed with hops, which procured the first refreshing sleep for the royal patient.

It was to the calling in however of Dr. Willis, an eminent practitioner in Lincolnshire, that the recovery of his majesty is allowed to have been chiefly owing. The doctor was recommended by the lord chancellor, who had had particular occasion to know the skill of the doctor in the treatment of maniacal cases, from his successful recovery of several wards of the Court of Chancery, entrusted to his care. Dr. W. was a clergyman, and Rector of

St. John's, Wapping; and the circumstance of his practising physic is thus explained. He had studied the science in his youth, and afterwards entering into holy orders, resided on a small donation in Lincolnshire. Here his medical acquirements were of such service to his neighbours, and gave such offence to the gentlemen of the faculty, that they threatened him with a prosecution if they could discover that he had signed his name to any prescription. Roused by these threats, he proceeded consistently with the University statutes in the study of physic, until he attained a bachelor's degree, when he became a match for the whole corps of doctors; and was soon after so celebrated for the cure of lunacy, that he is said to have acquired 6000*l.* a year by his practice.

When his majesty was first permitted to have an interview with the queen, it was but for a *quarter of an hour*. The scene, as may well be supposed, was extremely affecting. The queen bore it with uncommon firmness; but his majesty felt every visible mark of perturbation. When the stipulated period, the quarter of an hour, had expired, Dr. Willis put his majesty in mind of his royal promise, but to very little purpose, till he added, "That as the room was rather cold, a longer continuance might injure *her majesty's* health." This instantly produced the intended effect, and he took his leave in the most affectionate manner.

When in a more advanced state of convalescence, his majesty asked Dr. Willis if he thought he might with safety indulge in his favourite amusement of riding; to which the doctor, with delicacy, objected, assigning at the same time such professional reasons,

as gave his majesty entire satisfaction; the proposal was, however, followed by another. "You know, Willis," said the royal patient, "I am fond of music, do you think a concert would injure me?" The doctor bowed assent, but at the same time requested it might be upon a small scale. A pause succeeded, when the king recollecting himself, observed with great coolness, that any thing which attached strongly to his feelings, disturbed him. "We will therefore," said he, "postpone it for some time."

After his majesty's perfect recovery, Dr. W. was rewarded for his services, by a parliamentary grant of 1000*l.* per annum.

GEORGE SELWYN.

This celebrated wit, George Selwyn, often received marks of attention from his majesty; and he shewed himself not ungrateful for them. On conversing with a friend on the illness of his majesty, he expressed great solicitude for his recovery, saying, "Old as I am, I would stand bare-headed all day, and open the gate on Kew Green, if I could then be sure of any one passing from the palace, with good news of my royal master."

DIVINE RIGHT.

In February, 1789, a body of delegates from the Parliament of Ireland waited on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to present him with an address, beseeching him to take on himself the government of that kingdom, as regent, during his majesty's inca-

capacity. A few days afterwards they had the honour of dining with his royal highness at Carlton House. There were also present, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, the Dukes of Portland and Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, &c. to the number of thirty-six. The party was most happily convivial, to which the engaging manners of the prince not a little contributed. On the company's rising, his royal highness insisted on the *landlord's bottle*; this meeting with some little objection, was afterwards assented to, from an observation of Mr. Burke, who said, "that though he was an enemy in general to indefeasible right, yet he thought the prince, in his own house, had a right to rule *jure de vino*."

THE KING'S RECOVERY.

On the 23d of February, 1789, Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville were dining with Lord Chesterfield, when a letter was brought to the former, which he read, and sitting next to Lord Melville, gave it to him under the table, and whispered, that when he had looked at it, it would be better for them to talk it over in Lord Chesterfield's dressing-room. This proved to be a letter in the king's own hand, announcing his recovery to Mr. Pitt, in terms somewhat as follows:

"The king renews, with great satisfaction, his communication with Mr. Pitt, after the long suspension of their intercourse, owing to his very tedious and painful illness. He is fearful that during this interval the public interests have suffered great inconvenience and difficulty.

“ It is most desirable that immediate measures should be taken for restoring the functions of his government, and Mr. Pitt will consult with the lord chancellor to-morrow morning, upon the most expedient means for that purpose. And the king will receive Mr. Pitt at Kew, afterwards, about one o’clock.”

There could be no hesitation on the part of Mr. Pitt, and having held the necessary conference with the chancellor, he waited upon the king at the appointed time. He found him perfectly of sound mind, and in every respect, as before his illness, competent to all the affairs of his public station.

This was the first notice in any way which Mr. Pitt received of this most important event ; the reports of the physicians had indeed been of late more favourable ; but Lord Melville verily believed there was not a man, except Dr. Willis, who entertained the smallest hope of the restoration of the king’s mind. Mr. Pitt continually declared this opinion to Lord Melville, and they had both determined to return to the bar, as the dissolution of the ministry was then on the point of taking place.

The letter in question Lord Melville took from Mr. Pitt, saying, he had a trick of losing papers, and furnished him only with a copy, the original remaining in his lordship’s possession. The king wrote the letter at a little table of the queen’s, which stood in his apartment, without the knowledge of any person ; and having finished, rang his bell, and gave it to his *valet-de-chambre*, directing it to be carried immediately to Mr. Pitt.

THE KING'S MUNIFICENCE.

During his majesty's illness in 1789, a committee was appointed to examine the state of the privy purse ; when out of an income of £60,000 per annum, it was found that his majesty never gave away less than £14,000 a year in *charity* !

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

On the king's recovery, the most splendid illuminations ever witnessed were exhibited in the metropolis. The Palace at Kew was also illuminated in a very elegant manner, under the immediate direction of her majesty. In front of the house there was a most splendid arrangement of variegated lamps. In the centre was a large transparency, representing Esculapius holding up towards heaven a medallion of the king, on whose head Providence, in a female form, appeared in the act of dropping a laurel, while Britannia, kneeling, and with a countenance expressive of gratitude, seemed eager to receive the monarch. Over the picture was a pediment of lamps, surmounted by a crown, having beneath it this inscription : " G. III. the beloved father of his people." At the bottom of the transparency were the following lines :

Our prayers are heard, and providence restores
A patriot king to bless Britannia's shores ;
But not to Britain is the bliss confin'd ;
All Europe hails the friend of human kind.
If such the general joy, what words can shew
The change to transport from the depths of woe,

In those permitted to embrace again
The best of fathers, husbands, and of men?

In a conversation which his majesty afterwards had with Justice Hardinge, he greatly commended the conduct of the House of Commons in regard to the regency question, and said, his illness had in the end been a perfect bliss to him, as proving "how nobly the people would support him when he was in trouble."

DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF YORK AND COLONEL LENOX.

On the 18th of May, 1789, Colonel Lenox sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny's Club, to the following effect: That "a report having been spread that the Duke of York had said, some words had been made use of to him, (Colonel L.) in a political conversation, that no gentleman ought to submit to," Colonel L. took the first opportunity to speak to his royal highness before the officers of the Coldstream Regiment, to which Colonel L. belongs; when he answered, "that he had heard them said to Colonel L. at Daubigny's," but refused at the same time to tell the expression, or the person who had used it: That in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his royal highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (Colonel L.) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter, than by writing a letter to every member of Daubigny's Club, desiring each of them to let him know if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (Colonel L's.) presence, which could bear the con-

struction put upon it by his royal highness; and in such case, by whom the expression was used.

None of the members of the club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the duke still declining to give any farther explanation than he had done before the officers of the Coldstream Regiment, Colonel Lenox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his royal highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The duke at once waived that distinction of rank of which he might have properly availed himself; and consented to give Colonel Lenox the meeting required. The following is the account of the affair, as published by the two seconds, Lord Rawdon (now Marquis of Hastings), and Lord Winchelsea.

“In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his royal highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon; and Lieutenant Colonel Lenox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchelsea; met at Wimbledon Common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieutenant Colonel Lenox fired, and the ball grazed his royal highness's curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant Colonel Lenox observed that his royal highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the duke's intention to fire; his royal highness had come out upon Lieutenant Colonel Lenox's desire to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieutenant Colonel Lenox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed his

hope that his royal highness could have no objections to say, he considered Lieutenant Colonel Lenox as a man of honour and courage. His royal highness replied, that he should say nothing; he had come out to give Lieutenant Colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieutenant Colonel Lenox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieutenant Colonel Lenox said he could not possibly fire again at the duke, as his royal highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

“RAWDON.
WINCHELSEA.”

As soon as this affair of honour was concluded at Wimbledon, two letters were sent express to town, one to the Prince of Wales, and the other to the Duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and at the instant of the Duke of York's return, the Prince of Wales, with final attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour had made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the Duke of York to keep this meeting with Colonel Lenox a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he left his hat at Carlton House, and took a hat belonging to some of the household with him. During the whole of the affair, the duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his royal highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the Earl of Winchelsea, the

second of Colonel Lenox, was one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his majesty ; and his mother, Lady Winchelsea, was employed in rearing his royal highness.

This was the first instance of a Prince of the Blood in England being challenged by a subject. The case however occurred in France only a few years before, when the Prince de Conde fought an officer of his own regiment.

The prince in a violent passion gave the officer a blow ; the officer sold out ; but with his commission he did not quit the nicest sense of wounded feelings. He followed the prince every where ; and on all occasions, public or private, was constantly before his sight. The prince took the alarm, apprehending that the officer meant to assassinate him : he accordingly asked him what were his wishes, and what his intentions ? “ I have a claim to reparation for my injured honour,” said the officer. “ I will give it you,” replied the prince ; “ follow me.” The swords were drawn and measured. The officer touched the point of that of his adversary, and instantly dropped his own. “ My prince,” said he, “ you have condescended to fight me ; it is enough : I am satisfied. The blow you gave me no longer rankles in my breast—it is fully expiated.”

The Prince of Conde, to mark the high sense he entertained of the officer's conduct, restored him his commission, and soon gave him promotion.

BIRTH DAY BALL, 1789.

The king's birth day, in 1789, was celebrated with unusual splendour, on account of the recovery of his majesty from his lamented indisposition. The king however was not present any part of the day, owing to the shock occasioned by the duel so recently fought between the Duke of York and Colonel Lenox. In the evening a most splendid ball was given; and notwithstanding what had so recently happened, and the established etiquette, that no persons should stand up at country dances who had not danced a minuet, Colonel Lenox appeared in the circle with Lady Catharine Barnard. This the Prince of Wales did not perceive until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to the colonel's place in the dance, when, struck with the impropriety, he took the hand of the princess, just as she was about to be turned by the colonel, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next, and they turned the colonel without notice or exception. The Duke of Clarence with the Princess Elizabeth came next, and his royal highness followed the example of the Prince of Wales. The dance proceeded however, and Colonel Lenox and his partner danced down; but when they came to the prince and princess, his royal highness led his sister to the chair by the side of the queen. Her majesty then addressing herself to the prince said, "You seem heated, sir, and tired." "I am heated and tired, madam," said the prince, "not with the dance, but with dancing in such company." "Then, sir," said

the queen, "it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball." "It certainly will be so," said the prince, "for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others." At the end of the dance, her majesty and the princesses withdrew, and thus the ball concluded. The prince, with his usual gallantry, afterwards explained to Lady Catharine Barnard the reason of his conduct, assuring her ladyship, that it gave him much pain to be under the necessity of subjecting a lady to a moment's embarrassment.

ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

When his majesty was informed of the assassination of the King of Sweden by Ankerstroem, he made particular inquiries of a diplomatic character, conversant with the circumstances, with a view to obtain an accurate knowledge of the particulars connected with the perpetration of that diabolical act. This gentleman, in giving the relation to his majesty, thought it necessary to introduce some cautionary observations, on the danger of a sovereign exposing his person too incautiously, in times when the revolutionary rage of France had already extended its contagion to all other countries. But here the king cut the speaker short, by saying, "Nay, sir, I must differ from you there; for if there be any man so desperate to devote his own life to the chance of taking away the life of another, no precaution is sufficient to prevent him altogether from making the attempt; while a system of constant precaution against

such dangers, they being in a thousand instances to one wholly imaginary, converts the life of a person who is so guarded into a sense of perpetual restraint, anxiety, and apprehension. No, sir; the best security that a man can have against such dangers, is to act openly and boldly as a man. If an attack be made upon him, his best chance of escaping is to meet it like a man; but if he should fall under it, why, sir, he will fall like a man."

BISHOP WATSON.

In January, 1793, Bishop Watson published a Sermon, entitled, "The Wisdom and Goodness of God in having made both Rich and Poor;" with an appendix respecting the then circumstances of Great Britain and France. A strong spirit of insubordination and discontent was at that time prevalent in Great Britain; the common people were, in every village, talking about liberty and equality, without understanding the terms. The bishop thought it not improper to endeavour to abate this revolutionary ferment, by informing the understandings of those who excited it. The king at a public levee complimented him in the warmest terms, in the hearing of the then Lord Dartmouth, on the conciseness, clearness, and utility of this little publication. On this occasion, when the king was praising what the bishop had written, the latter said, "I love to come forward in a moment of danger." His majesty quickly replied, "I see you do, and it is a mark of a man of high spirit."

At another levee, soon after the same prelate had

been making some remarkable experiments on gun-powder, he happened to be standing next to the Duke of Richmond, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and the duke informed his majesty that they were indebted to the bishop for a great improvement in its fabrication. The bishop was pleased to say, "that he felt ashamed of himself, inasmuch, as it was a scandal in a Christian bishop to instruct men in the mode of destroying mankind." The king answered, "Let not that afflict your conscience, for the quicker the conflict, the less the slaughter."

DUKE OF KENT.

The public have heard much of the lamented Duke of Kent as a military disciplinarian; but comparatively little of the active and arduous service in which he was engaged, and of the distinguished bravery which he displayed in it. When the expedition was sent against the French West India Islands in 1794, so anxious was the duke, then known by the title of Prince Edward, to join the forces under Sir Charles Grey, that instead of waiting for a man of war, he hastened in a post-office packet to Martinique, where he arrived on the 4th of March, 1794. The prince had no sooner put himself under General Grey's orders, than he received the command of a detached camp at La Coste, which invested Fort Royal and Fort Bourbon. In this command he was reported by the commander in chief to have conducted himself with singular spirit and activity. But he did not, as we have been informed by an eye-witness, "confine himself to his mere camp duties; wherever any service

was to be done, his royal highness was there. His visits to the batteries during the hottest part of the bombardment were frequent, especially to a battery exposed to the heaviest fire, advanced in front of the others, and called the Seamen's Battery, having been constructed and being worked by the naval brigade of officers and seamen, whose hearts he won by his affable conduct, as well as by his cool intrepidity."

At this period, the whole of the flank corps were brigaded, and the command of the grenadiers for the most active service given to the prince, at his own particular request. From this period, he always led the grenadiers during the remainder of the campaign, and of course was always first in the post of danger. At the head of the flank corps, he took possession of the gates of Fort Bourbon on the 23rd of March, when that almost impregnable fortress surrendered to his majesty's arms. The conduct of this division was on all occasions so brilliant, that the "Flank Corps" became the *first toast* after dinner, both at head-quarters, and at the admiral's table.

The capture of Martinique was followed by that of Guadaloupe; and here again the prince displayed the same activity, intrepidity, and zeal for the service as he had before manifested. At the storming of Fort Fleur d'Épée, on the morning of the 12th of April, at five o'clock, under a heavy fire of cannon and musquetry, the first division, grenadiers, was led by his royal highness; and the nature of the assault may be judged of, when we inform our readers, that the troops had orders not to load a musquet, but to *carry every thing with the bayonet*.

The point of attack for the prince was at Morn

Marcot, a place of great natural strength, and well fortified ; but nothing could resist the impetuosity with which he led. The other attacks were also successful ; and the general observed, that the whole of the service was performed with an “exactitude, superior ability, spirit, and good conduct, which no words could express.”

Fleur d’Epée being carried, it became necessary to attack Basseleni ; for which purpose, two days afterwards, the prince landed at Petit Bourg with the flank companies, whence he led his brigade up the heights of Palmisti in a style which excited universal admiration. These heights were so steep, that the troops were actually obliged to sling their musquets, in order to hold on by the trees and bushes ; the rain too descended in torrents ; every thing, in short, combined to make the French think the position impregnable, little knowing what British troops could do when led by the gallant son of a revered monarch.

The post, in spite of the enemy’s resistance, was carried ; and such a command obtained of the otherwise impregnable Fort St. Charles and Morne Horiel, that an instant surrender was the consequence, the prince having the honour of taking possession with the still famous “Flank Corps.”

ATTACK BY THE MOB, 1795.

*A Statement by the Earl of Onslow, October 29, 1795,
twelve at night.*

“Before I sleep, let me bless God for the miraculous escape which my king, my country, and myself, have had this day. Soon after two o’clock, his majesty,

attended by the Earl of Westmoreland, and myself, set out from St. James's in his state coach, to open the session of parliament. The multitude of people in the Park was prodigious. A sullen silence, I observed to myself, prevailed through the whole, very few individuals excepted. No hats, or at least very few, pulled off: little or no huzzaing, and frequently a cry of 'give us bread;' 'no war;' and once or twice, 'no king!' with hissing and groaning. My grandson Cranley, who was on the king's guard, had told me, just before we set out from St. James's, that the Park was full of people, who seemed discontented and tumultuous, and that he apprehended insult would be offered to the king. Nothing material, however, happened, till we got down to the narrowest part of the street called St. Margaret's, between the two palace-yards, when, the moment we had passed the Office of Ordnance, and were just opposite the parlour window of the house adjoining it, a small ball, either of lead or marble, passed through the window glass on the king's right hand, and perforated it, leaving a small hole, the bigness of the top of my little finger (which I instantly put through to mark the size), and passed through the coach out of the other door, the glass of which was down. We all instantly exclaimed, 'this is a shot!' The king showed, and I am persuaded felt, no alarm; much less did he fear, to which indeed he is insensible. We proceeded to the House of Lords, when, on getting out of the coach, I first, and the king immediately after, said to the lord chancellor, who was at the bottom of the stairs to receive the king, 'My lord, we have been shot at.' The king ascended the stairs, robed; and then, perfectly

free from the smallest agitation, read his speech with peculiar correctness, and even less hesitation than usual. At his unrobing afterwards, when the event got more known (I having told it to the Duke of York's ear as I passed under the throne, and to the others who stood near us,) it was, as might be supposed, the only topic of conversation, in which the king joined with much less agitation than any body else. And afterwards, in getting into the coach, the first words he said were, 'Well, my lords, one person is *proposing* this, and another is *supposing* that, forgetting that there is One above us all who *disposes* of every thing and on whom alone we depend.' The magnanimity, piety, and good sense of this, struck me most forcibly, and I shall never forget the words.

“ On our return home to St. James's, the mob was increased in Parliament Street and Whitehall, and when we came into the Park it was still greater. It was said that not less than 100,000 people were there, all of the worst and lowest sort. The scene opened, and the insulting abuse offered to his majesty was what I can never think of but with horror, or ever forget what I felt when they proceeded to throw stones into the coach, several of which hit the king, which he bore with signal patience, but not without sensible marks of indignation and resentment at the indignities offered to his person and office. The glasses were all broken to pieces, and in this situation we were during our passage through the Park. The king took one of the stones out of the cuff of his coat, where it had lodged, and gave it to me, saying, 'I make you a present of this, as a mark of the civilities we have met with on our journey to-day.'”

On the king's alighting from his carriage, a passage was opened for him through the mob, by the courage and strength of an Irish gentleman, who in all probability was the means of saving his sovereign's life. The king, grateful for the service, desired the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, to give the gentleman an appointment of some profit. On the gentleman being asked by Mr. Dundas what he could do for him, he answered with the characteristic humour of his country, "The best thing, sir, you can do for me, is to *make me a Scotchman*:" a witty, but unfortunate allusion; for so highly did it offend Mr. Dundas, that he dismissed the gentleman, unrequited, as he came. The royal gratitude was not however to be so obstructed. The king having repeatedly inquired of Mr. Dundas, what he had done for the brave Irishman, and always receiving for answer that no vacant situation had turned up for the gentleman, his majesty said at length very tartly, "Then, sir, you must *make* a situation for him." In fact, the minister did as desired, and a new office was created in favour of the king's deliverer, to which a salary of 650*l.* a year was attached.

NAVAL EXCURSIONS.

His majesty was much pleased with a naval excursion, and enjoyed this recreation frequently at Weymouth. When aboard, he examined all parts of the vessel; and while on deck, was constantly engaged either with his glass to catch distant objects, or making himself, by quick inquiries, conversant with the whole system of the sails and rigging.

At a grand review by his majesty of the Portsmouth

fleet, in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility, as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, “Lothian, I have heard much of your agility, let us see you run up after that boy.” “Sire,” replied Lord Lothian, “it is my duty to *follow your majesty.*”

After the famous victory of Camperdown, his majesty went down to the Nore to see the captured Dutch men of war. On this occasion one of the Lords of the Admiralty, who attended the king, suffered sadly from the “*billowy motion.*” His majesty could not help being greatly diverted with the circumstance. “What! what!” said he; “a lord of the *navy* board *sea* sick! strange, very strange.”

EQUESTRIAN PLEASURES.

The king was an excellent horseman; fond of the chase, and of races; and particularly attentive to the breed and management of his stud.

At a review of the horse-guards in the Great Park, his majesty turning to Lord Winchelsea, said, “Winchelsea, Winchelsea, do you see my horse; I mounted him fresh since I came into the Park, as I always do; I have had him twenty years, and he is good now. Do you know the secret? I’ll tell you, Winchelsea. I know his worth, and I treat him accordingly. That’s the right way, Winchelsea.”

When well, his majesty rarely omitted honouring the annual races on Ascot Heath with his presence; and was eminent among the sportsmen for his judgment in naming the winning horse, though he never

condescended to back his election by a bet—the only not-English thing perhaps about him. The number of *king's plates* which are run for throughout the kingdom, has been adduced as a striking proof of the extent of his majesty's patronage of this amusement; but in this a considerable vulgar error is involved. All the plates that are called king's plates, are not gifts from the king's own purse; the greater part are the produce of a legacy bequeathed by a lover of the turf, as far back as the time of Queen Anne, for the express purpose of encouraging improvement in the breed of horses.

In an old tract, entitled, “Anecdotes relating to Horse racing,” we find the following account of this sporting donation. “Gentlemen were so partial in breeding their horses, chiefly for the sake of shape and speed only, without considering that those which were only second, third and fourth rate in speed, were then quite useless, until the reign of Queen Anne; when a public spirited gentleman observing this inconvenience, left thirteen hundred guineas out of his estate for thirteen plates, or purses, to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, whence they are called king's or queen's plates, or guineas. The condition is, that each horse shall carry twelve stone weight, the best of three heats over a four mile course; by this method, a stronger and a more useful race was soon raised; and if a horse did not win the guineas, he was yet strong enough to make a good hunter. By these crossings, as jockies term it, we have horses of full three quarters blood, or half bred, suitable to carry any burden, whence the English horses are allowed to be the best, and are greatly esteemed by foreigners.”

ETON BOYS.

Two Eton boys were spending their holidays with a friend at Sunninghill, and had wandered into the forest, where they met a fresh-looking old gentleman in the Windsor uniform, who stopped them, and jestingly asked if they were playing the truant? They gave an account of themselves, and said they had come to see the king's stag-hounds throw off. "The king does not hunt to-day," said the kind stranger; "but when he does I will let you know; and you must not come by yourselves, lest you should meet with some accident." They parted; and two or three days after, while the family at Sunninghill was at breakfast, one of the royal yeomen prickners rode up to the gate, to acquaint them that the king was waiting till he brought the two young gentlemen to a place of safety, where they might see the hounds throw off.

VETERAN PRACTICE.

At the conclusion of a review of the 2nd regiment of life guards, in June, 1798, two privates went through the sword exercise before the king; after which Lord Cathcart inquired if his majesty would be pleased to see two of the *youngest* officers display their science in the use of the sword? He assented, and was much gratified with their execution. His majesty then turned to the general, and inquired who were the *oldest* officers present? and on being answered that Lord Cathcart and Major Barton were, he desired to see them

perform, laughing heartily, and telling his lordship that he had brought the exhibition on himself. They accordingly turned out, to the great amusement of those present: and though the major's system savoured a little of the old school, they acquitted themselves very respectably.

SCARCITY OF 1800.

In the year 1800, rendered memorable by a general scarcity of provisions, the king caused an overshot mill to be erected, and worked by the waste water which falls from the lake below the lodge at Windsor Park; where a sufficiency of corn, two-thirds wheat and one-third rye, was ground, dressed, and distributed to all the labouring poor, at fourpence per stone of fourteen pounds, in quantities corresponding to the extent of their families.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The queen, hearing that Mr. Raikes of Gloucester was at Windsor, on a visit to one of his relations, sent for him to the lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower orders of the people, as the institution of Sunday Schools, was suggested to his mind, and what effects were observable in consequence on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, her majesty said that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the

general mass of the poor people, a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was unfortunately debarred.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE THE KING, MAY, 1800.

On the 31st of May, 1800, his majesty attended the field exercises of the grenadier battalion of the guards in Hyde Park; when, during one of the vollies, a ball cartridge was fired from the musquet of one of the soldiers, which struck Mr. Ongley, a clerk in the navy office, and who was standing only a few paces from the king. Mr. Ongley was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh; had the wound been an inch higher, it must have proved fatal. An examination took place of the cartouch boxes of the soldiers, but no individual could be fixed upon as the perpetrator of this act, nor could it be ascertained whether it arose from accident or design.

His majesty, whose virtuous life made him in no dread of assassination, visited Drury Lane Theatre the same evening; when a circumstance occurred, which, coupled with that in the morning, would have filled an arbitrary monarch with the direst apprehensions, and served as pretexts to increase his power. At the moment when his majesty entered the box, a man in the pit near the orchestra, on the right hand side, suddenly stood up, and discharged a pistol at the king. The ball passed within three feet of the royal person. His majesty had advanced about four steps from the door; but on the report of the pistol he stopped, and stood firmly. At this moment the queen

entered the royal box, when the king waved his hand for her to keep back. Her majesty asked what was the matter? The king said, "Only a squib, a squib; they are firing squibs." The man who committed the crime was seized immediately; nor would the audience suffer the play to proceed until doubly assured that he was in safe custody. After the assassin had been taken away, the queen advanced to the front of the box, and in great agitation curtsied. She looked at the king, and asked if they should stay? The king answered, "We will not stir, but stay the entertainment out." So little were the nerves of the king shaken, or his internal tranquillity disturbed by this event, that he took his accustomed doze of three or four minutes between the conclusion of the play and the commencement of the farce, as he would have done on any other night.

The wretch who thus attempted the life of the best of sovereigns, was a maniac of the name of Hatfield, who had served in the 15th dragoons, and received several sabre wounds in the head, which occasioned his insanity.

A nobleman shortly after this attack remonstrated with his majesty on the too frequent exposure of his person; when the king answered much in the same manner as he had done a similar remonstrance on the occasion of the assassination of the King of Sweden, that the constant presence of a guard would be an irksome restraint which he could not endure, especially as it would indicate a jealousy of his subjects, of whose loyalty and affection he entertained not the smallest doubt. "I know," said his majesty, "that any man who chooses to sacrifice his own life, may

easily take away mine ; but I only hope, that if any one attempts such an act, he will do it promptly, without any circumstance of barbarity."

INFANCY OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, gives in his journal the following account of a visit which he paid to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, when she was only five years of age.

"Yesterday, the 6th of August, 1801, I passed a very pleasant day at Shrewsbury House, Shooter's Hill, the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The day was fine, and the prospect extensive and beautiful, taking in a large reach of the Thames, which was covered with vessels of various sizes and descriptions. We saw a good deal of the young princess. She is a most captivating and engaging child ; and considering the high station she may hereafter fill, a most interesting and important one. She repeated to me several of her hymns with great correctness and propriety ; and on being told that when she went to South End, in Essex (as she afterwards did, for the benefit of sea-bathing,) she would then be in my diocese, she fell down on her knees, and begged my blessing. I gave it to her with all my heart ; and with my earnest and secret prayer to God, that she might adorn her illustrious station with every Christian grace ; and that if ever she became the queen of this truly great and glorious country, she might be the means of diffusing virtue, piety, and happiness through every part of her dominion."

When only seven years of age, the princess was

one evening present at a game of chess : one of the parties suddenly exclaimed, "Check mate!" "What is check mate?" inquired the princess, who was always anxious to gain information. Her preceptor answered, "It is when the king is *en prise* by any particular piece, and cannot move without falling into the hands of an enemy." "That is a bad situation indeed for a king!" said the princess; "but sure that can never be the fate of the King of England!" "No;" replied her preceptor, "never, so long as he governs by the laws; for then in every subject he will find a friend!"

CROYDON VOLUNTEERS.

As the volunteer corps of the metropolis and its neighbourhood were once passing in review before the king on Wimbledon Common, the officer who carried the colours of the Croydon corps was so taken up with gazing on his majesty, that he forgot to pay the usual compliment of lowering the colours. Some time after his majesty happened to be passing through a town in Kent, where a corps of Volunteers was on permanent duty; and the captain's guard having turned out, in honour of his majesty, "What corps—what corps?" asked his majesty. The officer answered, "The Croydon Volunteers, may it please your majesty." "Ah! ah!" replied his majesty, smiling, "the Croydon Volunteers: I remember them well at Wimbledon. You came off with *flying colours* that day."

KING'S DRAWINGS.

In the queen's library at Frogmore there is a portfolio of drawings, about fifty in number, done by his Majesty George III. when Prince of Wales; they represent problems from a work on practical geometry, with vignettes to each, drawn in Indian ink, on small folio paper. His majesty had an early predilection for the study of architecture, and this preparatory department of science was the ground-work of the king's knowledge of that noble art. It is probable that these drawings were made with Mr. Kirby, the father of Mrs. Trimmer, as that ingenious artist had the honour to instruct his majesty in the science of lineal perspective. They were found by the queen a few years since, in a desk, and placed in a red morocco folio; on the first page of which the queen inscribed with her own hand, that they were discovered by her majesty, and that they were executed by the king, when Prince of Wales.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

A company of strolling players having obtained leave to exhibit in a barn at Weybridge, petitioned her royal highness to honour the performance with her presence; to which she consented, and gave tickets to all her servants. Soon after an itinerant methodist came to preach a charity sermon in the same building (the barn,) and application was again made to the duchess to visit the place, with which she complied; but the servants desired to be excused,

on the plea that they did not understand English. "Oh!" said her royal highness, "you had no objection to go to the comedy, which you understood much less, and so you shall go to the sermon." The duchess accordingly went with all her train, and contributed liberally on the occasion, as well for them as for herself.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Numerous attempts were made during the reign of his majesty to get the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics labour removed; but although the king granted them several concessions, yet his conscientious regard to the solemnity of an oath, effectually deterred him from yielding to any farther demands, as he considered them pregnant with danger to the Protestant establishment, which he was bound to maintain unimpaired. Of this rigid adherence to his engagements, the following declaration of his majesty affords a striking and meritorious example: "My lord, I am one of those who respect an oath. I have firmness sufficient to quit my throne, and retire to my cottage, or place my neck on a block, if my people require it; but I have not resolution to break that oath which I took in the most solemn manner at my coronation."

PRINCESS AMELIA.

This amiable princess, a short time before her death, which took place on the 2nd of November, 1810, wished to present her royal father with a token of her

filial duty and affection ; and she had the satisfaction of placing on his finger a ring, made by her own directions for the express purpose, containing a small lock of her hair, enclosed under a crystal tablet, set round with a few sparks of diamonds. The posy on the ring was, "Remember me." A poet whom we should not be expected to quote in praise of royalty, Peter Pindar, wrote some verses on the mournful present to his majesty, entitled, "The last Token, or Remember me," which we shall quote, as a proof that the bard possessed other talents than those of satire, which he might have exercised, if not so profitably, much more to his credit. The following is a copy of the verses alluded to :

"With all the virtues blest, and every grace,
To charm the world, and dignify her race,
Life's taper losing fast its feeble fire,
The fair Amelia thus bespoke her sire :

"Faint on the bed of sickness lying,
My spirit from its mansion flying,
Not long the light these languid eyes will see ;
My friend, my father, and my king,
Oh, wear a daughter's mournful ring,
Receive the token, and remember me."

The scene of the ring, for which the king had received no previous preparation, was observed to affect his majesty deeply : his mental distress became immediately great, and in a few days the royal family were alarmed by the appearance of the melancholy symptoms of the disorder which ever after afflicted

his majesty, until death terminated his sufferings. So rapid was the operation of the dreadful malady, that its existence was decisively confirmed by the physicians before the death of the Princess Amelia, although not many days intervened between that fatal result and the presentation of the ring.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The political education of the princess was founded on those great constitutional principles which seated her family on the British throne; principles which her august father never failed to inculcate on her youthful mind. At a dinner which her father gave at the Pavilion at Brighton, in 1808, the health of her royal highness was drank. In returning thanks for that mark of respect to the object of his pride and tenderness, the prince, in a short but eloquent address, said, "That he had made it his first care to instil into the mind and heart of his daughter, the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British Constitution: and he had pointed out to her youthful understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of his most revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox, who had asserted and maintained, with such transcendant force, the just principles upon which the government, under this excellent constitution, ought to be administered for the true and solid dignity of the crown, and the real security, freedom, and happiness, of the people. He had the most heartfelt enjoyment in knowing, that even in her present early years, his daughter had a just conception of the value of the precepts which had been

implanted in her breast ; and that he could say with confidence, that she would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge, when his bones were laid in the grave."

The Princess Charlotte had very punctilious ideas of clerical duties. The character of a fox-hunting or sporting parson, was to her most offensive. In a History of England, there are many marginal notes, written by her own hand, when very young ; opposite to an account of a churchman killed in battle, there is the following : " He had no business to be there."

During the residence of her royal highness at Bognor, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, an officer of long standing in the army was arrested for a small sum, and being at a distance from his friends, and unable to procure bail, he was on the point of being torn from his family, to be conveyed to Arundel gaol. The circumstance came to the knowledge of the princess, who, in the momentary impulse of generous feeling, exclaimed, " I will be his bail ! " Then suddenly recollecting herself, she inquired the amount of the debt ; which being told her, " There," said she, handing a purse with more than the sum, " take this to him, it is hard that he who has exposed his life in the field of battle, should ever experience the rigours of a prison."

In the autumn of 1815, her royal highness visited Weymouth for the benefit of her health ; and the Zephyr sloop of war, commanded by Captain Creke, was appointed to attend her, for the short cruizes she might wish to make. As the sloop always carried the royal standard, every other ship, according to

naval etiquette, was obliged to bring to, whatever might be the rank or seniority of the captain, or the orders under which she was proceeding. One day her royal highness being at sea, the *Leviathan*, of 74 guns, then carrying Mr. Canning to Lisbon, and sailing near, brought to and fired a salute to the royal standard. Soon after, Captain Bligh, who commanded her, accompanied by Mr. Canning, rowed on board the yacht, to pay his respects to the princess. She received him on deck, and after the usual ceremonies, said, "Captain Bligh, your's seems a very fine ship of war; I should like much to go on board of her." The Bishop of Salisbury, her aged preceptor, standing by, asked, whether she thought her illustrious father might not disapprove of her passing in an open boat through a rough sea? The immediate answer to this was, "Queen Elizabeth took great delight in her navy, and was not afraid to go on board a man of war in an open boat; then why should I? Pray, Captain Bligh, have the goodness to receive me into your barge, and let me be rowed on board the *Leviathan*; for I am not only desirous, but determined to inspect her." The necessary preparations were made, and her royal highness passed down into Captain Bligh's barge, followed by her two ladies in attendance, Lady Ilchester and Lady Augusta Greville, together with the Bishop of Salisbury, General Garth, and Dr. Short; and coming alongside the *Leviathan*, the yards were instantly manned, and a chair of state let down. The princess desired it to be re-hoisted, saying, "I prefer going up in the manner that a seaman does; you, Captain Bligh, will kindly follow me, taking care of my clothes; and

when I am on deck, the chair may be let down for the other ladies and the bishop." Her royal highness ascended with a facility that astonished and delighted the whole crew. Her example was followed by all those who attended her, and who declined the chair accommodation. The royal suite being on deck, the ship's officers were severally introduced. Her royal highness expressed great surprise at the space and strength of the ship, and remarked that "such noble structures might well be called the wooden walls of Old England!" She now told Captain Bligh that she should not be satisfied with an introduction to his state cabin, as she was very anxious to see every part of his ship between decks, and even below. Accordingly he accompanied her royal highness down, when she inspected every birth, cock-pit, powder-magazine, store-holds, &c. Upon her return to the deck, she gave her thanks to Captain Bligh and attendant officers, in the most gracious terms, assuring them, that they had afforded an exhibition of more interest to her mind, than any thing she had ever beheld. The princess having presented a purse to Captain Bligh, desiring him to apply it for the crew, as a token of her respect for them, descended down the ship's side, without the chair, as before, under a royal salute, and the more gratifying cheers of the loyal and hearty crew of a British man of war.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The hand of the Princess Charlotte was originally intended for the Prince of Orange, who, during the

exile of his family into this country, received an English education, and was brought up with a knowledge of the high honour which was intended for him. After the conclusion of the war, in which the prince had distinguished himself as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, he repaired to this country in the full expectation of consummating his marriage with the Princess Charlotte ; but owing to some circumstances imperfectly understood, her royal highness positively declined the union, to the great grief of her father, and the regret of the nation, who had looked on the match as a propitious one.

In the suite of the Emperor of Russia, in his visit to this country in 1814, was Prince Leopold, youngest brother of the reigning Prince of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld. He lived in a very retired manner, but was introduced to the Princess Charlotte by the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister of the Emperor of Russia, to deliver a letter from her uncle, the late gallant Duke of Brunswick. The princess was immediately captivated with his address and manners ; farther intercourse heightened these first impressions into a warmer sentiment, and love succeeded to esteem. The attachment was reciprocal, and the Prince Regent, on being made acquainted with it by Prince Leopold himself, expressed his approbation. With such encouragement, Prince Leopold soon after returned to the continent, but kept up a frequent correspondence with her royal highness.

On the 2nd of May, 1816, the royal nuptials were celebrated at Carlton House, with all the splendour usual on such occasions. Her royal highness advanced to the altar with much steadiness, and went

through the ceremony, giving the responses with great clearness. The Prince Regent gave away the royal bride ; and as soon as the ceremony was concluded, she embraced her royal parent. This circumstance has been happily alluded to by the Rev. George Croly.

“ Proud was the marriage pageant, fair the bride,
Who stood that evening by the altar’s side ;
She blush’d not, sank not ; native majesty
Was living in her voice, and form, and eye.
Yet in that stately form a spirit strove,
As soft as ever woman gave to love ;
Ev’n then it strove ; the heart’s high fealty
Scarce pledg’d, still on the altar’s steps her knee.
Her nature rush’d upon her, her tears outsprung,
She rose, and round her sire her white arms flung ;
And met his press, fond, deeply, silently :
Pleasure may smile, but love and joy *must* sigh.”

Soon after the marriage of her royal highness, and when addresses of congratulation were pouring in from all parts of the kingdom, the conversation one day turned on the very high and bombastic strain in which the virtues of the princess were panegyricized in one of them. Her royal highness, who was sensible of the grossness of the flattery, said, “ I remember an anecdote of a German Count, who, according to the custom of his country, had a list of his wines ; but as, for the most obvious reasons, his cellar was not very well furnished, he wrote, *List of the wines which I have*, and afterwards added, *List of the wines which I have not*. “ Now,” continued her royal highness, “ I wish some of these good gentlemen would

follow the example of the German Count, and when they give me a list of the virtues that I have, they would also furnish me with a list of the virtues which I have not ; and I am afraid that, like the list of the wines, the latter would far exceed the former."

Her royal highness always exerted her utmost influence to promote the trade and commerce of her native country. Being informed of the distressed state of the weavers in Spitalfields, in the year 1817, she immediately ordered from a manufactory there a suit of elegant silk furniture, and a variety of rich silks for dresses, to the value of £1000, which were sent as presents to her continental connections. She explicitly announced to her establishment, that she expected they would wear dresses of British manufacture only ; and at the same time her royal highness insisted that her dress-makers should not introduce any thing foreign into the articles she ordered, on pain of incurring her displeasure, and ceasing to be longer employed.

It is well known, that the higher classes are the chief support of the smugglers in all foreign articles of dress, which are introduced to them through the medium of their servants. The Princess Charlotte was well aware of this system of traffic, which she entirely discountenanced. One day an India shawl was handed to her royal highness of the most exquisite workmanship, the value of which was estimated at three thousand guineas. Her royal highness ascertained the clandestine manner in which the shawl had been brought into the country ; and after giving a severe rebuke to the person who had tendered it to her, she said, " In the first place, I cannot afford to

give three thousand guineas for a shawl; and in the second, a Norwich shawl of the value of half-a-crown, manufactured by a native of England, would become me better than the costliest article which the loom of India ever produced."

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"She was a pearl too pure on earth to dwell,
And waste her splendour in this mortal shell."

FROM THE ARABIC.

The happiness of the royal family, and the hopes of the nation, were early blasted, by the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte, which occurred on the 6th of November, 1817. During the time of her royal highness's confinement, she manifested the utmost firmness and resignation; and when informed that the child to which she had given birth was dead, she exclaimed, "It is the will of God; praise be to him in all things." As the situation of her royal highness became more critical, she inquired of one of the physicians in attendance, "if he thought she was in danger?" He assured her he did not apprehend immediate danger, but wished her royal highness to compose herself; to which the princess calmly replied, that she perfectly understood what that signified; she added, that she had one request to make, and begged it might be put in writing; it was, that "she hoped that the customary etiquette would, at some future day, be dispensed with; and that her husband, when his awful time should come, might be laid by her side!" In the princess's last agonies she grasped those who were near her, and extending her hand to Prince Leopold, she expired.

PUBLIC LIFE OF THE DUKE OF KENT.

The conspicuous part which this lamented prince filled in the eye of philanthropy during the latter years of his life is too well known, and has been too justly appreciated, to require eulogium in these pages; but there is one remarkable incident connected with it, which we believe is little, if at all, known, and which well deserves to be entwined in the wreath which public sentiment has consecrated to his memory.

A dissenting clergyman of eminence, who is well known to have been honoured with a large share of the duke's confidence, took the liberty, about the year 1807, to represent how much good he might do by coming more forward in public, and giving his royal countenance and support to various institutions which were in preparation, or in progress of establishment, for ameliorating the condition of the people, and relieving the many wants and infirmities incident to humanity. His royal highness replied in nearly these words: "I need not assure *you*, who know my sentiments, of my disposition to do all in my power to promote every undertaking of the kind; I am little fond of public display; but if by that I could further their prosperity in the least, I would not at any ordinary time shrink from it. As circumstances are at this moment however, I am not at liberty to do as I could wish; I cannot, in duty to other members of my family, keep for the present too much out of public view; for I should never, sir, wish it to be said, that by courting popularity, I contributed in the slightest degree to increase the odium under which a brother

unhappily suffers. Time, sir, will do him justice; and it will be then time enough for me to come forward in the way you wish."

A noble declaration! equally honourable to him as a man, and as a brother! When the fit time which he had in prospective arrived, his royal highness showed with what sincerity it was made, and at how great a sacrifice to the public it was confirmed. Perhaps no prince of his family ever went through such a succession of active personal exertion in behalf of public institutions, as the Duke of Kent did in the course of the few years more during which he was spared to the country; and never was there one who in contact with public assemblies displayed a happier combination of the talents to persuade and rule. His manners were dignified; his oratory was fluent and impressive; he appreciated circumstances quickly, and decided upon them judiciously; no difficulty daunted him; and whatever he attempted he achieved nobly.

PIETY OF GEORGE III.

The habitual piety of George III. was perhaps the most striking feature of his character. It was manifested at a very early period of his life, and continued with him bright and glowing to the last. Although he might be said to be more particularly the Father of the Established Church, he was still the zealous friend and advocate of genuine religious toleration. All classes of his religious subjects were equally objects of his tenderness and love. Mr. Cobbin, in his "French Preacher," relates, that his majesty happening one day to pass

in his carriage through a place near one of the royal palaces, where a rabble had gathered together, to interrupt the worship at a dissenting meeting house, his majesty stopped to know the cause of the tumult; and being answered, that it was only some affair between the town's people and the methodists, he replied loud enough to be heard by many, "the methodists are a quiet good kind of people, and will disturb nobody; and if I can learn that any persons in my employment disturb *them*, they shall be immediately dismissed." "The king's sentiments," adds Mr. Cobbin, "soon spread through the town; and persecution has not dared to lift its hand there since that period."

The king's anxiety for the prosperity of the established church was great, yet he was far from being displeased when he saw persons of other persuasions propagating zealously what they believed conscientiously. His displeasure, however, he could not conceal, when he saw men who professed to believe, acting as though they believed not. At the time that the preaching of John Wesley was making so much noise in the country, a certain courtly bishop was animadverting on the circumstance to his majesty, and concluded a doleful exposition of the dangerous consequences to the mother church, by asking "What was to be done?" The king smartly replied, "Make a bishop of him, my lord, and then I'll warrant you he'll preach seldom enough."

Of all institutions which had for their object the spread of Christianity and knowledge, his majesty was an ardent and munificent promoter. We have heard it stated from the pulpit, and we believe with

truth, that “a greater number of societies for the promotion of religion and knowledge, and for the relief of human misery, were established during his reign, and chiefly under his encouragement, than in the whole previous period of time since the æra of the redemption !”

In his attendances on divine service, his majesty was always distinguished for the singular earnestness and fervour with which he joined in the devotional exercises. A gentleman who was present one morning in the private chapel at Windsor, about a year before his majesty's last illness commenced, gives the following touching picture of the scene he witnessed on the occasion :

“As soon as the clock struck eight, the gates of the castle were thrown open, and he was conducted to the private chapel by an attendant, who left him there alone. Shortly after came the chaplain ; he looked out the lessons, &c. then sat down a few minutes, when a pair of folding doors opened, and his majesty, led by two attendants, came in, followed by two of the princesses and Lady Albinia Cumberland. After his majesty had been conducted to his chair, service began, when his majesty acted as clerk through every prayer in the most audible manner. At the petition, “Give peace in our time, O Lord !” his majesty, with uplifted hands, repeated, “Because there is none other fighteth for us.” He then added, with the strongest emphasis, “But only thou, O God !” His majesty followed the chaplain through the Psalms, nearly as correctly as if he had possessed his eyesight, and had a book before him.”

The Athanasian Creed is well known to have been

no favourite of the king's. Bishop Watson, in his Memoirs, gives us a proof of this in the following anecdote, which was told him by Dr. Heberden. "The clergyman at Windsor, on a day when the Athanasian Creed was to be read, began with 'Whosoever will be saved,' &c. ; the king, who usually responded with a loud voice, was silent ; the minister repeated in a higher tone his 'Whosoever ;' the king continued silent ; at length the Apostles' Creed was repeated by the minister, and the king followed him throughout with a distinct and audible voice."

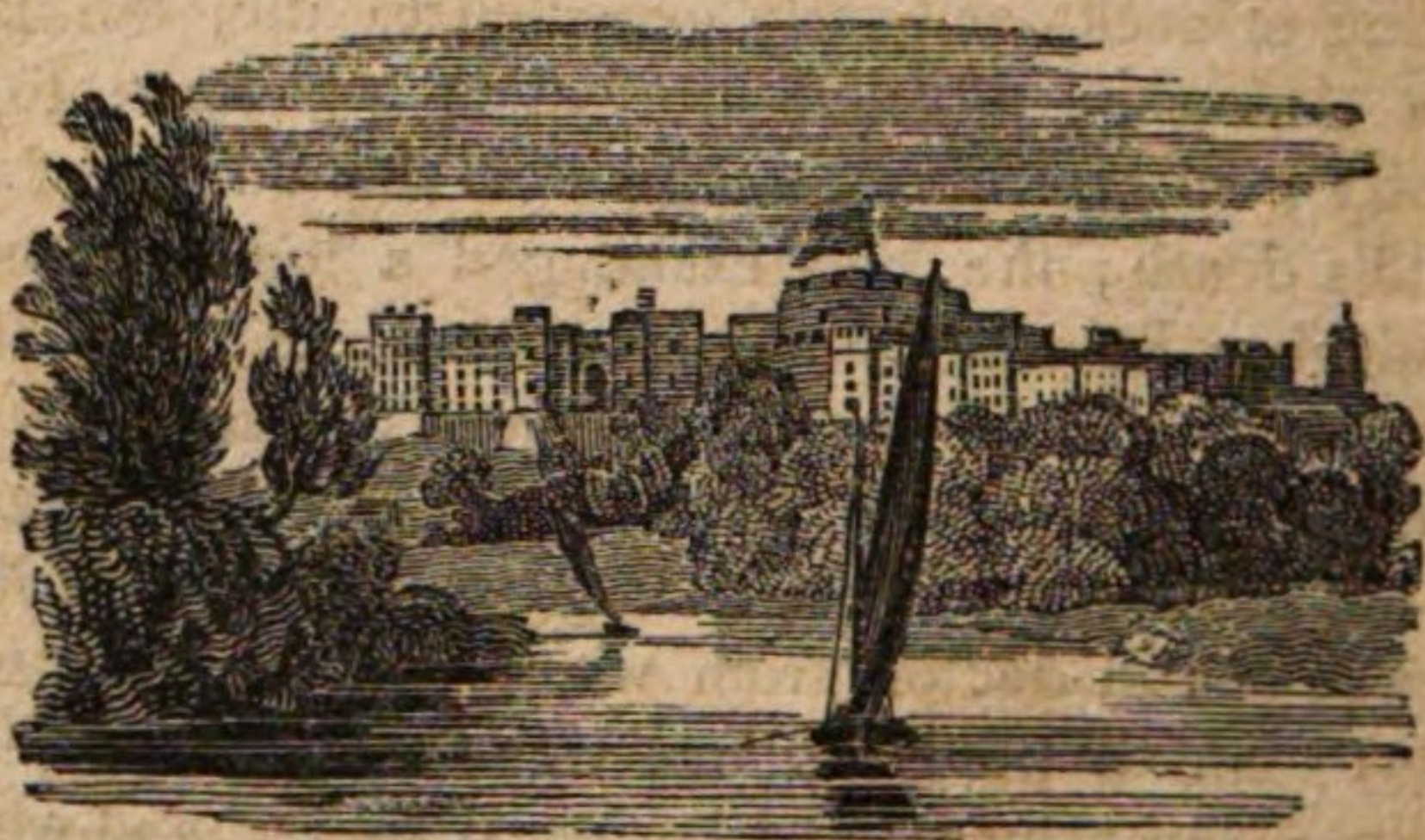
In his majesty's Prayer Book, where we implore the Almighty to bless and preserve "Thy servant George, *our most gracious king and governor*," these words appear to have been struck out, and the following written with his own hand : "*An unworthy sinner.*"

The deep sense of religion with which his majesty was imbued, doubtless contributed to the invariable firmness and serenity of his mind. When one of the young princes was hourly expected to die, the king was sitting on a Sunday, reading a sermon to his family ; an attendant came in with the tidings of the child's death ; the king exchanged a look with him, signifying he understood his commission, and then proceeded with his reading till it was finished.

A lady, who was in the habit of close attendance on the Princess Amelia during her illness, described to a reverend doctor (from whom we have the anecdote) some of the latter interviews which took place between the princess and her royal father, and which seldom failed to turn on the momentous topic of the future, as being singularly affecting. "My dear

child," said his majesty to her on one of these occasions, "you have ever been a good child to your parents; we have nothing wherewith to reproach you; but I need not tell you, that it is not of yourself alone that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer." "I know it," replied the princess, mildly but emphatically, "and I could wish for no better trust."

Nothing, we are assured, could be more striking, than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lay, and speaking to her about salvation through Christ, as a matter far more interesting to them both, than the highest privileges and most magnificent praises of royalty.

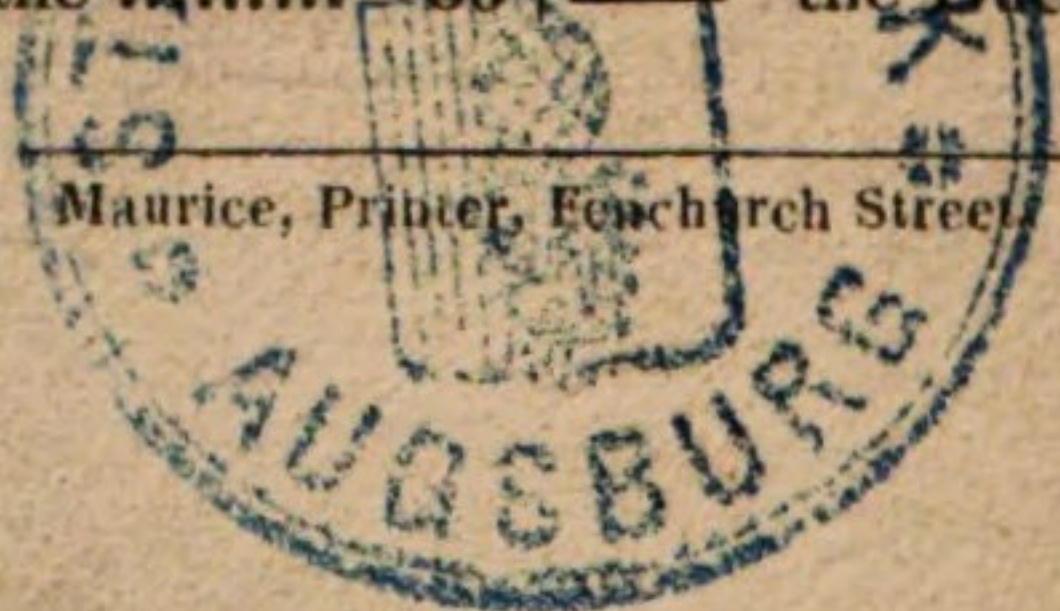


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Perry
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to Mr Abbott
Manchester

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